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POLITICAL PROBLEMS OF EUROPE

AS THEY INTEREST AMERICANS

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FIRST PAPER

OUR interest in European affairs has been undergoing marked change in the last generation—even in the last half dozen years. We do not need to look back far to remember the time when we had little concern in world politics. Questions of European public policy, the tendencies of political currents, and the objects of national ambitions, were without practical interest to the average American. Even European war meant in our minds only that we were to sell more wheat and provisions, and we looked with greater interest at market quotations than we did at the questions which might involve nations in conflict. We were not only outside the range of the game of European diplomacy, but we lacked reason for having a keen practical interest in European social and industrial conditions.

We were concerned with Europe's general prosperity, for Europe bought our produce; but the training, efficiency, and organization of European labor, the effect upon industrial progress of current legislation and of sociological tendencies, all had more of an academic than a practical interest for us. Important as was our foreign trade, four-fifths of our exports were the direct products of the farms, ranches, and forests. Our fields could fear no rivalry, and our workshops had not begun to challenge competition.

With the military and industrial successes of the last half dozen years, however, have come many and far-reaching changes. Not only is our present interest in world politics, in its relation both to our own political system and to our national ambitions, a matter of recent growth, but we have another quite immediate interest in the political conditions and development of other nations—an interest that leads us to measure the effect of national conditions and development on the efficiency of industrial and commercial competitors.

Now that we have taken our place in the first rank as a manufacturing nation and can see an inevitable destiny leading us toward world industrial competition, all the questions affecting the relative efficiency of the other great industrial countries in competition with us in the world markets become of practical importance to every American. The farm boy, the shop apprentice, the clerk, the worker in every field of American life, must henceforth have a more and more intimate personal relation to European conditions, problems, and tendencies. That is true because the conditions that are affecting our great industrial competitors, the problems with which they are concerned, the difficulties which they are encountering, the successes which give them fresh courage, will all have an increasing influence upon the net results of the day's work of the average American.

For these reasons I believe that we are ready to give a more intelligent study to European conditions, and that it will be practically worth our while to gain a clearer

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comprehension of the political life of other nations, and of their social and industrial problems and the efforts directed toward their solution. I believe that we are coming to recognize that we need something more than the bare facts regarding important events. We need to comprehend underlying causes. We need to understand more of the perspective and the significance of foreign events in their relation to our own affairs. It is important, too, that we not only keep abreast of those events which constitute live news in the mind of the cable editor, but that we should understand those social and industrial conditions, those currents of public thought, those national and racial attitudes which have now all come to form subjects of distinct practical interest to us, because they are matters directly related to our pocket-books, matters with which our material prosperity must henceforth have definite concern.

I am profoundly impressed with the importance of the awakening interest in European affairs and of the value of the clear observation of these affairs through the eyes of practical American business men. The more rapidly we lose some of our self-complacence and come to recognize that while there are many things that we do better than other people, there are many other things that we do worse, the sounder will be our understanding, both of our own resources and the strength of our competitors in the international industrial development.

In the old days, when a man had passed through his apprenticeship in some trade, his ambition impelled him to travel from one centre to another and observe the art and learn the methods that were practised wherever his trade had gained pre-eminence; and after this travel and observation he was proud to call himself a "journeyman workman." That is the German custom to-day, and there we find not only journeymen craftsmen, but journeymen manufacturers, merchants, and bankers—men who are observing with intelligence and minute care the methods and practices of their international competitors. Just such observation is healthful for us. While it will cause the American journeyman to lose much of his Yankee complacency, it will in the end give him the firmest foundation upon which to rest his national pride and hopes for the national future. It is merely as a "journeyman" business man that I shall try to write of some of the European conditions which have come under my observation, and which seem to me of practical interest to other Americans.

In a survey of Europe which seeks to examine the qualities of nations as industrial competitors, present and prospective, the fundamental consideration must be the stability of governments. Political stability is an absolute prerequisite to industrial prosperity. Where the energies of a people are constantly diverted to the settlement of political questions, the advance of commerce and industry is greatly hindered. Stability of conditions is the foundation on which great commerce is built. A period of stability in our own political conditions is always recognized as most favorable to business development. The possibility of a change in money standard or in customs tariff unsettles every branch of commerce. The political stability of our industrial rivals is a consideration of the most practical importance to everyone concerned in our commercial life, and in any analysis of the strength of our competitors that is the first phase of the subject to investigate. Is industrial development in Europe to go forward under about the some political conditions as now exist, or do the growing expenditures and increasing debts, the weight of military organization and of naval requirements, the growth of socialism and the unsettling of established conditions, all combine to endanger the European political fabric and threaten essential modifications of government which will affect the whole commercial and industrial life? Is the map of Europe drawn in indelible colors? Will the development of commerce and industry proceed with as much protection and aid from the government and with no more obstacles and disabilities than now? Are the dangers of wars imminent? Are the economies of peace secure? Answers to these questions must all have immense influence on the future of our industrial competitors.

Since the impetus which the Czar gave to the arbitration movement through the Hague Conference there has been much progress—progress that has been recently emphasized by the conclusion of treaties between England and France, France and

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Italy, Sweden and Denmark, and which may even record the striking achievement of an arbitration treaty between France and Germany. These treaties, however, are little more than expressions of national good-will.

It is in France that the arbitration movement has shown the greatest vitality. The well-directed efforts of the Baron d'Estournelles de Constant have been largely responsible for this. He has, within a few months, built up a group of more than one hundred deputies who, while still affiliating with various other groups in the Chamber, form a tolerably compact organization in favor of international arbitration. The expenses of militarism, the increasing budgets, the growing difficulties in the effort to make taxation equal government requirements, the constant and enormous additions to the permanent national debts, all spell ruin for the great powers of Europe in the mind of the Baron de Constant. He is most pessimistic in regard to the financial future of the nations of Europe if military expenditures are to keep up to their present scale.

The Baron de Constant impressed me as a man of tremendous earnestness. The strength of his belief in his own pessimistic picture of the future of Europe, unless the tendency toward increasing armament and ever-growing expenditures is checked, undoubtedly has given him great influence, not only in the French Chamber, but with the political leaders of other nations as well. When he talked to me of the financial ruin which he saw ahead, and of the certainty of war which must result by the time the growing strain of militarism reached the inevitable breaking point, he impressed me, not alone with his earnestness, but with the force of his reasoning and the gravity of the peril which he sees. It is not surprising, in view of the budget and balance sheet of France, that a Frenchman sees this peril with special distinctness. The success which the Baron de Constant has met with in bringing together a working group in the French Chamber and in successfully completing a treaty with England is great enough to entitle him to high credit as a statesman. For many years there has been in France a most intense national prejudice against England—prejudice that has frequently descended to scurrilous abuse, and it is certainly remarkable to find so marked a reversal of public sentiment in the few months which have intervened between notable exhibitions of that prejudice and the recent acclaim over the completion of an arbitration treaty and the establishment of a cordial international feeling.

While great credit is due to the Baron de Constant for his efforts in giving practical form to this change in national feeling, the really potent influence was that of King Edward himself. When he planned a royal visit to the French capital, it was in the face of abusive criticism of England over the Boer war. His courtesy, tact, and good-humor produced a remarkable effect on the national temper of France. The return visit of President Loubet and the heartiness of the greeting which London gave him—a greeting more hearty, it was said, than he had ever received in Paris—was all that seemed needed to win the volatile French affections, and suddenly the whole race of journalists began to discover reasons for most brotherly cordiality between Frenchmen and Englishmen. All this worked in happily with the arbitration movement in the Chamber. There followed a visit of the arbitration group to London as the guests of Parliament, and a return visit of Parliamentary members as the guests of the French Chamber, and from this interchange of courtesies have resulted real understandings and sympathies such as have been markedly lacking before in the international relations between those two great powers.

The effect of royal visits, the great diplomatic significance that attaches to them, and the genuine influence which they have in shaping the public opinion of entire nations, are among the aspects that strike an American observer as peculiarly interesting in European politics. Within the last few months in addition to the interchange of courtesies between the King of England and the President of France, there have been important visits by the Italian King to France and Germany, one of which had almost as marked effect in producing cordial national feeling between two nations as had King Edward's visit. Another royal visit that was planned, that of the Czar to Rome, was interfered with for some reason, and European journalists wrote endless columns of speculation in

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regard to the reasons for the change of royal plans.

The arbitration movement is undoubtedly gaining force; and still, at best, it is but binding warriors with threads. No one for a moment believes that any number of arbitration agreements or Hague Tribunals would hold in check a military movement when ruler or people were once aroused. Without doubt such agreements may do much to harmonize international prejudice and may be of great use in preventing friction over small differences—friction which sometimes grows into animosities demanding national bloodshed. Their usefulness is acknowledged by most of the statesmen of Europe, but no nation shows any inclination toward abating one jot of its military programme.

Increasing armament, larger armies, more expensive defences and more thorough preparation is the order of the day everywhere in Europe. In conversation with public men and with many commercial and industrial leaders, I have never heard the opinion ventured that the leading powers of Europe are likely in the near future to disarm, or, indeed, materially to reduce their military expenditures. The German Socialists, it is true, make the reduction of such expenditures one of the principal planks of their platform, but in the same speech in which Herr Bebel arraigns the Government for excessive military expenditures, he castigates it for doing nothing to check the aggressive policy of Russia. There is plenty of grumbling over the taxes which support these vast armaments of Europe, but there is no deep-seated conviction in the minds of any considerable portion of the people of any of the great powers that their own nation should set the example of a reduction of military and naval strength. Few things in Europe can be predicted with more certainty than that the outlay for defence and for aggressive strength will continue.

The bankruptcy of Europe, which such men as the Baron de Constant see, is perfectly easy of demonstration by any amateur statistician, who needs only a series of budgets and a short lead-pencil thoroughly to demonstrate such a conclusion; but so easily reached a conclusion might be wrong. I believe that it would be. It is true that the cost of the military establishment, the vast expenditures in constructing navies, the constantly recurring budget deficits, the terrible weight of taxation, are all real and painfully evident facts. France is the natural place to look for these pessimistic opinions in regard to the future of the great powers, for France has a debt incomparably the greatest in the world, and a debt that seems ever growing. To-day it stands roundly at $6,500,000,000, a debt so great that every voter in France—and there is universal manhood suffrage there—every voter in France has a share of responsibility for the national debt equal to $844. It is small wonder that this vast debt should give rise to apprehension. Only the unparalleled thrift of her own people has enabled France to market the tremendous blocks of *rentes* which have been the legacies left her by one finance minister after another. During the years of peace the succession of budget deficits have made almost as great increases in the debt of France as had formerly been piled up by the misfortunes of war. So it is easy to see how a Frenchman, with mind imbued with the great military expenditures and growing debt of his own country, should look out over Europe and note the cost of the great armies and see the stream of taxes that runs into the sea that navies may float there—sees everywhere a tendency toward increasing government expenditures and threatening deficits and nowhere means of escape through taxation, because taxation is already perilously high; it is no wonder that such an observer sees in the constant increase of government obligations an ultimate financial collapse and political disintegration of a character which might readily disturb the balance of power in a way no army could check nor treaty stay.

In spite of all that there is to sustain such pessimistic views, I am certain that the men most powerful in shaping the affairs of Europe do not see, at least in anything like the immediate future, any reason to believe that in Western or Central Europe there are to be radical political upheavals, sweeping social changes, or the financial break-down of governments. The exception is the near East, the Balkan firebrand, where there are irreconcilable differences and implacable racial antagonisms, seething under impossibly bad government, and where, sooner or later—where, indeed, both sooner and later

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Typical French politicians.

Nationalist deputies and aldermen making their annual manifestation before the statue of Strasburg on the Place de la Concorde.

for no single war can settle those vexed questions—there may be seen the fall of old governments and the upbuilding of new, the end of dynasties and the creation of new national combinations. In the near East there is always imminent a catastrophe which might involve all Europe in conflict.

I am by no means rash enough to venture opinions of my own in regard to the political future of Europe. The question is too complicated, the undercurrents too many and too important, for the casual observer to reach more than a superficial conclusion. I have been fortunate, however, in meeting men of great importance in both the business life and Government councils of most of the capitals, and the impression which I have of Europe's political future is the composite of interviews with men whose opinions are worth attention. The impression which these conversations has left is one of political stability, one which leads to a strong belief in the unlikelihood of immediate radical changes. There may be socialistic triumphs, there may be growing parties with programmes of revolt against the existing form of government, there may be burdensome taxation and great military expenditures; and still, if one takes up one nation after another and analyzes its position in relation to the whole fabric of European politics, the practical man will, I believe, conclude that Europe is likely to go on for a great many years very much as it has been going on for a good many years past.

Take the situation in revolutionary France, the country that has had more experience in constitution making than all others in Europe. France is to-day really one of the most stable of European governments. There is small likelihood of France becoming involved in any war, and the reason for that does not lie in this great wave of popular approval of arbitration which is just now such a manifest feature of French politics, but lies much deeper. France has no serious ambitions for an increase of European territory. Alsace-Lorraine is a poignant regret, but not a military ambition. Perhaps the one dominant characteristic of the French nation as a whole is its penurious thrift; and every holder of F. 100 *rentes* is an advocate of peace because the economy of peace appeals to his pockets.

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But the real reason why France may today be set down as among the most pacific of nations lies in this fact: France is not so much a republic, not so much a government administered by the voice of the people, as it is an oligarchy. The Government of France is really a government by a political dynasty, by a group of men and their political heirs, who have made a business of governing France, and, having left to them the centralized instrument of the Napoleonic system, have governed France, not particularly as a majority vote of the nation might have dictated, but as they have best seen fit—with some patriotism for France, and with much regard for their own place, power, and perquisites. This political dynasty has no disposition to risk anything on war, for war would mean one of two things. If it ended in defeat, it would mean that the French nation would rise up, as it always has risen when its sensibilities were really smitten, and the whole dynasty would be irrevocably tumbled out of office, to say nothing of the prospect of upsetting the form of government itself. But a military victory to France would have in it quite as distressing possibilities for her political dynasty as would a military defeat; for a military victory would mean a military hero, and France can never be trusted not to lose her heart to a military hero. So sharply is this always in the mind of the Government that when the nations had a bit of police work to do at Pekin, and under hardly any conceivable development could thereby garner many military laurels, the man who, by every right of precedence, position, and ability, should have gone into the far East at the head of the French troops was kept at home, and a man was selected with abilities of a type that left no fear in the mind of the Government about his ever becoming a military idol.

France may give us occasional exhibitions of political turmoil. It is not improbable that the socialistic sentiment in France will continue to grow, and that there will be some evolutionary changes in government; but I believe that the solidity of the republic may be set down as one of the practical certainties of European politics, and that so far as the future of France, as a world-industrial competitor is concerned, we may count upon her industries being developed without serious interference from any political change.

If we turn to Germany we find there on the face of things much that might indicate impending radical political change. There is certainly political progress there—progress toward individual liberty and political equality, progress toward really representative government. If one were to try to put into a single phrase the significance of the political currents and tendencies, the real essence of the vital political life of Germany, it could well be said that it is to write "truth" into the constitution. Germany's constitution contains many fair-sounding provisions for liberty and equality, but it has not, in fact, furnished either liberty or equality to the humble German citizen. The constitution says that every man shall have equal justice, that every man shall be eligible to public office, and that there shall be fairness of franchise and of voting representation. In the practical operation of government none of those guarantees is fully kept.

Monks of the Capuchin order greeted by their friends after being fined by the Conventional tribunal for refusing to give up life in common.

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The political life of Germany probably has a more direct practical interest for the American citizen than does that of any other Continental nation, for many of their political questions and their legislative problems directly concern us. That is true because of the barriers they are putting up against our exports of food products, and because of the work which the Government is doing in education and in legislation affecting social conditions—legislation that has most pronounced effect upon the efficiency of industrial competition.

The Sister Superior protesting at the door of the parochial school Rue Bacon against her expulsion.

There is an "irrepressible conflict" in the development of German national life. Germany is endeavoring at the same moment to be a great agricultural nation and a great industrial nation. Agriculture must wrest whatever it may of success from a stubborn, parsimonious soil; industry finds itself in a country barren of natural resources and lacking cheap raw material.

It is only within a generation that Germany's industrial ambitions have become internationally important; but within that generation almost all of the vital currents of German development have been flowing in the direction of industrialism. Industry has gained on agriculture, until to-day the national economic life is about equally divided between the two. The great progress of industry has seemed to the agricultural half of the nation to work great hardship to it, while the present hopes and ambitions of the industrial half seem to the agrarians only to be the planning for them of still greater hardships.

The landlord sees in manufacturing and commerce an unfair competitor for labor. The factory entices the laborer from his fields. Railroads and steamships, the landlord thinks, are a malicious innovation, because they bring the fields of Argentina and America into sharp competition with his own sterile acres. His only hope has been in keeping out of Germany the products of other agricultural countries and by gaining from the Government higher and higher protection for his own products.

The landlord's antagonisms and complaints are by no means without foundation. He has certainly fallen on evil days. The march of events has made more and more difficult his financial position. While he has succeeded in laying enormous taxes on the foodstuffs of the German working man, he has not freed himself from the difficulties of almost impossible competition. Every comparison which he makes with his former position and influence adds to his bitterness against the new industrial régime.

On the one side he finds himself pressed by what he regards as upstart socialistic doctrines and insistent demands for broader political rights, and even worse than that, the ever-reiterated demand for what seems to him ruinously cheap food. On the other hand, his long-established influence in affairs is assailed by a new aristocracy of wealth. When one remembers the historical position of the landed class, the landlord's view is not unnatural. All through German history the junkers have officered the army and led it to its fields of victory; they have supplied the statesmen and furnished the class that has ruled the country. It is small wonder that they feel bitter antag-

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onism toward this industrial development. This new industry has successfully competed with the meagre wage the land-owner was able to offer to the farm hand. Bleak cottages are left empty, and fields are robbed of labor. The landlord's late servants, over whom he ruled almost as ruled his feudal ancestors, have not only left his acres, but in the cities they have organized themselves into a political power and shout "bread usurer" at him, and in their determined demands for cheap food, keep up a constant warfare upon that protective tariff that is the only barrier the junker has left between his land and financial ruin.

All that is bad enough; but when this same industrialism which has touched the aristocrat in his purse wounds him also in his pride, when it builds up a new aristocracy, a new ruling class with strength and position measured by wealth, and begins successfully to assail the junker's immemorial influence in national affairs, the bitterness of his position, with his traditions of fortune and power thus being undermined, is not hard to understand.

School-boys walking with a priest.

So Germany has, in the irreconcilable differences between agriculture and industry, an "irrepressible conflict": On the one hand a landed aristocracy, long used to political power—a power whose roots run back to feudal tradition, but whose very daily life is now hampered and made difficult by depression in agriculture; while opposed to this aristocracy of birth is a flauntingly prosperous industrialism, with its rebellion against class, its demand for the curtailment of the privileges of the nobles, its appeal for broader political rights, and more secure individual liberty. The struggle which will go on between these irreconcilable elements of the German nation must have in it constant interest for us, and an interest that is not merely academic, for the progress of the conflict will have intimate relation to our position in international trade.

When one gets even slightly below the surface in a study of political conditions in Germany, he cannot fail to be surprised that so little has been accomplished in the direction of political equality and freedom. The junker's influence has its roots in centuries of prerogative. In a generation Germany has become a great power, political and economic, but in that time there has been no material internal advance in the direction of freedom. Constitutional Government is a semblance and a pretence, not a reality. The Reichstag at first had little enough influence in shaping legislation, compelled as it was to work with a ministry in nowise responsible to it and dependent for its life only on royal favor; but instead of gaining for itself that decisive power which the popular house should have in a really representative government, its actual authority has substantially diminished. It has relinquished much of its control over expenditures, and has also limited its power over income by agreeing to an arrangement for a rigid and intricate system of taxation which in its detail has no flexibility even to the wishes of the majority.

Germany is governed by a bureaucracy, and in many ways better governed than any other nation in the world. Popular representation has little existence, and the voice

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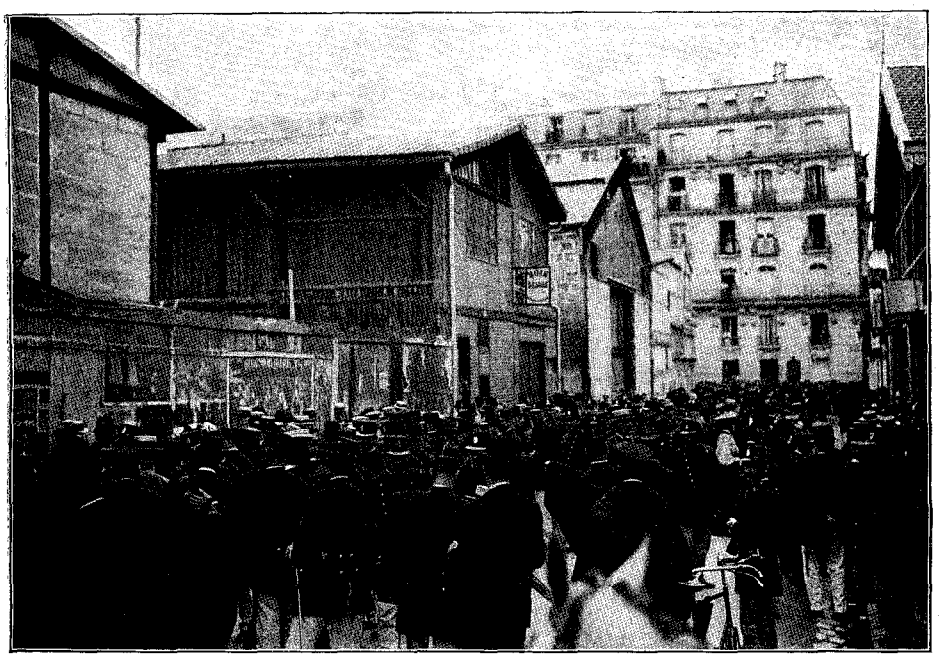

The police surrounding a parochial school in the Ternes quarter preparatory to turning out the occupants.

of the people small influence. Without a doubt the German governmental organization is the best bureaucracy, the most scrupulously honest, and, within its lights, the most painstaking and hard-working, that any government has trained to its aid; but the results are not popular government. The seeds of a desire for popular government were long ago sown in Germany. It is an expression of that desire, it is the political determination of the common people to write "truth" into the constitution, that gave the Social Democratic party in the last election three million votes—just under a third of the total. But the tremendous growth and the sweeping victories of that party are not to be taken as showing a disposition on the part of the German voter violently to overthrow existing conditions. They are critical of the growing expenditures of the Government, particularly for the navy, and they resent the injustice of the arrangement of the constituencies under which there is the greatest inequality of representation in the Reichstag. They are a party of protest against many existing conditions, but they do not threaten the permanency of Government; and as they are sobered by increasing power and responsibility, their programme becomes in the main one which the average American voter would regard as an enunciation of fundamental principles of political equality and good government.

The point of view of the Social Democrats is mainly economic. They believe that the present economic development—a development nowhere better illustrated than in Germany—makes necessary new political conditions. They see in that development influences leading inevitably to the greater and greater substitution of machinery for hand employment, to the stifling of small industries by great combinations. They believe that it has a tendency to place the means of production within the exclusive control of a comparatively small number of people, and they hold that this small group has monopolized more than its share of those advantages brought about by the increase in productive capacity. They are thus led to believe that this whole economic development makes necessary a revision of settled convictions both in regard to capital and the influence of the state on economic life. They hold in general that the authority of capital must be narrowed, while the limits and rights of the state to exercise control in economic affairs must be enlarged. So much for their strictly social-

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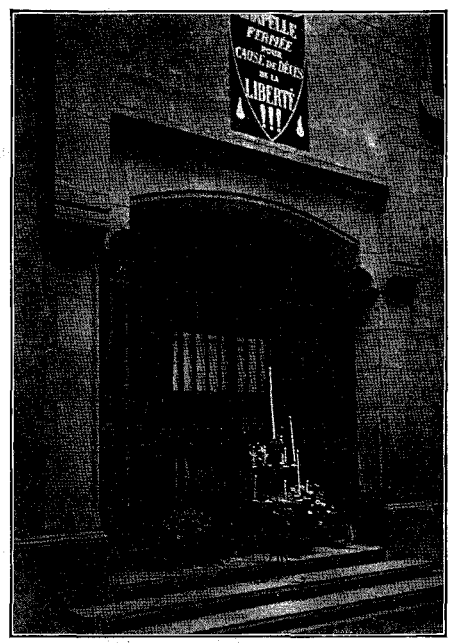
istic doctrines. They have come to be notably mild, and there has been eliminated so much of what was the old school of collective socialism that the party seems hardly entitled to the name of Socialist.

The great wave of Socialism which has swept over Germany is really only a wave of liberalism; the foundations of the Government are in nowise shaken by it. Most of the demands which the triumphant Socialist party make are of a character which will tend toward increased industrial efficiency should the Socialist go on toward even greater success.

Germany, then, I believe, is a field which we should watch with the most intense interest for the evolution in political life which is sure to come, but that evolution has in it only promise of stronger and better government, and no sign of anything that threatens the Government's permanence. There is much which we might well envy in the practical accomplishments of the German Government in the aid it gives to industry and the effect it has on commercial life; in the thoroughness and honesty of administration, and in the substantial benefits received by every citizen. Whatever there is of evolutionary change in the future promises more, not less, efficient aid to industry. Whatever modifications are worked out in the national life—and there may be many—promise to result in giving Germany better government, and in furnishing a more secure foundation for the upbuilding of her industrial life, developing her as a competitor and strengthening her as a rival.



The Church of the Carmelite Monks in Paris closed by the police.

Beyond all question America's greatest industrial competitor is Germany; the development in political life there promises no reactionary tendency in respect to industrial efficiency. Great as Germany is today as an industrial competitor, the coming years will make her greater.

Although we may find in France and Germany a preponderance of reasons pointing to political stability, what of Austria-Hungary? Is the political life of the dual monarchy near its end? Is there to be dismemberment, with all the endless consequences to European politics which a partitioning of the empire would engender? Any amount of support can be found for the most pessimistic views in regard to Austria's political future. Statesmen and journalists have not hesitated to write most frankly of their belief that great changes are impending there. Diplomats of experience may be found who hold the opinion that the funeral bells of Franz Joseph will ring down the curtain on the last act of the Hapsburg sway, and that will be true in spite of the age of the empire, the strength of tradition, and the convulsion which the whole political fabric of Europe will undergo.

Certain it is that Austria-Hungary in its potentiality for political change is the most interesting country in Europe. The empire, with its peculiar duality of emperor and king, its two capitals, its triple ministry, its six chambers, its eighteen parliaments, and its dozen nationalities, offers a conglomeration of political ideas and ideals of racial antagonism and of parliamentary inconsistencies which have strained to the utmost the diplomacy of the beloved monarch. Franz Joseph has in many ways ideally managed the difficulties of his po-

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sition. Without great strength, with his whole political creed a belief in compromise which should not give up the essentials of power, and in diplomacy which should play off one warring element against another, and leave the throne unharmed, he has found success beset by many difficulties. Had he not possessed a personality which has strongly attached to him the great majority of his turbulent subjects, it is hard to see how he could have succeeded at all.

Socialists hooting Catholics who are displaying the motto "Liberté" as a protest against the expulsion of orders.

The average American hardly appreciates the political significance of the Empire of Austria-Hungary, nor the vast importance of the situation there to the future of Europe. Government there is more a display of hysterical sentiment than a political organization for national, industrial, and commercial advancement. It is not easy for us, with our assimilative power of turning all nationalities into Americans, to comprehend the intensities of the racial antagonisms of Europe. Nowhere do these antagonisms find freer play than in Austria-Hungary. The Poles and Bohemians retain memories of a past political greatness. The Magyars have as keen a pride of race as any living people. Every one of the dozen nationalities of the empire has racial ambitions of its own, an almost fanatical determination to exalt this language or that, and a total disregard for the general welfare in the struggle of many tongues and various racial ideals.

It seems absolutely hopeless to expect that the Austria-Hungarian Empire will eventually constitute itself into a confederacy after the German model—compact, homogeneous, centralized. If one looks for such agreement as affording the only political bands that can permanently bind Austria together, it is easy to conclude that dissolution, dismemberment, and partitioning must be written into her future, or to believe, as some do, that the future of the dual empire can be compassed in a sentence—that it is to be a new Balkan with a dozen little nations all at war, and in their racial prejudices that touch of fanaticism which will make them irreconcilable enemies.

There are numberless reasons which can be brought forward pointing to the end of the Hapsburg reign; but unpromising and complicated as the situation is, there is one impressive reason stronger than all those that point to dissolution, one reason why the empire will go on even after Franz Joseph's death and the coming of a far less politic ruler: No European nation is anxious for Austria's territory.

In spite of all the ambition with which Germany is credited, the weight of opinion in Germany is unfavorable to any extension of territory at Austria's expense. There are reasons enough apparent why Hungary, with its racial prejudices, its own national ambition, and the certainty of its forming a new Reichstag party, should not be brought into the empire. There are reasons almost as potent why the German provinces of Austria would not be welcome. It is true those provinces are thoroughly German in language, sentiment, thought and aspiration. Their folk songs and poetry are full of longing for union with the Fatherland, but there is no sentiment among the influential people of Germany which would tend toward taking these provinces into the empire, bringing, as they would, a great

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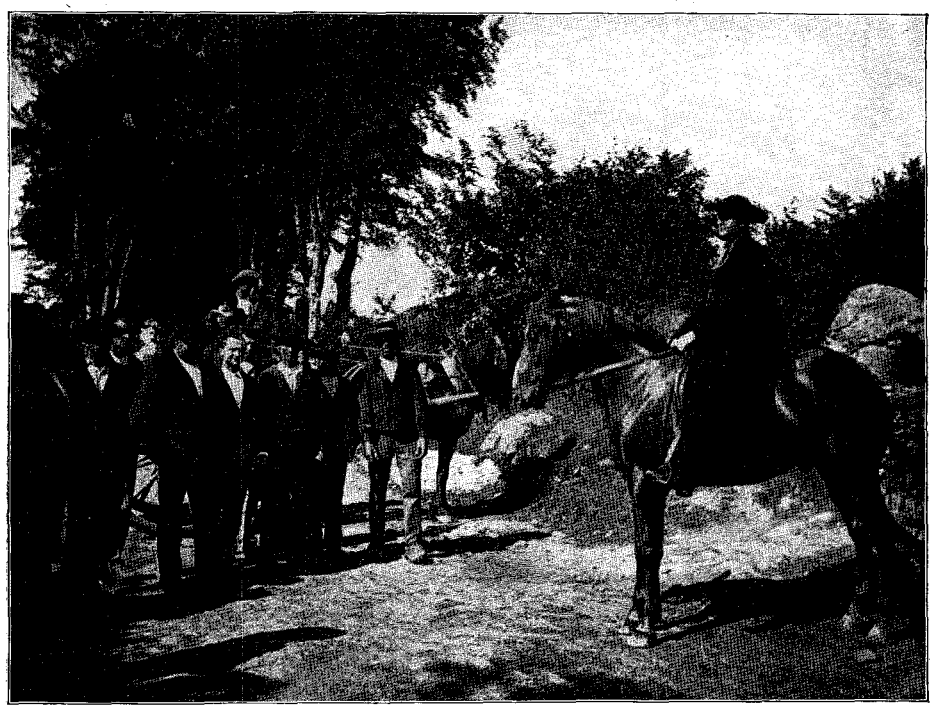

A clerical detachment in Brittany awaiting the eviction agent of the government—their clubs are hidden nearby.

addition to the strength of the Clerical party, and laying on the Government responsibility and difficulties out of proportion to anything that would be gained. Russia has quite problem enough with her Poles, without wanting to reunite, by an absorption of Austrian territory, two parts of once partitioned and always unhappy Poland, and thus give new life to that national feeling which it has cost so much to subdue. The desire for a partitioning of Austria does not exist with the governments of the other great powers; but violent as are the internal dissensions, most of these differences will be temporarily harmonized before the danger of any development that looks like a recoloring of the map and an absorption into the stronger nationality of Teuton or Slav.

A vast force is wasted in the Austrian Empire by racial antagonism and parliamentary strife. Industry and commerce are kept humbly waiting while parliamentary mobs shriek in a babel of uncomprehended tongues. The whole economic life and development is hampered, and there is little reason to hope for better things. But there is even less reason, I believe, to expect that the political bands which hold these warring elements into an empire will be broken, and that there will be liberated in the very centre of the European balance of power a dozen independent nationalities to make a convulsion that would be as terrible perhaps as the events following the French Revolution.

An ambassador at St. Petersburg, who had had experience in many European courts, once said to me:

"I cannot put too strongly my belief in the solidity of the Government of Russia. Considering its vastness it is the most perfect going machine in existence. I have known Russia many years, and I believe the Government grows stronger rather than less secure. The Government is in the awkward position of having to solve the double problem of advancing and standing still. It desires to advance industrially and commercially, but it must stand still as an autocracy. For it to thus stand still there cannot be too much education. The strongest influences in the empire to-day are on the side of the Government, and those factors are always growing stronger. There will some day, of course, be political

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advancement; but anyone who believes that the occasional plots and disturbances that get to the surface here point to any real danger to the foundations of Government has but a superficial knowledge."

This view may not be generally agreed to in the light of developments in connection with the Japanese war. I know that there are observers of Russian conditions, whose opinion is well worthy of attention, who believe that Russia is on the point of a great political upheaval. The weakness of the Czar, the corruption of the bureaucracy, the inefficiency of government which has at some points been disclosed by the events in the far East, lead them to believe that a political awakening is near, that possibly the great territory to the east of Little Russia, which has been filled by adventurous exiles and progressive emigrants, will break off from the old autocracy and form an independent government. All that might happen without greatly affecting political conditions in Russia itself. The day will undoubtedly come when a constitution will be granted, but even that in itself will not greatly change conditions. Whoever has travelled in Russia away from the cities, observed the inertia of that vast population of peasants, noted the influence of the Church, and how it has been used as a branch of the civil service in the control of the population, will understand how slow must come any political changes which will really radically affect the national life.

My own observation, which has covered a good deal of Russia, bears out most fully the expert opinion expressed above. There may be some slow evolution toward more popular political ideals, but the strength and solidity of the Russian Government is beyond our day to question.

Such a survey of Europe, then, as a journeyman business man might take, can but lead, it seems to me, to the conclusion that on the whole European political conditions to-day point to solidity and security. There will be change, but the change will be development along right economic lines. There is no reason to suppose that the development of political events is to make Europe less strong and able as an industrial competitor. From an economic point of view the political outlook there can be regarded with optimism. The development of politics and the evolution of government give promise of working toward greater economic efficiency, toward a more capable industrialism and an expanding commerce.

FRANCE AND THE CLERICAL PROBLEM

In the United States the business of Government is the government of business. Questions which come before Congress are nearly always related to business affairs. Once the running of the machinery of Government has been provided for, and the great appropriation bills passed, the further subjects of congressional legislation are with rare exceptions directly concerned with commercial or industrial matters. Congress is a board of directors of a vast business corporation; its problems are business problems; its main work, outside of the conduct of the Government departments, is the fostering of business interests, on the one hand, and, on the other, the control of business organizations.

There is not a member of either house of Congress who cannot with justice lay some claim to familiarity with business matters. The chief interests of all these members of Congress are business interests. The great legislative mainspring is the well-being of the nation's commercial and industrial life.

In European politics, legislative conditions and questions are widely different from those in our own political life. The American is at once struck by the peculiar fact that business men have small place in the parliaments there. Business questions are overshadowed by questions relating to class prerogative, racial domination and antagonism, church authority, bureau patronage, hereditary power. Legislative programmes frequently turn upon points of sentiment—sentiment of race, of religion, of class, of political theory, or dynastic hope. Broadly speaking, there is no party on the Continent standing solely for a commercial idea. There is no party programme that solidly unites its followers for or against some commercial measure. The platform of parties, the issues on which elections turn, the proposals brought forward for legislative consideration, have comparatively little concern with industry and commerce.

The business man's first surprise is over the number of controversies in the political life of Europe having no bearing at all on business. He finds there many important

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public questions, attracting the keenest interest of a whole nation, but having no relation to financial income of voters.

The European business man does not take to politics, nor does he seem to be much wanted in the political councils. There are three hundred members of the French Senate, and only forty of these are in any way connected with commerce or industry. In the French Assembly the business man is almost a total stranger. In the Reichstag at Berlin business interests are better represented, but in the parliamentary bodies at Vienna and Budapest, where sound commercial legislation is needed as much as anywhere else in Europe, there is heard only endless wrangling of many races. The conservative, sensible voice of the experienced business man is rarely heard effectively in Vienna among those diverse tongues which will unite in no phrase unless it means legislative obstruction.

The parliaments of Europe are far less representative of the people than is the case with us. Under the unfair system of apportionment in Germany and Austria a legislature representative of the people is out of the question. Emperor William's excursions into world politics would be rudely checked were his actions controlled by a Reichstag truly representative of the will of the majority of his subjects. In France the best elements of the population seem to view politics as they would a sinful occupation. The French Chamber is made up of the most voluble and least valuable elements of the nation. It has been well said that France presents the spectacle of a tranquil nation with an agitated legislature, and that in the Chamber, members freely apply such fitting epithets to one another as irresponsible, riotous, ill-mannered and incoherent, while the great majority of the people whom these men represent are peaceful, thrifty, orderly, sober, and industrious.

No single language could produce the wealth of epithets that abound among the hysterical Czechs, Croats and the dozen other races in the Parliament at Vienna. Many of these distinguished statesmen regard as the most complete political success that action which will effectually block all legislation. Political villification in the Italian Chamber has been cultivated to such a fine art that none but the bravest or the brazenest of statesmen can there be induced to take office.

When comparisons are made between America and Continental Europe, we can find much of which to be proud. Our growth, our wealth, our industries, our resources, our energy, all make flattering comparison with average European conditions. But I believe, in making such comparisons, there is no one thing of which we have the right to be more proud than of the Congress of the United States. Better than any Continental parliament, it represents the people. The one legislative body of the world that is in any way comparable to ours, is the Parliament of Great Britain. In character, intellect, methods, dignity, and in the truthfulness with which each represents the people, the British Parliament and the United States Congress stand in a class quite apart and above any of the parliaments of Continental Europe.

The parliamentary system has nowhere on the Continent developed along lines which produce the best results. The temperament of the Continental nations is not well adapted to party discipline. In a parliamentary system working at its best there must be a party of the Government and a strongly united opposition—two parties with well-defined lines of demarcation. Nowhere on the Continent does that condition exist. Political inclination there tends to the formation of many groups rather than two parties. The lines separating these groups are usually far from clear. An American must be struck by the obvious fact that seldom is the main consideration which holds a group together a distinct commercial idea or programme.

Germany in some ways is an exception. Nowhere else in the world can be found such sharp party discipline as in the Social Democratic party of Germany. Elsewhere, however, the political groups are but loosely bound together. The bonds are usually of a sentimental or racial character, or a fleeting attachment to some political leader. Plans for sound economic legislation looking toward the development of the industrial and commercial life of the nation seem not to offer sufficiently potent reasons anywhere in Europe for holding together a political party. In England, at the moment, there is a sensational exception. Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, a

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purely commercial programme, has made a new and clean-cut line of cleavage in British politics and has brought about one of the most remarkable political situations which England has seen within the last fifty years.

There is one type of problem to be found in almost every country in Europe from which happily we are in America altogether free. It has to do in one form or another with the relations between Church and State. It will be more clearly comprehended how great a blessing it is for us to be free from such controversies when something is understood of the bitterness, the blind sacrifice of general good, and the countless obstacles in the way of political progress which these struggles engender.

The most striking instance of such a problem, and one with a phase particularly unfamiliar to us, is the French clerical question. In every European country there is more or less state support of the Church, and that has everywhere resulted in the relations between the Church and State forming at times the subject of bitter controversy. Not only has the one absorbing political question in France for several years been the suppression of the religious orders, but in Italy the strained relations between the Vatican and Quirinal form always an important feature of the situation. In Italy the problem reaches down into the very roots of political life, and must for a long time have a profound effect on the national development, presenting as it does a controversy of the first importance at every election and at every session of Parliament.

A majority of the most intelligent and best meaning voters of France believe that the life of the republic has been in peril. The general attitude of the Church, and particularly the character of the teaching of the religious orders, are the sources of this supposed danger. Nearly half of the youth of France have, even in recent years, received instruction in clerical schools. The belief is firmly fixed in the minds of more than half of the voters that this instruction has tended to raise up enemies of France.

The struggle against the powerful religious orders is by no means a new one there. When the present Government came into office, with Waldeck-Rousseau as Premier, the particular mandate which it had from the voters was to curb the power of the religious orders, and especially to restrict their rights to teach. Curiously the law which Waldeck-Rousseau framed in 1901 almost exactly duplicated one which had been passed a hundred and fifty years ago. The orders flourished in spite of a century and a half of restrictive legislation. When the present Government began its campaign of repression, there were 325,000 members of the orders. They held real estate valued at more than a billion francs, and one of the complaints against them that particularly appealed to the small land-owner was that so vast a property had almost completely been withdrawn from productive usefulness. The personal wealth of the orders was so great it would be difficult to estimate it. Its extent is illustrated by the fact that when the prosecution became severe the sales of their French Government securities were great enough to be the main factor in a market decline that was regarded almost as a national calamity.

A feature of the situation that has been particularly trying has been the unstinted use of this wealth in elections to secure the success of clerical candidates, or rather, to compass in any way possible the defeat of the Republicans.

The relations between Church and State in France are defined by a concordat which stands to-day as Napoleon drew it. Catholics, Protestants and Jews all receive allowances from the state, although the Catholic Church receives 41,000,000 francs of the 43,000,000 of such church subsidies.

The student of French institutions finds the living genius of Napoleon in many phases of government to-day. He seems less like a deposed ruler against whose system of politics nearly a century of effort has been directed than like a vigorous sovereign absent from France on a brief vacation. The influence of Napoleon, in the stamp he left on French institutions, seems after the vicissitude of succeeding monarchy, empire, and republic, and the passing of nearly a century greater than that of any living man. And so this concordat, which he drew in 1801, and which has passed unchanged through succeeding forms of government, has remained to become the chief problem of French politics more than a century after it was signed. The concordat re-established the legal ex-

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istence of the Catholic Church, which had been annulled by the Revolution. The ecclesiastical property confiscated by the republican government was not restored, and the Pope and his successors were bound not to move to disturb the purchasers of such property. Provision was made for state support of bishops and clergy in lieu of their appropriated property. The Government was given the right to nominate bishops. The Church, therefore, has naturally and inevitably been deeply interested and constantly an important factor in French politics. When the present republic came into being, a republic without republicanism, as it was called on the assembling of the first Chamber, the Republicans would have been in a hopeless minority had it not been for the discord between royalists and Bonapartists. The Clerical party was distinctly anti-republican, and by its political activity and bitterness that party well earned Gambetta's denunciation as an enemy of the republic. His "Le cléricalisme, voilà l'enneme" has for thirty years been a political war cry.

Those who stand for the republic have come naturally to count the Clericals as the enemies of the state. The Clericals have left no lack of reason that this should be so. However vigorously the Republicans might fight the Clericals at the polls or denounce them in the Chamber, they felt always the quicksand in the ground on which the enemies of clericalism were standing, because the next generation of voters was growing up in the clerical schools and was under instruction that if it hardly warranted the charge of being directly seditious and threatening to the life of the state, was certainly not calculated to make these youths republicans.

This state of affairs resulted in a platform which was larger than any single party, a so-called Programme of Republican Defense, on which there has been room not only for Republicans to stand, but breadth enough for Radicals and Socialists as well. It has furnished the basis for the coalition of parties which forms the present Government and has made the common ground on which these groups, holding in some respects most divers political faiths, could be united into what is known as the Republican "Bloc."

The first change in the law as made by Waldeck-Rousseau in 1901 only went so far as to compel the orders to obtain authorization from the Government for their legal continuation. After Waldeck-Rousseau gave way to Combes, the Government went at the subject in the most thoroughgoing manner, its aim being so effectually to disband the orders that there should be no possibility of their return to instil into the minds of the French youth doubts and questions as to the republic.

The struggle is one of the sort in which there can be drawn no straight line of right and wrong. It is undoubtedly true that the traditional attitude of the Church and of the Clerical party has been reactionary and generally unfriendly to the republic, that the character of the teaching by the orders has been open to most reasonable and vigorous objection by those who hold firm faith in the principles of republicanism. It is true that the Church has been active in public affairs, perhaps fairly earning the charge that clericalism is a movement "that trespasses, in the name of the Christian faith, on the domain of politics, and that, under the cover of religion, menaces the tranquillity of the state." There has been ground for objection to the growth of the wealth of the monastic orders, especially when they were directly engaged in commercial affairs. Particularly has there been room for objection when they used their wealth to influence elections. The more rapid advance of those army officers who were educated in the clerical schools, compared with those who received their education elsewhere, has been an annoying evidence of the solidarity of clerical influence. There has been bigotry and narrowness, overzealousness and defiance of law, priestly exhortation better fitted to the stump than the pulpit, and even counselling toward resistance and defiance of law that was well fitted to neither.

It must be remembered, however, that there has been a great and respectable minority holding the most sincere belief in the unwisdom of this restrictive legislation. The programme of the Government has struck at the deepest sensibilities of this minority. There has seemed to be undue haste and needless harshness. The subject touched many interests and appealed to many sentiments and prejudices. It had taken the Republican party thirty years to

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bring itself to put its fears into legislative enactments, and it could have well afforded to have used greater tact and less haste in enforcing the laws it passed. It has met intolerance with intolerance. It has come dangerously near violating fundamental rights and liberties in its struggle to subdue the orders which it declared were the particular enemies of those very rights and liberties. It has outraged the sentiments of a most important minority and has earned by its methods some of the epithets it has hurled so vigorously at its adversaries. Still it must be remembered that the Republicans have had to engage in this struggle against a most powerful antagonist, one with wealth, organization, time-established position, and with the great advantage of religious bulwarks behind which to fight. It has been war; and war in politics, as between armies, is not the place to look for fine ethical distinctions.

The avowed aim of the Combes ministry to create a "lay" state so far as the schools are concerned, to have a complete monopoly by the state of education, is now a practically accomplished fact. But in setting up in the businesses of education, as in setting up in other businesses, there are attendant expenses. The Government has at once been placed under the necessity of greatly extending the national school system. Thousands of new schools must be provided. The expenditure of sixty million francs is at once required for building new schoolhouses. Then there is an added annual charge of many million francs on national and local budgets to provide for the salaries of the great corps of teachers. Not only were the teaching orders affected, but the nursing orders were suppressed too. Nearly all the hospitals had been economically managed by the nuns; the nuns were replaced by lay workers, and the increased expenditures on that account have been great.

The French budget is one which has tested the keenest ingenuity of each succeeding Finance Minister to reach a satisfactory balance, and all these increased expenditures are bringing forward practical questions of revenue and taxation which are not always relished by even the most zealous supporters of the policy of suppression.

The point in all this that seems specially interesting to Americans is the nature of the controversy and the happy absence in our own political system of the elements that would make such a controversy possible. Here we see the political forces of a great nation absorbed for years in a struggle so bitter as to provoke scenes of the most violent disorder in the Chamber; and in the communes riots, active resistance to law, military suppression, and bloodshed. We observe a struggle in which are brought into fiercest play not only the ordinary political passions, but one in which bigotry, pious prejudice, and exasperated religious sensibilities are met by political intolerance. We see arbitrary power justifying in the name of liberty the invasion of fundamental rights. We note an enactment of harsh and unjust laws which their sponsors believe necessary to preserve the life of the republic.

Can we not, in the face of all that, listen with some complaisance to the imputation that we are a nation of dollar worshippers and that we concern ourselves with no questions of politics that do not affect our pocketbooks?

In spite of all the political energy that has for several years gone into the discussion of the French schools, it has not, unfortunately, led directly toward any effort to improve the existing school system. No party has given serious consideration to a plan insuring better educational preparation for the French youth. No party has made the development of a system of technical schools or the introduction of commercial training an important part of its programme.

The political life of the French nation has for several years centred exclusively about the school system, but there has been no awakening there to the need of advanced methods nor the advantage of new courses such as have been adopted with such admirable results in Germany. That was of course, impossible, considering the nature of the controversy. It will be hardly possible for some years to come. The national school system must now be organized and developed, and for a long time there will be work enough to do to get it in smooth running order, leaving little room to expect radical improvement in methods or extension of scope. What has been going on in France is a fundamental struggle between the Church and State. Ultimately education will probably be benefited, but those on each side of the controversy have had only

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in mind the question of which should control the educational system.

The eventual denunciation of the concordat is one of the certainties of French politics.

There are reasons, however, why the movement may now pause. There are other pressing questions, and the forces back of them are in a measure interlocked with those which have dominated the anti-clerical struggle—especially is that true of the demand of the Socialists. The consideration of that subject must be left to a second article, as must also the aspect of the Socialist movement in other countries beside France.

The Goddesses from the Machine

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

I DON'T suppose we should ever have had such a thrilling time as we did about Mr. Angell and Miss Peck, if Ben hadn't succeeded so well with Norah and *her* lover. I mean, we should never have dared to, probably. But when Ben (who is really the cleverest girl I ever knew in my life) got Norah and Charles off our hands and married, she felt equal to anything. I might tell about that, just to give you an idea of what Ben can do when she puts her mind to it.

You see, Norah is one of the upstairs girls at the School and gets around to our hall about eleven o'clock. And Ben's practice hour is from ten to eleven, and she always comes up to wash her hands, because she comes after Louise Wallin and the keys are always sticky from jujube paste. She hates practicing, Louise does, and it's all that keeps her up.

So Norah was always there, and Ben got to know her quite well. Ben always knows the servants, somehow, and they are almost always fond of her. Well, one day Norah looked very sad, and the next day she was sadder, and wouldn't talk at all, and the day after that, when Ben asked her what the matter was, she burst out crying.

It was Charles, who brings the fresh vegetables from up in the country somewhere. They were engaged, and all was bright before them, and then misfortune, like a menacing cloud, blotted out forever all the happiness of their life. Not that Norah said it like that, of course, but it was that way in the novel we began about it. It was named "His Evil Star, or the Mistake of a Life Time," and it was really very good—parts of it. Connie Van Cott wrote one chapter and of course we might have known she would have them all die, and she did. Elaine and Archibald and the father all said some poetry about heaven and died, and we couldn't go on with the thing very well after that.

You see, Norah and Charles had quarrelled about something, and while they were quarrelling, another girl, that works in one of the candy-shops in the village, just led him away from Norah. Norah said she—the other girl—wasn't fit to be spoken to and wore a great big switch of false hair, "But what does that matter, Miss Benigna, when a man once loses his head?" she said. She wrote long letters to Charles, and he sent one of them to Norah and wrote a note that said that the woman who could write letters like that when far apart had more love in her heart than a girl that never

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sent him a line. And that was why Norah felt so bad, because she couldn't write except the very plainest things, and of course, plain writing is no use in love letters. She knew that as well as anybody, but what could she do?

Ben asked her to show her the letter the girl wrote, but Norah couldn't because she had torn it up into little pieces and then chewed up the pieces and spit them out in the road for the horses to tread upon, she said.

"It's this way with me entirely, Miss," she told Ben, "much as I may feel the heart in my breast beating in sorrow, I couldn't write it if it was to save my life, at all."

Which was fortunate for her, because Ben was just the one to write it, though she didn't feel that way. If you can write such exciting things as Ben can, you don't have to really mean any of them, you see.

So Ben said: "I'll write a letter for you, Norah, for I'm sure I can do it beautifully."

And Norah said: "But that'll be forgery I'm afraid, Miss, and I'm likely to get arrested."

Ben wrote the letter.

And Ben said, no, not if she signed her name herself. So Norah thanked her, and Ben wrote the letter. It was a little like one in one of Charles Reade's books—I can't remember which one, because we have been reading them all, lately, and they get mixed up in my head. But some of the things in it made Norah cry, Ben said, when she read it to her. She read it to us first, and parts of it were certainly grand. In one place it said:

"*You tell me that all must be at an end between us, but how can I submit to such torture? A woman's heart, my friend, is like the summer sea—a changing surface, but an unplumbed, constant depth!*" That last sentence was all out of a novel. I don't know who by, but the cover is dark green.

Another place was, "*Do you remember that last night in the conservatory? Shall I ever forget the waltz they played? You were in white*"—I can't remember any more of it, but even Ben had to admit that it was a pretty fine part. Afterwards we remembered that that was out of a letter *to* a girl *from* a man, but Ben couldn't copy it all over again, so we left it in. You see, Norah never was in a conservatory, probably, so it didn't matter, as I don't suppose the fresh vegetable man ever was either.

Anyhow she signed it—she had to copy the way Ben wrote her name a million times, I should think—and the vegetable man came to call the next night. Norah wasn't surprised, she said.

"If it's letters he wants, Miss, sure that one will lift him right up off his feet, he'll come runnin' so quick," she told Ben, and it was true. He told her he'd never seen a finer letter in his life, let alone got one, and that settled it for him, for he always loved her best. And they got married very soon and we clubbed together and gave her a cut-glass celery dish. And she will always pray for Ben as long as the breath lasts in her.

Well, that was a great success, of course, and it made Ben just crazy to do something else like it, which is the way she always is. But there wasn't anybody else that needed marrying that we knew of. And I am sure that we should never have thought of Miss Peck all by ourselves. It was the Pie—who is usually called Miss Appleby—that

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started it. Connie Van Cott happened to be passing Miss Peck's door, which was open, and she was sort of puttering around and dusting it and patting the couch pillows. And right behind Connie came the Pie and Miss Parrott; and the Pie said (in that nasty patronizing way of hers that makes you crazy to stick out your tongue and contradict):

"There is really an excellent wife lost to somebody in that poor creature: she is the most domestic soul in the world."

"Is she?" says Polly Cracker (her name is Luella McCracken Parrott).

"Yes, indeed," says the Pie, "she'd ask nothing better than to sew on buttons for the rest of her life. It's a pity she hasn't the opportunity."

Now of course that was foolishness, because nobody would want to sew on buttons all their life, even if they were as old as Miss Peck, who must have been twenty-five or thirty. But Connie knew that she was willing to sew on *some* buttons, because she put one on her velvet coat once when Con was in a hurry and couldn't wait for Miss Demarest. And so she wanted to do her a kindness in turn, to balance in her book. She kept a conduct-book, with all the good deeds on one side and the bad ones on the other, and then a page for the kind things that were done to her and one for those she did back. She used to balance it on Sundays, and whenever there were too many bad deeds she'd even it up by putting down as good deeds all the wicked things that she *might* have done, but *didn't*. She called them Resisted Temptations, but we never believed they really counted, exactly, though it made her awfully mad if we said so.

So she decided that she best thing she could do to pay Miss Peck for the button was to find a husband for her. And she asked Ben to help her with it on account of her experience with Norah and the vegetable man. Well, Ben was interested, of course, but she didn't see who we could get, because there are so few men that come to the school. And of course it would have to be a gentleman. There was J. Frank Hayward, that teaches singing, but we always thought he must be married, he was so fat. And there was Captain Edgar Millard the fencing master; but though his name sounds well, he is horrid, really, and nobody would want to marry him. He has the riding classes, too, and all the girls are terribly afraid of him, he is so cross and speaks so quick. Pinky West thought at one time she might fall in love with him, but he said that women and horses were the same thing when it came to managing them, and of course she hated him ever after. Then there is M. Duval, who comes for conversation every Tuesday; but if you could hear him sniffle once, it would be enough.

Nobody thought about Mr. Angell for a moment. He is small and he has rather pink cheeks and yellow hair, just like a little baby chicken. It is always mussed and ruffled, and the light shines through it so that every hair shows. He is quite bashful, too, though he isn't young at all, and blushes quite a good deal. He is very polite—about the politest person I ever saw. One day we counted the number of times he said *Excuse me* and *I beg your pardon* and *Thank you* in one morning, and it was fifteen times for the first of these, and twelve times for the second, and thirty-four times for the third! But he can draw beautifully, just the same, one thing as well as another. Of course, anybody can draw some things—a church with the moon behind it or a well with an old-fashioned sweep; but Mr. Angell can do a little brook winding about, or just a hill going down, which is really very hard.

Well, we were in the assembly room, a lot of us—we go in for an hour on Thursdays, according as our recitations give us time, no matter about the large or small girls—and he bent over to correct one of the girl's work. She was drawing a banana, and it looked more like a birch-bark canoe than anything else—it was Mary Watterson—and one of the buttons burst off his vest and rolled on the floor. Of course we laughed, and he blushed and ran after it and said, "Excuse me, young ladies; I beg your pardon, I'm sure. Ah, yes, thank you, Miss West," and put it in his pocket.

Then he went back to Mary, and he was so embarrassed he drew over the whole banana, and put in shading, too, with a stump!

"You see, young ladies," he said pretty soon, "a poor bachelor has a great many troubles, and not the least one is his buttons—I beg your pardon, *are* his buttons!"

I looked at Connie and she caught my

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eye, and we both saw that that was the very thing: Mr. Angel was just made for Miss Peck! By what he said himself, as you see.

Although I think he was all right the first time, and should have said, *is* his buttons. The least one *is:* you can't say, one *are.* But Connie says no, because you say three are one, when you mean the Trinity. Maybe you can disobey the rules of grammar for anything so important as the Trinity, but not for buttons, I don't think.

Well, we told Ben about it, and of course she saw at once that it was the very thing. But we didn't any of us see how it was to be accomplished, because it would never have entered their heads, of course, and in that way it was quite different from Norah and the vegetable man, who were madly in love with each other to begin with, and would certainly have died—at least Norah would—if something hadn't been done.

But because a thing is hard never stopped Ben from doing it yet, and after she had thought for a while she suddenly remembered just how to manage. It was in a book of Pinky West's. This is the part: "*It was done in the good old-fashioned way, which must have been ancient before Beatrice and Benedick were dreamed of. Somebody told her that he was head over ears in love with her, and somebody told him that she was really in a sad way on his account. It is unoriginal but very practical, and its success is merely a matter of time.*"

Ben never forgets little bits like that, which may come in useful later, and it is really surprising how anything you want to do you can find in a book. Even if you are sure you are the first to do it, you just probably haven't happened to read the book it's in, that's all. Even Ben says that, and I should like to know the book *she* hasn't read.

So that was the way to do it. Beatrice and Benedick are Shakespeare, which I am sure lots of people would read if they didn't think they ought to. For a long time I thought it was like "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Bible and "Ivanhoe," all of which are very dull, but great. But if you read "Othello" once, you'll see. It's really very exciting and quite true, I'm sure. It must be grand, when it's all acted out.

And when you see how easily Beatrice and Benedick fell in love when they simply hated each other before, you will understand that it was nothing to make Miss Peck and Mr. Angell, because they didn't hate each other at all: they just didn't care. It was Connie who did the most of it, because she was anxious to reward Miss Peck for her kindness about the button. But it was Ben who thought up the things.

The first thing happened the next Thursday. Some of the old girls draw very well indeed, and every other week they draw some person or other, usually one of the girls, who sits on the platform. It is just like Trilby, in Paris, which is the finest book I ever read, except that they all wear clothes. Well, that Thursday the girl was sick that was going to pose, and there didn't seem to be anybody that wasn't busy, that could sit still enough. And Ben, who got in somehow, though she belonged in geography, looked out of the window and saw Miss Peck sitting on the side porch with a book in her hand.

"I think I know some one who could, Mr. Angell," she said, "I don't believe Miss Peck is busy. Would she do?"

I don't believe he had ever heard of Miss Peck before in his life, or else he'd forgotten; because I'm sure he thought she was one of the girls.

"Why, certainly, by all means; thank you very much; it would be very nice, I'm sure, if you could find her," he said, "might I trouble you——"

"Oh, it won't trouble me at all," says Ben. "I'll get her," and off she scoots.

Miss Peck was very much surprised when Ben told her that Mr. Angell wanted to know if she would pose for them as a particular favor to him, as of course she might be, especially if she knew anything about Mr. Angell and how he'd never dare say anything like that for a minute.

"Why, Benigna, are you sure that you understood?" she asked her; "he must have meant for me to overlook the class; I thought the girls posed for each other."

"So they do," says Ben, "as a usual thing, but he wants you especially, if you are willing to. He thinks you would make a beautiful picture!"

Now you'd think that that would please her to death, wouldn't you? All the more as it wasn't so. But it didn't.

Ben says she looked at her so queerly and turned a kind of dark red, and said very strictly:

"Benigna, what does this mean?"

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Ben was pretty scared, but she was plucky.

"I don't mean beautiful in the *common* way," she said kind of reprovingly, as if Miss Peck was very stupid not to see, "but beautiful for a *picture*. Mr. Angell says it's a great mistake that the prettiest people make the prettiest pictures. He doesn't care for them. It's what's *in* the face, he says."

Which was all true—that Mr. Angell said it, I mean. Not that there is much sense in it, of course. But it worked.

"Oh!" said Miss Peck, looking quite different. "Ah, yes." Then in a minute she said, "That is quite true. Certainly I will come, if Mr. Angell wants me," and along she came.

Well, when he saw her he was much surprised, for I don't think he expected a teacher.

"This—this is a great honor, I'm sure; thank you very much; we are greatly indebted to you," he said, and anybody would think that he was perfectly crazy to have her and hadn't dared to ask before, when really he was embarrassed to death.

So Miss Peck sat up on the platform and the advanced girls drew her, and it really did seem as if they did better than usual. They were quite excited at having a teacher, you see, and there were one or two drawings that looked quite a little like her. Mr. Angell noticed this, of course, and when the hour was up, he made a funny little bow and said to the class:

"I feel that we will all agree, young ladies, that we owe a vote of thanks to Miss Peck for a very successful morning. I have never known the drawing from the figure so successful, and I feel sure it is owing to the inspiration of the model—if I may say so."

Then we all clapped our hands, and Miss Peck blushed, and Mr. Angell blushed, and it was quite exciting. But of course the real reason was that Miss Peck didn't look like anybody in special: I mean she looked a little like everybody, and if you made her chin go back a little and drew enough hair, it looked like her—it couldn't help it. You'd think anybody would see that, wouldn't you?

There was one drawing that was specially good—Elizabeth Van Horn's—and Mr. Angell worked a good deal on it and touched it up here and there and complimented her about it and made a kind of cloudy background for it, and advised her to keep it and send it home to her family to show how well she was doing.

Well, of course he didn't know, but that was about the very last thing in the world that E. Van Horn would do. He—Mr. Angell—is the perfect image of her Cousin Bates, that she simply hates and despises, but he will have a lot of money and her family think that maybe they will be engaged: which will never be, if she has to go into a convent. He is invited to her home for the vacations, and she dreads them. So of course she'd never do anything Mr. Angell said—it would be like pleasing Bates Van Horn. She hates to have him compliment her, and she threw the picture straight into the waste-basket and made a face at Mr. Angell behind his back. But Connie took it out, to keep it, she thought the background was so sweet. And then Ben said,

"Why don't you send it to Miss Peck and make her think Mr. Angell sent it to her?"

Of course we saw in a moment what a good idea that was, and Connie wrote in the corner "W. P. A." the way he signs it in his sketches, and rolled it up and laid it on her schoolroom desk. We never saw it again in this life, so I am sure she got it. In fact, we are sure for another reason—namely, that she said so. But not just then.

Now it was time to do something to Mr. Angell, for it was no use having Miss Peck in love with him unless he loved her back. And we couldn't send him a picture because, in the first place, she couldn't draw, and in the second place he's so polite he'd thank her for it, and that would explain. Ben said she wouldn't thank him, because she'd think he'd rather she wouldn't; and that must have been the way, because she never did. But we had to do something. Ben couldn't think of a thing and I don't know whether we would ever have got any further at all if it hadn't been for—who do you think? The Pie herself! Mr. Angell had left his umbrella, and came back for it next day, and as he was walking down the main walk the Pie walked along with him and Connie and Ben were hanging around keeping him in sight, hoping something would turn up.

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"What fine spring days we are having," says the Pie, and Mr. Angell said yes, we were. "I wonder that you don't take your class out of doors on some little sketching tour some day," says the Pie, just as if he was about six years old and she was his aunt. "I am sure you would benefit in more ways than one;" and she went talking along the way she does, about ten minutes, without saying anything you'd want to hear.

"Why, thank you, that would be very pleasant, Miss Appleby, if there would be no objection, I'm sure," Mr. Angell said.

"I cannot see how Miss Naldreth could make the slightest objection," says the Pie; "there would be a teacher, of course, to chaperon them, and there are so many pretty bits about," and then she went into the gymnasium and he went on by himself.

Well, Ben and Connie came through the hedge and said good afternoon, and sort of walked along with him and talked about drawing—Ben says you don't *have* to talk about their classes to the teachers, but we do, of course—and finally he asked them if they thought the young ladies would like to go out in the country sketching, and they said yes, indeed, and Ben said:

"Would one of the teachers go too?"

"Oh, yes," said he; "why?"

"Then Miss Peck could!" Connie burst right out, and it frightened her so she couldn't say another word.

"Why, is she so fond of the country?" asked Mr. Angell.

"Not so fond of the country, exactly," Ben said in an awful hurry, or else she could never have said it at all, "but of—of other things!"

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Angell, looking very queerly at her.

Well, she had to go on.

"Of—of—I mean, of *you!*" she said, sort of gasping. She says it felt as if she had run up a lot of stairs, and she was as red as fire. And Connie too.

"I don't understand you," Mr. Angel said; and his voice was quite different, both of them say—low, and very strict.

Now here is a strange thing. Ben was frightened to death—Ben! She says she was going to own up and tell the whole thing, and who do you think stopped her? Why, Connie. She had a kind of feeling what Ben was going to do, and she squeezed her hand hard, and said very fast,

"We—we just thought you might like to know!" and began to run away and dragged Ben with her. And they ran like the wind to a place of safety. Ben says she would never go through that again if nobody ever married anybody in the world. She says if making your own love is anything like making other people's, she will never, never do it. She says you feel perfectly awful, and yet you have to go on. Her throat got all dry, just like a book. And she and Connie both cried.

They only looked back once and there was Mr. Angell, standing just where they left him, leaning on his umbrella and staring at a tree. He looked strange, but partly pleasant.

Well, you'd think that would have been enough for them, wouldn't you? And so it was. Ben said that she wouldn't do another thing about it and that Connie could pay for her buttons by herself, and Connie thought that she'd find some other way of rewarding Miss Peck. But alas! it was of no avail. Would you believe it—they persisted in going on falling in love, long after Ben and Connie stopped!

The very next Thursday Mr. Angell sent up to know if he might take the class out of doors, and Miss Naldreth said yes, and looked it up on the schedule and found out that Miss Peck wasn't busy, and sent Connie to ask her to please chaperon them! Wasn't that disgusting?

So Connie had to, and Miss Peck nearly broke her neck hurrying to change her dress; and she pulled her hair out over her ears, too, and really she looked quite pretty. And she blushed, and Mr. Angell blushed, and he had on a new gray suit. Nothing could have been better if Connie hadn't changed her mind about rewarding Miss Peck that way; but she had, and so it was quite disgusting, as I said. And they talked all the time to each other, and going through the village Miss Peck never noticed the line, and Pinky West and E. Van Horn stopped and had an ice-cream soda and caught up again! What do you think of that?

We went to a kind of a field with a big tree in it and a brook, and lots of the girls had brought candy and things they could get into their pockets, and it was a kind of picnic, though not a good one, as there was,

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of course, no lemonade nor sandwiches. Still, it was better than nothing. She never noticed what we were eating. I'd like to have seen that happen with the Pie along!

He kept asking her different things about the best place to stop, and what would be the prettiest thing to draw, and a whole lot of things that didn't make any difference anyway, because nobody did very well. I suppose it was because we weren't used to drawing out doors. Mr. Angell drew one himself, and of course that was very good. There was a church-steeple 'way off in the back and a cow in the front, although there really was no cow. There was a steeple, but not in the place he put it.

We were late in getting back and I rather hoped Miss Peck would catch it, and that might stop her being in love; but no—Miss Naldreth herself met us in the hall, and said this open-air work was a fine idea and that she should send them often and she was grateful to Miss Peck and Mr. Angell for giving us rosy cheeks and a fine appetite! Which we didn't have, as it was cold-meat day, and we'd had so much stuff in the field, anyway. But they blushed and Ben saw Mr. Angell give Miss Peck the picture he'd drawn, just before she went upstairs.

Well, it went on from bad to worse, and finally he invited her to a concert in the village, and then everybody talked about it. She curled her hair every day, and once when one of the other teachers was walking the older girls out they met *them* taking a walk, and the girls all giggled and they both blushed like anything. She had on her striped silk and a new lace collar—a grand one, Pinky said.

And Connie was the maddest thing you ever saw. She seemed to take a kind of spite at them, and you'd think to hear her talk that they did it just to hurt her feelings. She kept a watch on everything Miss Peck did, and then told us about it, and scolded away like anything. She got a headache the day we went out sketching, from sitting in the sun, and she said that if she had brain fever and died it would lie at Miss Peck's door.

Ben wanted to hear him propose, because she never had heard anybody, and I'm sure I wish she had had my chance, for it was the stupidest thing in the world. If anybody proposed to me that way, I shouldn't count it, because he didn't do one thing properly. That is, I shouldn't count it very much—nor Connie either. Of course if he had done it in any proper place—a conservatory, or at a ball, or in the woods, like so many people, we should never have known about it, most probably. But he didn't. I shouldn't suppose he ever read a novel in his life, from he way he acted.

I was in a private place in the cellar of the gym, reading a book Pinky West lent me. She did it to pay me for letting her use my room for something and keeping still about it. This place is behind the storm doors that are piled up there and some ladders and stands for flower-pots. I have cleaned it out and it is like a very little room with walls about up to your shoulders. I found an old rug and put it down, and I usually have some apples and a book there, and it is very snug and pleasant, being near the furnace in the winter, and damp and cool in the summer. In the book that I was reading—"Captive Queenie" is the name of it—I was just at the proposal part, and I copied a little of it afterward, just to show you the difference between a real love-making and what Mr. Angell did.

"*Only the throbbing of the distant violins and the musical drip of a fountain over the costly ferns disturbed the stillness of the perfumed atmosphere. Evesham glanced down at the great tear-filled violet eyes, the tangled mesh of sunny hair and the quivering rose-leaf chin pressed to his breast, and strong man as he was, trembled with passion and despair.*

"'*Ah, Queenie,' he cried hoarsely, 'beautiful little Queenie, how have you bewitched me? Sweetheart, my own little sweetheart, will you leave all and come with me? Bound as I am by every tie of honor to another, I would break those bonds like straws at one touch of your dimpled finger! I have little to offer but a name that has been handed down from father to son for as many generations of noble service as years have passed over your golden head; but that and my two hands must ever be yours, as my heart has been since that day I first saw you in the orchard—a blossom among the fruit!*'"

Well, of course that made it worse, when Mr. Angell began.

The first thing I heard was Miss Peck's voice saying,

"This is very welcome after the glare," and then Mr. Angell said:

"Yes, and I don't think we shall be disturbed here. Won't you sit down?"

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Mr. Angell worked a good deal on it.—Page 22.

So she sat on an old flower-pot and he stood up in front of her. He had his hat stuffed under his arm and his hair looked more like a chicken than ever—it stood up all around his head.

"You must know what I'm going to say," that's the way he began. Then he waited awhile and then he stuck his hands into his pockets and teetered back and forth. Of course he didn't know it, but he did. And then he proposed. You may not believe it, but this is exactly what he said to her. I shouldn't believe it myself.

"I don't think I'm very hard to live with," he said, "my sister says not, and she's a very nice girl—Ethel, you know. I think you'd like each other. The house is my own. I—I hope you will—would you? That is, I mean, do you think you could?"

That was all. And his hands in his pockets all the time, Of course I don't think it's necessary to kneel down every time, though Connie does; but I never heard of anybody doing it like that—never. She wasn't looking at him at all, so perhaps it wasn't quite so bad.

And what do you think she answered?

"I'm sure you would be very nice to live with," she said, "and I'd love to meet your sister!"

Well, if you call that making love, all right; but I don't, that's all. I was ashamed of both of them.

Then he sat down on the ground by her, all curled up with his legs under him, and they sort of whispered, so I couldn't hear very well, but it was nothing in particular. They might just as well have talked out loud. He took hold of her hand and patted it, and of course that was something.

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Finally he asked her something I couldn't quite hear, and she said:

"It was when you sent me the picture."

"Not till then?" said he, and she said,

"Oh, I don't mean the second one; I mean the first one—of me."

"The first one? Of you?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"When I posed," says Miss Peck. "Didn't you send it? You signed it."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you mean," said he, staring at her. "I never sent you a picture in my life, Katharine."

She sat up straight and I felt very queer.

"Perhaps you didn't draw it, either?" she asked him, in a stiff kind of way.

"I certainly didn't," he said, just as stiff.

She stood up and looked at him, and I never thought Miss Peck could look so strict and dignified.

"Possibly you do not recall your particular request that I should pose for you on that occasion?" she said. (Her very words.)

"I certainly do not," says Mr. Angell, as red as a beet, "for I never made any such request. I don't understand you."

"There seems to have been a general misunderstanding," she said, and turned her back on him and started off.

"Good-by, Mr. Angell."

He jumped up and ran after her.

"Don't go, Katharine, don't go!" he said. "It's some mistake; somebody has played a very silly trick on us, but I—we—it's just the same, isn't it?"

"Certainly not," she told him. "Do you think I can endure such a disgraceful thing as this? I am going to have this matter thoroughly sifted, and then I shall leave the school immediately."

Well, I was awfully scared. Of course we didn't suppose they'd get talking this way. I wished Ben had been there, but she wasn't. So I had to think what to do myself. I jumped out of the little place and caught hold of Miss Peck's skirt and said very fast,

"You needn't have it sifted because I can tell you all about it and we didn't mean any harm. It was Elizabeth Van Horn's picture. And it was Connie's idea, to pay you for the button you sewed on."

Mr. Angell grabbed hold of my arm. "What are you doing here? What do you know about this?" he said.

"Did Miss Van Horn have the impertinence to send me that picture?" said Miss Peck.

"No indeed, she didn't," I told her. "She threw it away and Connie picked it up and——"

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Angell, "is Connie a little girl with a long braid and blue eyes?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Ah," said he. And he thought a minute and looked at me very quick and then away.

"Now listen," he said, "and answer me carefully. Why did Miss Connie save the picture?"

"She thought it was too nice to throw away," I said.

"Ah, yes," said he, "I begin to see. And she thought Miss Peck would like to have it, because I had said it was such a good piece of work?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"And you thought Miss Peck would have more respect for it if she thought I had drawn it?"

"Yes, sir," I said again.

"So you signed my name?"

"Initials," I said—"W. P. A. It was forging, of course. But you did the background and the pompadour."

"That is true," said he, "I went over it very carefully."

"This is no explanation whatever," Miss Peck said. "I must ask you to let me go."

"Katharine, I beg you to stay," said Mr. Angell. "I have not finished. Please sit down."

Really, it seems foolish, but anybody would have minded him. He looked tall, somehow, and different. He stood up just as straight, and you didn't mind about his hair a bit. I thought he was more important than Captain Millard.

Ben says it is because he is a gentleman and Captain Millard is not, though very grand.

So she sat down and began to cry.

"What did you say about paying for a button?" he asked me.

"Miss Peck sewed on a button for Connie, and she wanted to pay her back," I said.

"Oh! by giving her that picture?" said he.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You see, Katharine," he said to her,

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He kept asking her what would be the prettiest thing to draw.—Page 24.

"this is not so bad as you think. Are you satisfied?"

"No, I am not," she said; "you told me yourself that you never sent for me to pose, and I thought—I thought——" and then she cried so hard I felt sorry for her. He got quite red.

"I swear I can't remember what I *did* say," he sort of muttered, and he looked at me.

"You *did* ask for her," I said, "only you didn't pay much attention. There wasn't anybody to pose and you said, 'by all means,' and——"

"Why, of course—I remember perfectly," he said. "The child is quite right, Katharine."

"And I suppose you don't remember that you said 'the prettiest face didn't make the prettiest picture—it was what was *in* the face'?" she said, right into her handkerchief.

He jumped and gave me the strangest look. I felt almost afraid of him.

"I haven't forgotten it at all," he said, very calm; "I *did* say it."

She looked at him a minute then, and smiled a little.

"Really?" she asked him, and then she began to cry again.

"But why should you think of me?" she said. "I thought you did all those things, but what did you think *I* did? What made you——" And then she cried so hard she couldn't talk plain.

"You wait here," he told me. Then he went over and kneeled down by her and took hold of her hand. (You see he did know something.) I felt so bad by that time I wished I'd never been born. It was dreadful and solemn and all mixed up.

"Katharine," he said to her, and I'll never forget a word of what he said if I live to be thirty or forty, "I don't want to begin our life together by lying to you. Suppose that we do owe our happiness to the mistakes and stupidities of some ignorant children, is it any the less happiness? Are you very wise to scorn it for that reason? What difference does it make how I came to think you the sweetest woman I know, so that I do think so? And you know I do. Do you wish me to believe that your love was not real?"

"No," she said, sort of gulping; and so did I.

"Then do you wish me to leave you, in spite of the fact that we love each other?" he said, very low down, but very plain.

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" she said, and she put her arms around his neck and I began to cry too—I couldn't help it.

He held out his hand to me, and I came over by them. I just loved him.

"Now," he said, "I am going to ask you both to promise me something. I want you, Katharine, to make me a present of this promise to show your trust in me. Will you promise never to mention this matter to me or to anyone again under any circumstances, and not to pursue it further, directly or indirectly, in the slightest degree?"

"Oh, I can't," she said. "Don't ask me!"

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"You must," said he, and shut his mouth tight, "and you will, if you care enough for me."

"Then I will," she said, very soft. "I promise you, Walter."

"And I promise the same to you," he said, "and do you, my dear child, promise the same?"

It was like the catechism. Connie would have liked it.

"Yes, but can't I tell Connie?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "you may *explain* to Miss Connie that I have been at work for some time on a portrait—better, I hope, than the one she presented. You are both old enough to know that you did very wrong in that matter, and that you might have made a great deal of trouble. People have gone to prison for signing other people's initials. (Which is quite true.) In this case, if I had drawn the picture I should have given it to Miss Peck, so you were not so far out of the way; but you might have made great trouble. Did anyone else know about the picture?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "Benigna Hewitt."

"Has she black eyes and straight brown hair?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

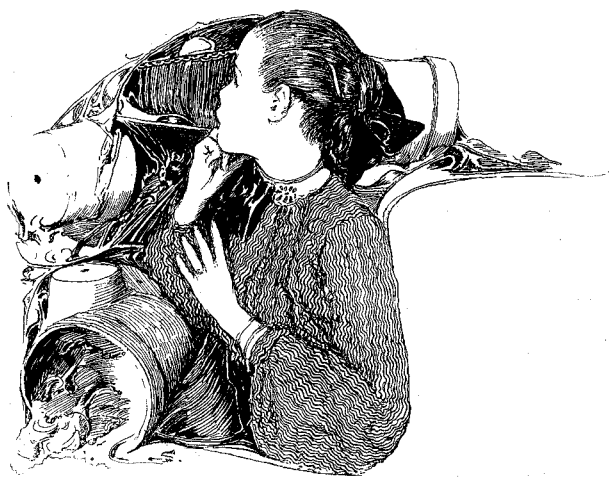
"Ah, yes. Well, explain it to her, too, and I think that's all," he said. "You understand that Miss Peck could easily have you expelled from the school if she chose, but she does not choose. I only tell you this to make you understand the situation. Do you think you do?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and got out. I tell you, I was surprised to find it was the same afternoon outside, so much had happened.

Connie was scared to death, and Ben was, too—more than she pretended. For of course it was forging. Ben said it would evermore be a lesson to us, and so it will.

The teachers gave her a mahogany desk and the girls in her classes a chafing-dish. And now I suppose she is sewing on all his buttons.

But Connie never dared to put it on her page of good deeds.



Behind some ladders and stands for flower-pots.—Page 24

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THE BEARER OF GLAD TIDINGS

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL

"Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

EASTWARD of that awed island in mid-sea
That of all earth first sees the sunrise born,
The slow, sweet smile of the awakening morn
Spreads on the heaven's remote gray mystery.
Immovable the stately palms out-lean
To watch her fingers grope toward the West,
Her jewelled feet stepping from crest to crest
Of the wind-winnowed wilderness of green!

Only the breakers, with low-whispering lips,
Stir the expectant silence of the world.
Briefly the standards of the clouds, unfurled
By the roused winds, blaze red where ocean dips:
Then, of a sudden, on the thin, far air
A myriad sword-blades of white light, as one,
Flash forth in loyal greeting, and the Sun
Steps to the sheer horizon's final stair!

Glory recalling greater Glory's rise!
O mute majestic monarch of this day
Than all days holier, on thy circling way
What tears shall not be wiped from mortal eyes!
What unimagined kindness not be done
By man to man beneath the illumined arch!
What benedictions shall not mark thy march
Around a world redeemed, O Christmas Sun!

Haloed with tidings of a Saviour's birth,
Bearing His peace and pardon in her hands,
Across the thresholds of successive lands
Morn feels her way around the darkened earth:
And, as her splendors gradually span
Reiterated orients with rose,
Where'er night's curtains at her touch unclose
God lays His lips against the lips of man!

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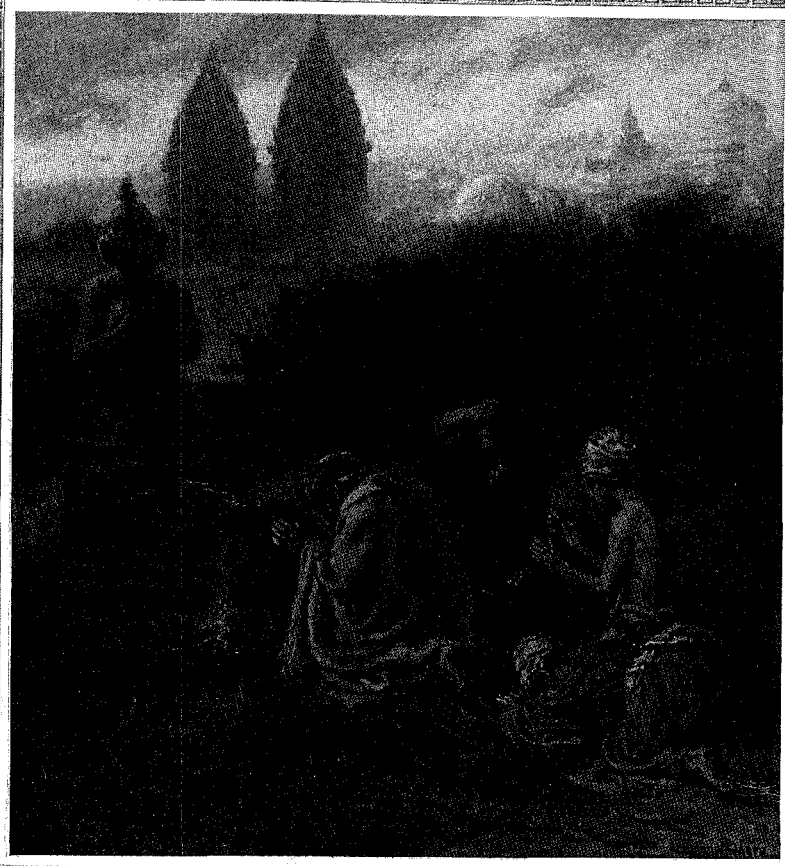

The drowsy East, drugged to unmeaning dreams,
  Stirs in her sleep, uncomprehending still
  The crescent light, that on the dawn-gilt hill
With the new gospel eloquently gleams:
And the sun passes with reluctant tread
  O'er these blind lands, and on their gardens lays,
  Half fearfully, his long, regretful rays,
Like the warm hands of those that touch their dead.

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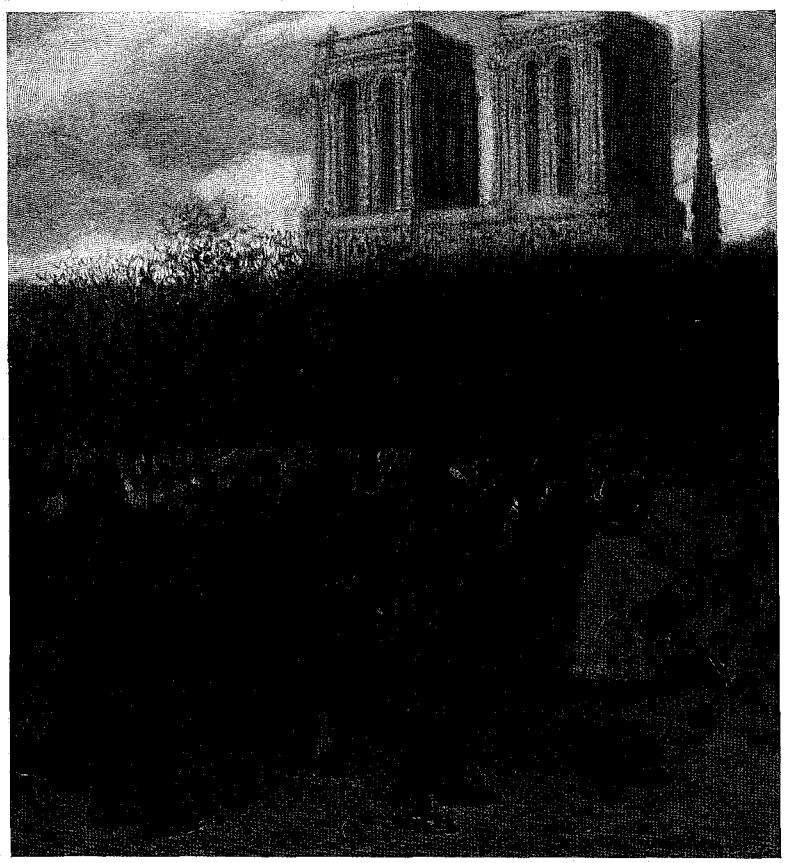

On Europe as the dawn grows into day,
  Cathedral towers thrill to their whirling bells,
  Beneath each vaulted arch an anthem swells,
And incense turns the sun-shot gloom to gray:
While, the shrill clamor of their creeds above,
  Land speaks to land, and cities each to each,
  And in the cadence of that calmer speech
Beats the soft impulse of fraternal love!

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From ship to ship, across the ocean's breast,
The breath of this memorial morning blows,
The gladdening gospel, still unwearied, goes
On to the princely peoples of the West:
And the republics turn their clear young eyes,
With reverence aglow, toward a morn
That sees at each new step new homage born,
And ever hears new anthems skyward rise.

O Christmas Sun! What holy task is thine!
To fold a world in the embrace of God!
To spread, where'er thy golden feet have trod,
The benediction of His grace divine:
To hold the promise of His final plan
Blazing before the eyes of human-kind,
And, at thy setting, leave His love enshrined
Anew in the reminded heart of man!

Blind we have been, and blind must ever be,
No more foreseeing His eternal good
Than that remote, mid-ocean island could
Guess noon from dawn's faint flush across the sea:—
And yet our Christmas suns successive smile!
Some day, mayhap, the workings of His hand
The wisest may begin to understand——
O patient God, be patient yet awhile!

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK I

I

SELDEN paused in surprise. In the afternoon rush of the Grand Central Station his eyes had been refreshed by the sight of Miss Lily Bart.

It was a Monday in early September, and he was returning to his work from a hurried dip into the country; but what was Miss Bart doing in town at that season? If she had appeared to be catching a train, he might have inferred that he had come on her in the act of transition between one and another of the country-houses which disputed her presence after the close of the Newport season; but her desultory air perplexed him. She stood apart from the crowd, letting it drift by her to the platform or the street, and wearing an air of irresolution which might, as he surmised, be the mask of a very definite purpose. It struck him at once that she was waiting for some one, but he hardly knew why the idea arrested him. There was nothing new about Lily Bart, yet he could never see her without a faint movement of interest: it was characteristic of her that she always roused speculation, that her simplest acts seemed the result of far-reaching intentions.

An impulse of curiosity made him turn out of his direct line to the door, and stroll past her. He knew that if she did not wish to be seen she would contrive to elude him; and it amused him to think of putting her skill to the test.

"Mr. Selden—what good luck!"

She came forward smiling, eager almost, in her resolve to intercept him. One or two persons, in brushing past them, lingered to look; for Miss Bart was a figure to arrest even the suburban traveller rushing to his last train.

Selden had never seen her more radiant. Her vivid head, relieved against the dull tints of the crowd, made her more conspicuous than in a ball-room, and under her dark hat and veil she regained the girlish smoothness, the purity of tint, that she was beginning to lose after eleven years of late hours and indefatigable dancing. Was it really eleven years, Selden found himself wondering, and had she indeed reached the nine-and-twentieth birthday with which her rivals credited her?

"What luck!" she repeated. "How nice of you to come to my rescue!"

He responded joyfully that to do so was his mission in life, and asked what form the rescue was to take.

"Oh, almost any—even to sitting on a bench and talking to me. One sits out a cotillion—why not sit out a train? It isn't a bit hotter here than in Mrs. Van Osburgh's conservatory—and some of the women are not a bit uglier."

She broke off, laughing, to explain that she had come up to town from Tuxedo, on her way to the Gus Trenors' at Bellomont, and had missed the three-fifteen train to Rhinebeck.

"And there isn't another till half-past five." She consulted the little jewelled watch among her laces. "Just two hours to wait. And I don't know what to do with myself. My maid came up this morning to do some shopping for me, and was to go on to Bellomont at one o'clock, and my aunt's house is closed, and I don't know a soul in town." She glanced plaintively about the station. "It *is* hotter than Mrs. Van Osburgh's, after all. If you can spare the time, do take me somewhere for a breath of air."

He declared himself entirely at her disposal: the adventure struck him as diverting. As a spectator, he had always enjoyed Lily Bart; and his course lay so far out of her orbit that it amused him to be drawn for a moment into the sudden intimacy which her proposal implied.

"Shall we go over to Sherry's for a cup of tea?"

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She smiled assentingly, and then made a slight grimace.

"So many people come up to town on a Monday—one is sure to meet a lot of bores. I'm as old as the hills, of course, and it ought not to make any difference; but if *I'm* old enough, you're not," she objected gaily. "I'm dying for tea—but isn't there a quieter place?"

He answered her smile, which rested on him vividly. Her discretions interested him almost as much as her imprudences: he was so sure that both were part of the same carefully-elaborated plan. In judging Miss Bart, he had always made use of the "argument from design."

"The resources of New York are rather meagre," he said; "but I'll find a hansom first, and then we'll invent something."

He led her through the throng of returning holiday-makers, past sallow-faced girls in preposterous hats, and flat-chested women struggling with paper bundles and palm-leaf fans. Was it possible that she belonged to the same race? The dinginess, the crudity of this average section of womanhood made him feel how highly specialized she was.

A rapid shower had cooled the air, and clouds still hung refreshingly over the moist street.

"How delicious! Let us walk a little," she said as they emerged from the station.

They turned into Madison Avenue and began to stroll northward. As she moved beside him, with her long light step, Selden was conscious of taking a luxurious pleasure in her nearness: in the modelling of her little ear, the crisp upward wave of her hair—was it ever so slightly brightened by art?—and the thick planting of her straight black lashes. Everything about her was at once vigorous and exquisite, at once strong and fine. He had a confused sense that she must have cost a great deal to make, that a great many dull and ugly people must, in some mysterious way, have been sacrificed to produce her. He was aware that the qualities distinguishing her from the herd of her sex were chiefly external: as though a fine glaze of beauty and fastidiousness had been applied to vulgar clay. Yet the analogy left him unsatisfied, for a coarse texture will not take a high finish; and was it not possible that the material was fine, but that circumstance had fashioned it into a futile shape?

As he reached this point in his speculations the sun came out, and her lifted parasol cut off his enjoyment. A moment or two later she paused with a sigh.

"Oh, dear, I'm so hot and thirsty—and what a hideous place New York is!" She looked despairingly up and down the dreary thoroughfare. "Other cities put on their best clothes in summer, but New York seems to sit in its shirt-sleeves." Her eyes wandered down one of the side-streets. "Some one has had the humanity to plant a few trees over there. Let us go into the shade."

"I am glad my street meets with your approval," said Selden as they turned the corner.

"Your street? Do you live here?"

She glanced with interest along the new brick and limestone house-fronts, fantastically varied in obedience to the American craving for novelty, but fresh and inviting with their awnings and flower-boxes.

"Ah, yes—to be sure: *The Benedick*. What a nice-looking building! I don't think I've ever seen it before." She looked across at the flat-house with its marble porch and pseudo-Georgian façade. "Which are your windows? Those with the awnings down?"

"On the top floor—yes."

"And that nice little balcony is yours? How cool it looks up there!"

He paused a moment. "Come up and see," he suggested. "I can give you a cup of tea in no time—and you won't meet any bores."

Her colour deepened—she still had the art of blushing at the right time—but she took the suggestion as lightly as it was made.

"Why not? It's too tempting—I'll take the risk," she declared.

"Oh, I'm not dangerous," he said in the same key. In truth, he had never liked her as well as at that moment. He knew she had accepted without afterthought: he could never be a factor in her calculations, and there was a surprise, a refreshment almost, in the spontaneity of her consent.

On the threshold he paused a moment, feeling for his latch-key.

"There's no one here; but I have a servant who is supposed to come in the mornings, and it's just possible he may have put out the tea-things and provided some cake."

He ushered her into a slip of a hall hung with old prints. She noticed the letters

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and notes heaped on the table among his gloves and sticks; then she found herself in a small library, dark but cheerful, with its walls of books, a pleasantly faded Turkey rug, a littered desk, and, as he had foretold, a tea-tray on a low table near the window. A breeze had sprung up, swaying inward the muslin curtains, and bringing a fresh scent of mignonette and petunias from the flower-box on the balcony.

Lily sank with a sigh into one of the shabby leather chairs.

"How delicious to have a place like this all to one's self! What a miserable thing it is to be a woman." She leaned back in a luxury of discontent.

Selden was rummaging in a cupboard for the cake.

"Even women," he said, "have been known to enjoy the privileges of a flat."

"Oh, governesses—or widows. But not girls—not poor, miserable, marriageable girls!"

"I even know a girl who lives in a flat."

She sat up in surprise. "You do?"

"I do," he assured her, emerging from the cupboard with the sought-for cake.

"Oh, I know—you mean Gerty Farish." She smiled a little unkindly. "But I said *marriageable*—and besides, she has a horrid little place, and no maid, and such queer things to eat. Her cook does the washing and the food tastes of soap. I should hate that, you know."

"You shouldn't dine with her on wash-days," said Selden, cutting the cake.

They both laughed, and he knelt by the table to light the lamp under the kettle, while she measured out the tea into a little tea-pot of green glaze. As he watched her hand, polished as a bit of old ivory, with its slender pink nails, and the sapphire bracelet slipping over her wrist, he was struck with the irony of suggesting to her such a life as his cousin Gertrude Farish had chosen. She was so evidently the victim of the civilization which had produced her, that the links of her bracelet seemed like manacles chaining her to her fate.

She seemed to read his thought. "It was horrid of me to say that of Gerty," she said with charming compunction. "I forgot she was your cousin. But we're so different, you know: she likes being good, and I like being happy. And besides, she is free and I am not. If I were, I daresay I could manage to be happy even in her flat. It must be pure bliss to arrange the furniture just as one likes, and give all the horrors to the ash-man. If I could only do over my aunt's drawing-room I know I should be a better woman."

"Is it so very bad?" he asked sympathetically.

She smiled at him across the tea-pot which she was holding up to be filled.

"That shows how seldom you come there. Why don't you come oftener?"

"When I do come, it's not to look at Mrs. Peniston's furniture."

"Nonsense," she said. "You don't come at all—and yet we get on so well when we meet."

"Perhaps that's the reason," he answered promptly. "I'm afraid I haven't any cream, you know—shall you mind a slice of lemon instead?"

"I shall like it better." She waited while he cut the lemon and dropped a thin disk into her cup. "But that is not the reason," she insisted.

"The reason for what?"

"For your never coming." She leaned forward with a shade of perplexity in her charming eyes. "I wish I knew—I wish I could make you out. Of course I know there are men who don't like me—one can tell that at a glance. And there are others who are afraid of me: they think I want to marry them." She smiled up at him frankly. "But I don't think you dislike me—and you can't possibly think I want to marry you."

"No—I absolve you of that," he answered, smiling back.

"Well, then——?"

He had carried his cup to the fireplace, and stood leaning against the chimney-piece and looking down on her with an air of indolent amusement. The provocation in her eyes increased his amusement—he had not supposed she would waste her powder on such small game; but perhaps she was only keeping her hand in; or perhaps a girl of her type had no conversation but of the personal kind. At any rate, she was amazingly pretty, and he had asked her to tea and must live up to his obligations.

"Well, then," he said with a plunge, "perhaps *that's* the reason."

"What?"

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"The fact that you don't want to marry me. Perhaps I don't regard it as such a strong inducement to go and see you." He felt a slight shiver down his spine as he ventured this, but her laugh reassured him.

"Dear Mr. Selden, that wasn't worthy of you. It's stupid of you to make love to me, and it isn't like you to be stupid." She leaned back, sipping her tea with an air so enchantingly judicial that, if they had been in her aunt's drawing-room, he might almost have tried to disprove her deduction.

"Don't you see," she continued, "that there are men enough to say pleasant things to me, and that what I want is a friend who won't be afraid to say disagreeable ones when I need them? Sometimes I have fancied you might be that friend—I don't know why, except that you are neither a prig nor a bounder, and that I shouldn't have to pretend with you or be on my guard against you." Her voice had dropped to a note of seriousness, and she sat gazing up at him with the troubled gravity of a child.

"You don't know how much I need such a friend," she said. "My aunt is full of copy-book axioms, but they were all meant to apply to conduct in the early fifties. I always feel that to live up to them would include wearing book-muslin with gigot sleeves. And the other women—my best friends—well, they use me or abuse me; but they don't care a straw what happens to me. I've been about too long—people are getting tired of me; they are beginning to say I ought to marry."

There was a moment's pause, during which Selden meditated one or two replies calculated to add a momentary zest to the situation; but he rejected them in favour of the simple question: "Well, why don't you?"

She coloured and laughed. "Ah, I see you *are* a friend after all, and that is one of the disagreeable things I was asking for."

"It wasn't meant to be disagreeable," he returned amicably. "Isn't marriage your vocation? Isn't it what you're all brought up for?"

She sighed. "I suppose so. What else is there?"

"Exactly. And so why not take the plunge and have it over?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You speak as if I ought to marry the first man who came along."

"I didn't mean to imply that you are as hard put to it as that. But there must be some one with the requisite qualifications."

She shook her head wearily. "I threw away one or two good chances when I first came out—I suppose every girl does; and you know I am horribly poor—and very expensive. I must have a great deal of money."

Selden had turned to reach for a cigarette-box on the mantelpiece.

"What's become of Dillworth?" he asked.

"Oh, his mother was frightened—she was afraid I should have all the family jewels reset. And she wanted me to promise that I wouldn't do over the drawing-room."

"The very thing you are marrying for!"

"Exactly. So she packed him off to India."

"Hard luck—but you can do better than Dillworth."

He offered the box, and she took out three or four cigarettes, putting one between her lips and slipping the others into a little gold case attached to her long pearl chain.

"Have I time? Just a whiff, then." She leaned forward, holding the tip of her cigarette to his. As she did so, he noted, with a purely impersonal enjoyment, how evenly the black lashes were set in her smooth white lids, and how the purplish shade beneath them melted into the pure pallour of the check.

She began to saunter about the room, examining the book-shelves between the puffs of her cigarette-smoke. Some of the volumes had the ripe tints of good tooling and old morocco, and her eyes lingered on them caressingly, not with the appreciation of the expert, put with the pleasure in agreeable tones and textures that was one of her inmost susceptibilities. Suddenly her expression changed from desultory enjoyment to active conjecture, and she turned to Selden with a question.

"You collect, don't you—you know about first editions and things?"

"As much as a man may who has no money to spend. Now and then I pick up something in the rubbish heap; and I go and look on at the big sales."

She had again addressed herself to the shelves, but her eyes now swept them inattentively, and he saw that she was preoccupied with a new idea.

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"And Americana—do you collect Americana?"

Selden stared and laughed.

"No, that's rather out of my line. I'm not really a collector, you see; I simply like to have good editions of the books I am fond of."

She made a slight grimace. "And Americana are horribly dull, I suppose?"

"I should fancy so—except to the historian. But your real collector values a thing for its rarity. I don't suppose the buyers of Americana sit up reading them all night—old Jefferson Gryce certainly didn't."

She was listening with keen attention. "And yet they fetch fabulous prices, don't they? It seems so odd to want to pay a lot for an ugly, badly-printed book that one is never going to read! And I suppose most of the owners of Americana are not historians either?"

"No; very few of the historians can afford to buy them. They have to use those in the public libraries or in private collections. It seems to be the mere rarity that attracts the average collector."

He had seated himself on an arm of the chair near which she was standing, and she continued to question him, asking which were the rarest volumes, whether the Gryce collection was really considered the finest in the world, and what was the largest price ever fetched by a single volume.

It was so pleasant to sit there looking up at her, as she lifted now one book and then another from the shelves, fluttering the pages between her fingers, while her drooping profile was outlined against the warm background of old bindings, that he talked on without pausing to wonder at her sudden interest in so unsuggestive a subject. But he could never be long with her without trying to find a reason for what she was doing, and as she replaced his first edition of La Bruyère and turned away from the bookcases, he began to ask himself what she had been driving at. Her next question was not of a nature to enlighten him. She paused before him with a smile which seemed at once designed to admit him to her familiarity, and to remind him of the restrictions it imposed.

"Don't you ever mind," she asked suddenly, "not being rich enough to buy all the books you want?"

He followed her glance about the room, with its worn furniture and shabby walls.

"Don't I just? Do you take me for a saint on a pillar?"

"And having to work—do you mind that?"

"Oh, the work itself is not so bad—I'm rather fond of the law."

"No; but the being tied down: the routine—don't you ever want to get away, to see new places and people?"

"Horribly—especially when I see all my friends rushing to the steamer."

She drew a sympathetic breath. "But do you mind enough—to marry to get out of it?"

Selden broke into a laugh. "God forbid!" he declared.

She rose with a sigh, tossing her cigarette into the grate.

"Ah, there's the difference—a girl must, a man may if he chooses." She surveyed him critically. "Your coat's a little shabby—but who cares? It doesn't keep people from asking you to dine. If I were shabby no one would have me: a woman is asked out as much for her clothes as for herself. The clothes are the background, the frame, if you like: they don't make success, but they are a part of it. Who wants a dingy woman? We are expected to be pretty and well-dressed till we drop—and if we can't keep it up alone, we have to go into partnership."

Selden glanced at her with amusement: it was impossible, even with her lovely eyes imploring him, to take a sentimental view of her case.

"Ah, well, there must be plenty of capital on the look-out for such an investment. Perhaps you'll meet your fate to-night at the Trenors'."

She returned his look interrogatively.

"I thought you might be going there—oh, not in that capacity! But there are to be a lot of your set—Gwen Van Osburgh, the Wetheralls, Lady Cressida Raith—and the George Dorsets."

She paused a moment before the last name, and shot a query through her lashes; but he remained imperturbable.

"Mrs. Trenor asked me; but I can't get away till the end of the week; and those big parties bore me."

"Ah, so they do me," she exclaimed.

"Then why go?"

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"It's part of the business—you forget! And besides, if I didn't, I should be playing bézique with my aunt at Richfield Springs."

"That's almost as bad as marrying Dillworth," he agreed, and they both laughed for pure pleasure in their sudden intimacy.

She glanced at the clock.

"Dear me! I must be off. It's after five."

She paused before the mantelpiece, studying herself in the mirror while she adjusted her veil. The attitude revealed the long slope of her slender sides, which gave a kind of wild-wood grace to her outline—as though she were a captured dryad subdued to the conventions of the drawing-room; and Selden reflected that it was the same streak of sylvan freedom in her nature that lent such savour to her artificiality.

He followed her across the room to the entrance-hall; but on the threshold she held out her hand with a gesture of leave-taking.

"It's been delightful; and now you will have to return my visit."

"But don't you want me to see you to the station?"

"No; good bye here, please."

She let her hand lie in his a moment, smiling up at him adorably.

"Good bye, then—and good luck at Bellomont!" he said, opening the door for her.

On the landing she paused to look about her. There were a thousand chances to one against her meeting anybody, but one could never tell, and she always paid for her rare indiscretions by a violent reaction of prudence. There was no one in sight, however, but a char-woman who was scrubbing the stairs. Her own stout person and its surrounding implements took up so much room that Lily, to pass her, had to gather up her skirts and brush against the wall. As she did so, the woman paused in her work and looked up curiously, resting her clenched red fists on the wet cloth she had just drawn from her pail. She had a broad, sallow face, slightly pitted with small-pox, and thin straw-coloured hair through which her scalp shone unpleasantly.

"I beg your pardon," said Lily, intending by her politeness to convey a criticism of the other's manner.

The woman, without answering, pushed her pail aside, and continued to stare as Miss Bart swept by with a murmur of silken linings. Lily felt herself flushing under the look. What did the creature suppose? Could one never do the simplest, the most harmless thing, without subjecting one's self to some odious conjecture? Half way down the next flight, she smiled to think that a char-woman's stare should so perturb her. The poor thing was probably dazzled by such an unwonted apparition. But *were* such apparitions unwonted on Selden's stairs? Miss Bart was not familiar with the moral code of bachelors' flat-houses, and her colour rose again as it occurred to her that the woman's persistent gaze implied a groping among past associations. But she put aside the thought with a smile at her own apprehensiveness, and hastened downward, wondering if she should find a cab short of Fifth Avenue.

Under the Georgian porch she paused again, scanning the street for a hansom. None was in sight, but as she reached the sidewalk she ran against a small glossy-looking man with a gardenia in his coat, who raised his hat with a surprised exclamation.

"Miss Bart? Well—of all people! This *is* luck," he declared; and she caught a twinkle of amused curiosity between his screwed-up lids.

"Oh, Mr. Rosedale—how are you?" she said, feeling the irrepressible annoyance on her face reflected in the sudden intimacy of his smile.

Mr. Rosedale stood scanning her with interest and approval. He was a plump, rosy man of the blond Jewish type, with smart London clothes fitting him like upholstery, and small sidelong eyes which gave him the air of appraising people as if they were bric-a-brac. He glanced up interrogatively at the porch of the Benedick.

"Been up to town for a little shopping, I suppose?" he said, in a tone which had the familiarity of a touch.

Miss Bart shrank from it slightly, and then flung herself into precipitate explanations.

"Yes—I came up to see my dress-maker. I am just on my way to catch the train to the Trenors'."

"Ah—your dress-maker; just so," he said blandly. "I didn't know there were any dress-makers in the Benedick."

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"The Benedick?" She looked gently puzzled. "Is that the name of this building?"

"Yes, that's the name: I believe it's an old word for bachelor, isn't it? I happen to own the building—that's the way I know." His smile deepened as he added with increasing assurance: "But you must let me take you to the station. The Trenors are at Bellomont, of course? You've barely time to catch the five-forty. The dress-maker kept you waiting, I suppose."

Lily stiffened under the pleasantry.

"Oh, thanks," she stammered; and at that moment her eye caught a hansom drifting down Madison Avenue, and she hailed it with a desperate gesture.

"You're very kind; but I couldn't think of troubling you," she said, extending her hand to Mr. Rosedale; and heedless of his protestations, she sprang into the rescuing vehicle, and called out a breathless order to the driver.

II

IN the hansom she leaned back with a sigh.

Why must a girl pay so dearly for her least escape from routine? Why could one never do a natural thing without having to screen it behind a structure of artifice? She had yielded to a passing impulse in going to Lawrence Selden's rooms, and it was so seldom that she could allow herself the luxury of an impulse! This one, at any rate, was going to cost rather more than she could afford. She was vexed to see that, in spite of so many years of vigilance, she had blundered twice within five minutes. That stupid story about her dress-maker was bad enough—it would have been so simple to tell Rosedale that she had been taking tea with Selden! The mere statement of the fact would have rendered it innocuous. But, after having let herself be surprised in a falsehood, it was doubly stupid to snub the witness of her discomfiture. If she had had the presence of mind to let Rosedale drive her to the station, the concession might have purchased his silence. He had his race's accuracy in the appraisal of values, and to be seen walking down the platform at the crowded afternoon hour in the company of Miss Lily Bart would have been money in his pocket, as he might himself have phrased it. He knew, of course, that there would be a large house-party at Bellomont, and the possibility of being taken for one of Mrs. Trenor's guests was doubtless included in his calculations. Mr. Rosedale was still at a stage in his social ascent when it was of importance to produce such impressions.

The provoking part was that Lily knew all this—knew how easy it would have been to silence him on the spot, and how difficult it might be to do so afterward. Mr. Simon Rosedale was a man who made it his business to know everything about every one, whose idea of showing himself to be at home in society was to display an inconvenient familiarity with the habits of those with whom he wished to be thought intimate. Lily was sure that within twenty-four hours the story of her visiting her dress-maker at the Benedick would be in active circulation among Mr. Rosedale's acquaintances. The worst of it was that she had always snubbed and ignored him. On his first appearance—when her improvident cousin, Jack Stepney, had obtained for him (in return for favours too easily guessed) a card to one of the vast impersonal Van Osburgh "crushes"—Rosedale, with that mixture of artistic sensibility and business astuteness which characterizes his race, had instantly gravitated toward Miss Bart. She understood his motives, for her own course was guided by as nice calculations. Training and experience had taught her to be hospitable to newcomers, since the most unpromising might be useful later on, and there were plenty of available *oubliettes* to swallow them if they were not. But some intuitive repugnance, getting the better of years of social discipline, had made her push Mr. Rosedale into his *oubliette* without a trial. He had left behind only the ripple of amusement which his speedy despatch had caused among her friends; and though later (to shift the metaphor) he reappeared lower down the stream, it was only in fleeting glimpses, with long submergences between.

Hitherto Lily had been undisturbed by scruples. In her little set Mr. Rosedale had been pronounced "impossible," and Jack Stepney roundly snubbed for his attempt to pay his debts in dinner invitations. Even Mrs. Trenor, whose taste for

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variety had led her into some hazardous experiments, resisted Jack's attempts to disguise Mr. Rosedale as a novelty, and declared that he was the same little Jew who had been served up and rejected at the social board a dozen times within her memory; and while Judy Trenor was obdurate there was small chance of Mr. Rosedale's penetrating beyond the outer limbo of the Van Osburgh crushes. Jack gave up the contest with a laughing "You'll see," and, sticking manfully to his guns, showed himself with Rosedale at the fashionable restaurants, in company with the personally vivid if socially obscure ladies who are available for such purposes. But the attempt had hitherto been vain, and as Rosedale undoubtedly paid for the dinners, the laugh remained with his debtor.

Mr. Rosedale, it will be seen, was thus far not a factor to be feared—unless one put one's self in his power. And this was precisely what Miss Bart had done. Her clumsy fib had let him see that she had something to conceal; and she was sure he had a score to settle with her. Something in his smile told her he had not forgotten. She turned from the thought with a little shiver, but it hung on her all the way to the station, and dogged her down the platform with the persistency of Mr. Rosedale himself.

She had just time to take her seat before the train started; but having arranged herself in her corner with the instinctive feeling for effect which never forsook her, she glanced about in the hope of seeing some other member of the Trenors' party. She wanted to get away from herself, and conversation was the only means of escape that she knew.

Her search was rewarded by the discovery of a very blond young man with a soft reddish beard, who, at the other end of the carriage, appeared to be dissembling himself behind an unfolded newspaper. Lily's eye brightened, and a faint smile relaxed the drawn lines of her mouth. She had known that Mr. Percy Gryce was to be at Bellomont, but she had not counted on the luck of having him to herself in the train; and the fact banished all perturbing thoughts of Mr. Rosedale. Perhaps, after all, the day was to end more favourably than it had begun.

She began to cut the pages of a novel, tranquilly studying her prey through downcast lashes while she organized a method of attack. Something in his attitude of conscious absorption told her that he was aware of her presence: no one had ever been quite so engrossed in an evening paper! She guessed that he was too shy to come up to her, and that she would have to devise some means of approach which should not appear to be an advance on her part. It amused her to think that any one as rich as Mr. Percy Gryce should be shy; but she was gifted with treasures of indulgence for such idiosyncrasies, and besides, his timidity might serve her purpose better than too much assurance. She had the art of giving self-confidence to the embarrassed, but she was not equally sure of being able to embarass the self-confident.

She waited till the train had emerged from the tunnel and was racing between the ragged edges of the northern suburbs. Then, as it lowered its speed near Yonkers, she rose from her seat and drifted slowly down the carriage. As she passed Mr. Gryce, the train gave a lurch, and he was aware of a slender hand gripping the back of his chair. He rose with a start, his ingenuous face looking as though it had been dipped in crimson: even the reddish tint in his beard seemed to deepen.

The train swayed again, almost flinging Miss Bart into his arms. She steadied herself with a laugh and drew back; but he was enveloped in the scent of her dress, and his shoulder had felt her fugitive touch.

"Oh, Mr. Gryce, is it you? I'm so sorry—I was trying to find the porter and get some tea."

She held out her hand as the train resumed its level rush, and they stood exchanging a few words in the aisle. Yes—he was going to Bellomont. He had heard she was to be of the party—he blushed again as he admitted it. And was he to be there for a week? How delightful!

But at this point one or two belated passengers from the last station forced their way into the carriage, and Lily had to retreat to her seat.

"The chair next to mine is empty—do take it," she said over her shoulder; and Mr. Gryce, with considerable embarrassment, succeeded in effecting an exchange which enabled him to transport himself and his bags to her side.

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"Ah—and here is the porter, and perhaps we can have some tea."

She signalled to that official, and in a moment, with the ease that seemed to attend the fulfillment of all her wishes, a little table had been set up between the seats, and she had helped Mr. Gryce to bestow his encumbering properties beneath it.

When the tea came, he watched her in silent fascination while her hands flitted above the tray, looking miraculously fine and slender in contrast to the coarse china and lumpy bread. It seemed wonderful to him that any one should perform with such careless ease the difficult and embarrassing task of making tea in public in a lurching train. He would never have dared to order it for himself, lest he should attract the notice of his fellow-passengers; but, secure in the shelter of her conspicuousness, he sipped the inky draught with a delicious sense of exhilaration.

Lily, with the flavour of Selden's caravan tea on her lips, had no great fancy to drown it in the railway brew which seemed such nectar to her companion; but, rightly judging that one of the charms of tea is the fact of drinking it together, she proceeded to give the last touch to Mr. Gryce's enjoyment by smiling at him across her lifted cup.

"Is it quite right—I haven't made it too strong?" she asked solicitously; and he replied with conviction that he had never tasted better tea.

"I daresay it is true," she reflected; and her imagination was fired by the thought that Mr. Gryce, who might have sounded the depths of the most complex self-indulgence, was perhaps actually taking his first journey alone with a pretty woman.

It struck her as providential that she should be the instrument of his initiation. Some girls would not have known how to manage him. They would have over-emphasized the novelty of the adventure, trying to make him feel in it the zest of an escapade. But Lily's methods were more delicate. She remembered that her cousin Jack Stepney had once defined Mr. Gryce as the young man who had promised his mother never to go out in the rain without his overshoes; and acting on this hint, she resolved to impart a gently domestic air to the scene, in the hope that her companion, instead of feeling that he was doing something reckless or unusual, would merely be led to dwell on the advantage of always having a companion to make one's tea in the train.

But in spite of her efforts, conversation flagged after the tray had been removed, and she was driven to take a fresh measurement of Mr. Gryce's limitations. It was not, after all, opportunity but imagination that he lacked: he had a mental palate which would never learn to distinguish between railway tea and nectar. There was, however, one topic she could rely on: one spring which she had only to touch to set his simple machinery in motion. She had refrained from touching it because it was a last resource, and she had relied on other arts to stimulate other sensations; but as a settled look of dullness began to creep over his candid features, she saw that extreme measures were necessary.

"And how," she said, leaning forward, "are you getting on with your Americana?"

His eye became a degree less opaque: it was as though an incipient film had been removed from it, and she felt the pride of a skilful operator.

"I've got a few new things," he said, suffused with pleasure, but lowering his voice as though he feared his fellow-passengers might be in league to despoil him.

She returned a sympathetic enquiry, and gradually he was drawn on to talk of his latest purchases. It was the one subject which enabled him to forget himself, or allowed him, rather, to remember himself without constraint, because he was at home in it, and could assert a superiority that there were few to dispute. Hardly any of his associates cared for Americana, or knew anything about them; and the consciousness of this ignorance threw Mr. Gryce's knowledge into agreeable relief. The only difficulty was to introduce the topic and to keep it to the front; most people showed no desire to have their ignorance dispelled, and Mr. Gryce was like a merchant whose warehouses are crammed with an unmarketable commodity.

But Miss Bart, it appeared, really did want to know about Americana; and moreover, she was already sufficiently informed to make the task of farther instruction as easy as it was agreeable. She questioned him intelligently, she heard him submissively; and, prepared for the look of

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lassitude which usually crept over his listeners' faces, he grew eloquent under her receptive gaze. The "points" she had had the presence of mind to glean from Selden, in anticipation of this very contingency, were serving her to such good purpose that she began to think her visit to him had been the luckiest incident of the day. She had once more shown her talent for profiting by the unexpected, and dangerous theories as to the advisability of yielding to impulse were germinating under the surface of smiling attention which she continued to present to her companion.

Mr. Gryce's sensations, if less definite, were equally agreeable. He felt the confused titillation with which the lower organisms welcome the fulfilment of their needs, and all his senses floundered in a vague well-being, through which Miss Bart's personality was dimly but pleasantly perceptible.

Mr. Gryce's interest in Americana had not originated with himself: it was impossible to think of him as evolving any taste of his own. An uncle had left him a collection already noted among bibliophiles; the existence of the collection was the only fact that had ever shed glory on the name of Gryce, and the nephew took as much pride in his inheritance as though it had been his own work. Indeed, he gradually came to regard it as such, and to feel a sense of personal complacency when he chanced on any reference to the Gryce Americana. Anxious as he was to avoid personal notice, he took, in the printed mention of his name, a pleasure so exquisite and excessive that it seemed a compensation for his shrinking from publicity.

To enjoy the sensation as often as possible, he subscribed to all the reviews dealing with book-collecting in general, and American history in particular, and as allusions to his library abounded in the pages of these journals, which formed his only reading, he came to regard himself as figuring prominently in the public eye, and to enjoy the thought of the interest which would be excited if the persons he met in the street, or sat among in travelling, were suddenly to be told that he was the possessor of the Gryce Americana.

Most timidities have such secret compensations, and Miss Bart was discerning enough to know that the inner vanity is generally in proportion to the outer self-depreciation. With a more confident person she would not have dared to dwell so long on one topic, or to show such exaggerated interest in it; but she had rightly guessed that Mr. Gryce's egoism was a thirsty soil, requiring constant nurture from without. Miss Bart had the gift of following an undercurrent of thought while she appeared to be sailing on the surface of conversation; and in this case her mental excursion took the form of a rapid survey of Mr. Percy Gryce's future as combined with her own. The Gryces were from Albany, and but lately introduced to the metropolis, where the mother and son had come, after old Jefferson Gryce's death, to take possession of his house in Madison Avenue—an appalling house, all brown stone without and black walnut within, with the Gryce library in a fire-proof annex that looked like a mausoleum. Lily, however, knew all about them: young Mr. Gryce's arrival had fluttered the maternal breasts of New York, and when a girl has no mother to palpitate for her she must needs be on the watch for herself. Lily, therefore, had not only contrived to put herself in the young man's way, but had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Gryce, a monumental woman with the voice of a pulpit orator and a mind preoccupied with the iniquities of her servants, who came sometimes to sit with Mrs. Peniston and learn from that lady how she managed to prevent the kitchen-maid's smuggling groceries out of the house. Mrs. Gryce had a kind of impersonal benevolence: cases of individual need she regarded with suspicion, but she subscribed to Institutions when their annual reports showed an impressive surplus. Her domestic duties were manifold, for they extended from furtive inspections of the servants' bedrooms to unannounced descents to the cellar; but she had never allowed herself many pleasures. Once, however, she had had a special edition of the Sarum Rule printed in rubric and presented to every clergyman in the diocese; and the gilt album in which their letters of thanks were pasted formed the chief ornament of her drawing-room table.

Percy had been brought up in the principles which so excellent a woman was sure to inculcate. Every form of prudence and suspicion had been grafted on a nature originally reluctant and cautious, with the

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result that it would have seemed hardly needful for Mrs. Gryce to extract his promise about the overshoes, so little likely was he to hazard himself abroad in the rain. After attaining his majority, and coming into the fortune which the late Mr. Gryce had made out of a patent device for excluding fresh air from hotels, the young man continued to live with his mother in Albany; but on Jefferson Gryce's death, when another large property passed into her son's hands, Mrs. Gryce thought that what she called his "interests" demanded his presence in New York. She accordingly installed herself in the Madison Avenue house, and Percy, whose sense of duty was not inferior to his mother's, spent all his week days in the handsome Broad Street office where a batch of pale men on small salaries had grown gray in the management of the Gryce estate, and where he was initiated with becoming reverence into every detail of the art of accumulation.

As far as Lily could learn, this had hitherto been Mr. Gryce's only occupation, and she might have been pardoned for thinking it not too hard a task to interest a young man who had been kept on such low diet. At any rate, she felt herself so completely in command of the situation that she yielded to a sense of security in which all fear of Mr. Rosedale, and of the difficulties on which that fear was contingent, vanished beyond the edge of thought.

The stopping of the train at Garrisons would not have distracted her from these thoughts, had she not caught a sudden look of distress in her companion's eye. His seat faced toward the door, and she guessed that he had been perturbed by the approach of an acquaintance; a fact confirmed by the turning of heads and general sense of commotion which her own entrance into a railway-carriage was apt to produce.

She knew the symptoms at once, and was not surprised to be hailed by the high notes of a pretty woman, who entered the train accompanied by a maid, a bull-terrier, and a footman staggering under a load of bags and dressing-cases.

"Oh, Lily—are you going to Bellomont? Then you can't let me have your seat, I suppose? But I *must* have a seat in this carriage—porter, you must find me a place at once. Can't some one be put somewhere else? I want to be with my friends. Oh, how do you do, Mr. Gryce? Do please make him understand that I must have a seat next to you and Lily."

Mrs. George Dorset, regardless of the mild efforts of a traveller with a carpet-bag, who was doing his best to make room for her by getting out of the train, stood in the middle of the aisle, diffusing about her that general sense of exasperation which a pretty woman on her travels not infrequently creates.

She was smaller and thinner than Lily Bart, with a restless pliability of pose, as if she could have been crumpled up and run through a ring, like the sinuous draperies she affected. Her small pale face seemed the mere setting of a pair of dark exaggerated eyes, of which the visionary gaze contrasted curiously with her self-assertive tone and gestures; so that, as one of her friends observed, she was like a disembodied spirit who took up a great deal of room.

Having finally discovered that the seat adjoining Miss Bart's was at her disposal, she possessed herself of it with a farther displacement of her surroundings, explaining meanwhile that she had come across from Mount Kisco in her motor-car that morning, and had been kicking her heels for an hour at Garrisons, without even the alleviation of a cigarette, her brute of a husband having neglected to replenish her case before they parted that morning.

"And at this hour of the day I don't suppose you've a single one left, have you, Lily?" she plaintively concluded.

Miss Bart caught the startled glance of Mr. Percy Gryce, whose own lips were never defiled by tobacco.

"What an absurd question, Bertha!" she exclaimed, blushing at the thought of the store she had laid in at Lawrence Selden's.

"Why, don't you smoke? Since when have you given it up? What—you never —— And you don't either, Mr. Gryce? Ah, of course—how stupid of me—I understand."

And Mrs. Dorset leaned back against her travelling cushions with a smile which made Lily wish there had been no vacant seat beside her own.

(To be continued.)

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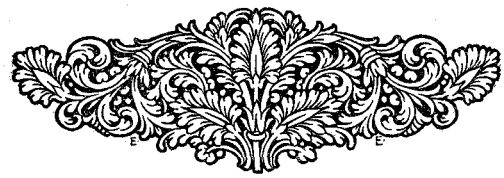


LOVE SONG

By Thomas Nelson Page

Love's for Youth, and not for Age,
  E'en though Age should wear a crown,
For the Poet, not the Sage;
  Not the Monarch, but the Clown.

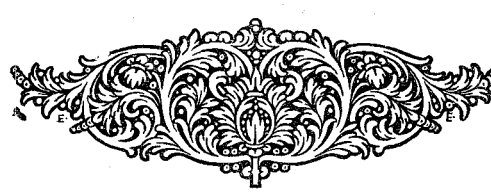
Love's for Peace, and not for War,
  E'en though War bring all renown;
For the Violet, not the Star;
  For the Meadow, not the Town.

Love's for lads and Love's for maids,
  Courts a smile and flies a frown;
Love's for Love, and saucy jades
  Love Love most when Love has flown.

Love a cruel tyrant is:
  Slays his victims with a glance,
Straight recovers with a kiss,
  But to slay again, perchance.

Wouldst thou know where Love doth bide?
  Whence his sharpest arrows fly?
In a dimple Love may hide,
  Or the ambush of an eye.

Wert thou clad in triple mail,
  In a desert far apart,
Not a whit would this avail;
  Love would find and pierce thy heart.



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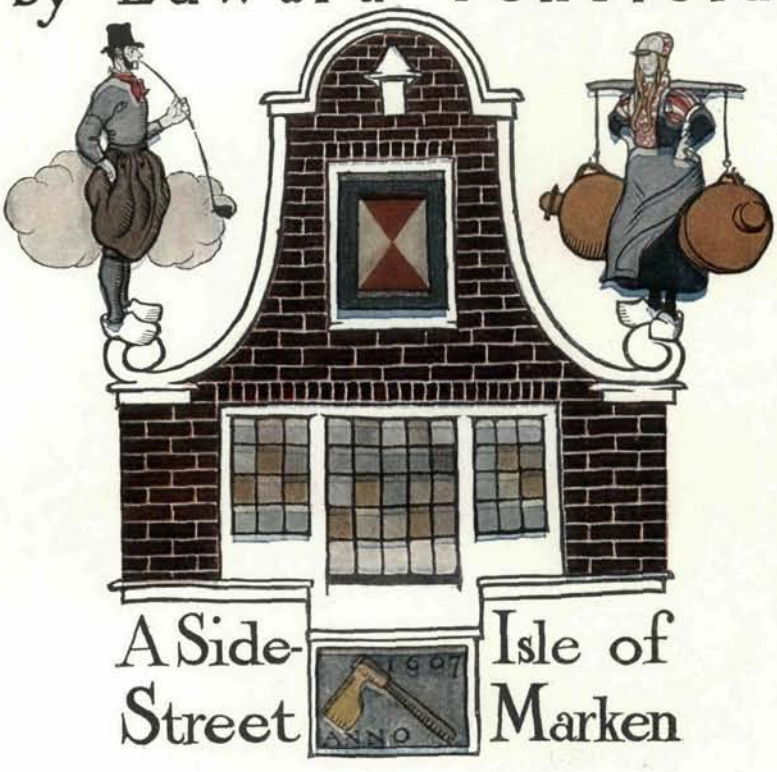
AMSTERDAM Impressions

by Edward Penfield



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A SIDE-STREET

YOU will not have any difficulty in finding the Dam, with the Queen's Palace for its main building, and rising back of it, the Oude Kirk, tinking out the quarter-hours with bells of sixteenth-century make, time softened, with notes blending and harmonizing like the colors of an old brocade; but, if you wish to see one of the old streets of Amsterdam, such as the burgomasters traversed before making that tempestuous voyage to settle New Amsterdam, or which were the home and inspiration of Van Dyke or De Hooge, you will have to put your guide book on one side and strike out boldly for yourself. You may accomplish this (as I did, for instance) by becoming lost in the maze of winding streets, and then finding your way back to your hotel. And now that I am safely out of it, my pleasantest recollections are of one morning spent in a little side street which ran between two canals and led down to the water front. The way was narrow, sometimes leading across little bridges over the canals, where sturdy boatmen were pushing their heavily laden boats through the water-ways—with their shoulder firmly set against the knob at the end of their long pole, how they can push!

Upon the buildings the flavor of two centuries hung heavily. Little bequirled gables, gayly colored tablets and quaint scrolls set in brickwork of by-gone days, formed the façade of the little houses, and the square-

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Drawn by Edward Penfield.

A side-street in Amsterdam.

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paned sashes of the neat windows always seemed as if they had just been painted. Beams, sometimes fancifully carved, jutted from the gables overhead like so many threatening gallows.*

With their own ideas of the perpendicular, some of the houses leaned this way and some that, like so many drunken Dutchmen; others were moderately straight and sober half way up, and then took a hazardous topple until one wondered what unrecorded law of nature kept them from falling over. Conscientious brickwork and good mortar, I venture, is largely responsible for their existence. As I stood in front of one of them, bearing a tablet of 1507, I peered into its half-open door. My imagination supplied the leaded glass front (which is now replaced by more modern sash) and hanging from the rafters were models of ancient craft. Before me rose the form of Hendrik Hudson, in serious and stolid council with the members of the West India Trading Company, fitting out the *Half Moon* for her voyage of discovery, little dreaming they were forming the opening wedge for the founding of New York.

It seems strange to me that some historical society has not transported one of these houses to our shores, to mark the most picturesque phase of our existence. They are small and could be sawed in sections and set up exactly as they stand. What an addition one would be to the historical interest of New York! We have not one example of the old Dutch house, such as was reared on the Battery and greeted the eyes of Stuyvesant when he landed. Ours were built after the pattern of the Amsterdam houses, where the sturdy burgomasters hailed from, and I hope these few words may impress some patriotic historical society, which has in its coffers substance that may otherwise be invested in a statue of the Central Park variety. But to return to our side-street.

Little, sweet-smelling bake-shops were passed, tiled from floor to ceiling; trays and scales of copper and brass shining like gold, lent to the cheerfulness of the interior and formed a setting for the red-cheeked girl in freshly starched cap, who sold and served. Stopping in one particularly attractive "Cremerie," I ordered a cup of "chocolade" and a sandwich of "brod en Kaase", and, as I sat and supped, I saw more rosy-cheeked maids in sabots (the one in the "cremerie" wore big velvet slippers) scrubbing with mop and broom everything they could lay their hands on. The brass-bedecked green door was being polished, and the brick pavement which had turned gray and green in spots from two centuries of dampness, was receiving another coat of water. The clatter of sabots sounded the passing of pedestrians. A weather-beaten boatman went by, followed by a market-woman in her bulging skirts, then a girl, sweet and demure, who looked as if she was part of the Middle Ages, when people went about dressed like checker-boards.

*A Dutch cellar is a damp affair at the best, and these beams are used to hoist supplies, such as fuel, potatoes, etc., to the general store-room, which is directly under the roof and corresponds to our attic.

In the city of Amsterdam.

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A group of the islanders were waiting to greet the excursionists.—Page 50.

Her costume was black on the right side and the left was scarlet, with the exception of the sleeve, which was black.

The serving girl spoke "vaar leetle Englais," but I managed to make out that it was the costume of the Amsterdam orphan, from "Ze Charity School." This costume was given to this institution in the fourteenth century and has been preserved to the present day. "Some Eengleeshman, he say 'half-orphan,' but it ees not so," volunteered my informant. When I thought of the red part of that costume, it was certainly difficult to imagine its wearer a full-fledged orphan.

The time came for me to pay my bill (which was surprisingly small), and I went out into the street. The chimes were telling me that I was near the "Dam," and I turned my steps in that direction. At a crossing I had to pause, for a crowd was blocking the way. I learned that the Queen was expected, and I waited to see her, wondering why she should pick out this little side street for her drive. She soon came by, in a carriage very much like our victoria, and followed by a hundred or more mounted guards with swords clanking at their horses' sides. I have heard it said that the Dutch love their Queen, but a surly and ill-mannered crowd it was who stood about. Hats were not removed generally, and some of her subjects whistled as she passed. I was sorry, for she looked mild and sweet, and rather pale, as she sat and bowed from right to left.

THE ISLE OF MARKEN

A little steamer lay, bumping and tugging restlessly at its float, back of the big railway station at Amsterdam. As if she was impatient to be off on her journey, the steam had forced its way through the safety-valve and sent up a cloud of angry, sputtering vapor to meet a morning sky filled with wind-blown clouds. The last of the passengers, a group of tourists, came hurrying down the gang plank, grabbing frantically at their cameras, lunch packages, and heavy wraps; and after the old, weather-beaten captain had seen to it that they were all well on board and nothing left behind, he shook hands with two wooden-shoed cronies on the string-piece and pulled the cord of the shrieking, piercing whistle. The engine pumped and churned as she left the landing place, and, passing through the lock, plunged her nose into the angry, splashing yellow waves of the Zuyder Zee, and was on her way to the isle, or, to be more correct, the isles of Marken. This is

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Drawn by Edward Penfield

The "half-orphan."—Page 48.

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the trip of trips, for the visitor to Holland. Everyone you meet advises Marken; the gold-braided hotel porter advises Marken, the posters in the streets proclaim Marken —and rightly so, for it takes you out into the country, away from modern influences, and lands you in an atmosphere of unadulterated Dutchness.

The tourists had hardly had time to make themselves comfortable on the quarter-deck, before the tall, bare masts of the fishing fleet of these amphibious islands showed themselves on the horizon. Before long, the engine slowed down and the little steamer entered the breakwater and glided noiselessly to the landing place. A group of the islanders were waiting to greet the excursionists, in their gayly colored costumes, which they have religiously clung to through all the disturbing influences of Fashion, that irritating, relentless, and arbitrary mistress of modern life. Here she has found no listeners, and the omnipresent advance agent of modern vagaries of the beautiful has not ventured. With their high-crowned hats and loose baggy breeches to the knee, the men, one and all, had their hands pushed well down into their roomy pockets, and viewed the approach with a calculating and sober air. The women's caps were red crowned, with a piece of lace in front. Their hair, which was very blond, was worn in two long curls, one hanging down each side of the face, and a stiff, stubborn little bang curling out from under the head-dress like the visor of a cap. I must hesitate at a description of the waist, as it was made up of so many parts that I have lost myself in its mysteries; but the general impression is that of red sleeves and highly colored and striking patterns of green, red, or brown about the body. The skirts were the bulgy kind, as is found all over Holland, and the feet were encased in wooden "shoon" like those of the men. Their hands, which were not small, seemed to bother them, however, for they had no pockets to hide them in, and seemed to solve the problem by going about in twos and threes, tightly grasping each other's hands. How crudely Dutch they were, and how far away from everything modern!

A Marken fishing-boat.

The iron steamer was the only jarring note of an overstrung civilization, and that was being left behind, as the party stepped ashore and followed their captain through

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Drawn by Edward Penfield.

Three little maids of Marken.

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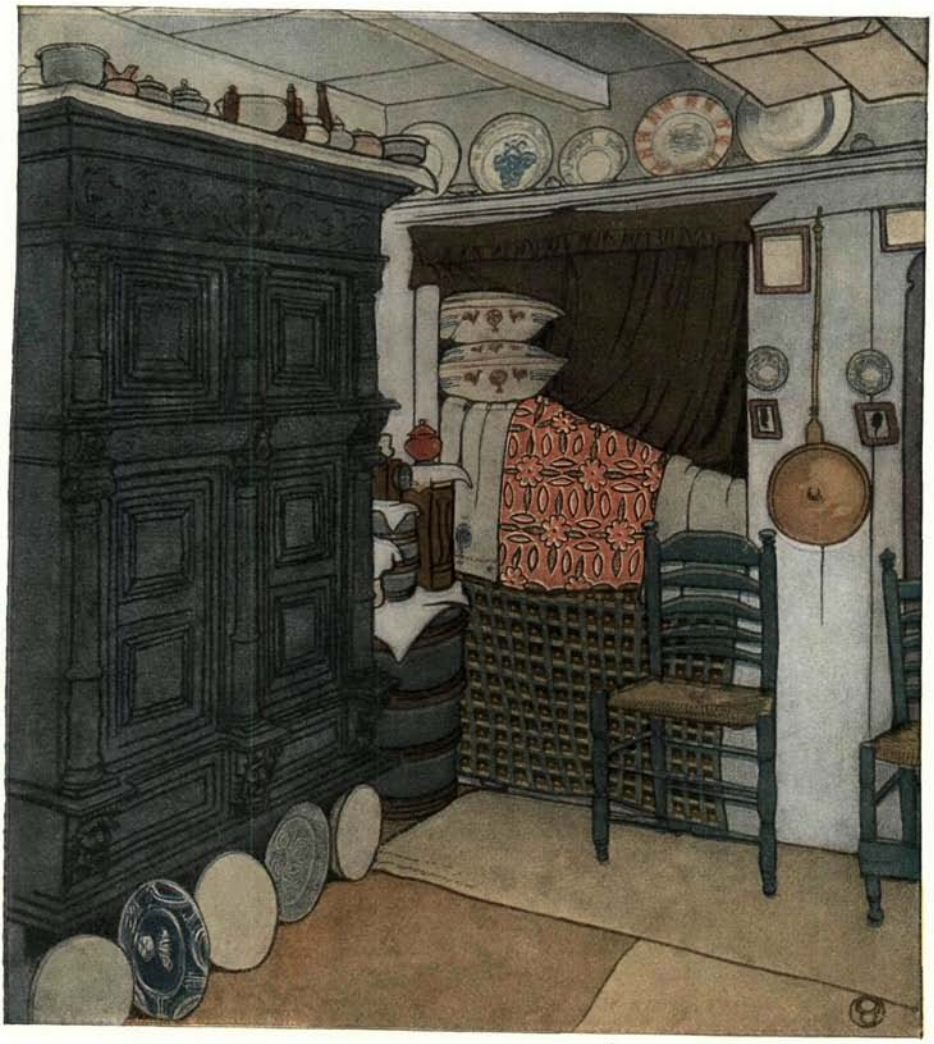

A Marken interior.

the group of curiously dressed people, who returned their looks of astonishment. Over small bridges the little black tarred houses of the islands, with their red-tiled roofs, were soon reached, the casings of the small, square-paned windows and doors contrasting beautifully white against the blackened walls. Green doors, and here and there a red-striped green shutter lent color to the scheme, and some of the doorways were relieved with the emblem of a ship painted in black, above them, with the date of the building arranged on either side. The captain stopped to explain that the occupants were often "much wealthy," living a simple life, far away from the vanities of this foolish world, with no expenditure except for the necessities of life, and a lucrative fishing trade constantly, through generations, adding to the family strong box; and it was found by exploring, that many a modest exterior held articles of *virtu*, which many collectors would like to possess. The floors were covered with china matting, much heavier than the usual kind, and scrubbed very clean. It is the custom among the people to leave their shoes outside when they enter, walking on the matting in their heavily stockinged feet; and no doubt the cleanly Marken housewife has many qualms as the tourist, unacquainted with the custom, knocks at her

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door for admission. The fine linen is kept in Flemish oak chests, some of them heavily carved; and the beds, which are in the wall, are usually covered with gayly colored spreads and pillow-cases, embroidered in conventional designs, somewhat resembling a sampler of earlier days. About the blue-tiled fireplaces were hung the well-burnished brass and copper utensils for cooking, for the Dutch house has but one main room, serving as it does for drawing-room, kitchen, and bedroom. One fire cooks the food and furnishes warmth and cheer for the household. Delft plates adorned the rafters and shelves overhead, and the flour barrel, coffee-mill, and other homely things were usually arranged in a little shrine beside the oaken chest.

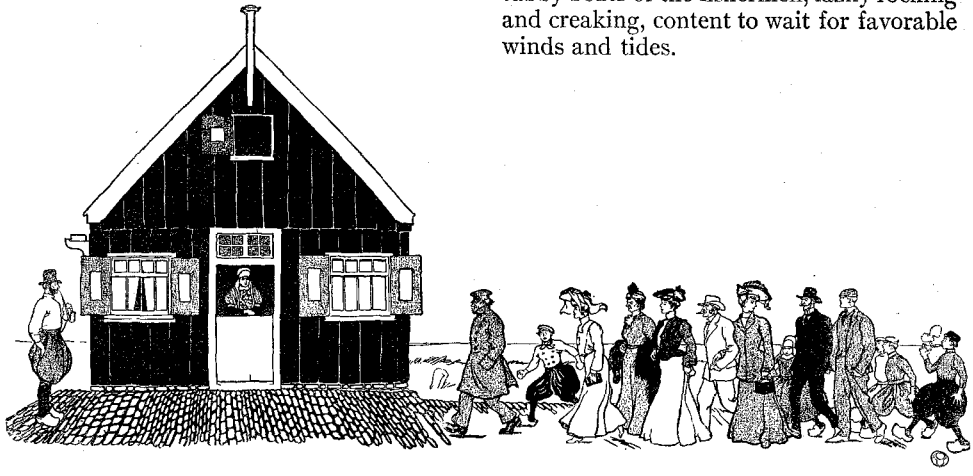
A Dutch sailor.

It is said that the wily Jew leaves a collection of "antiques" at the houses most visited by tourists, and collects his share from the apparently simple occupant, and that the treasure hunter, bent on his mission of "picking up" rare and old pieces, often finds that it is he himself who has been "picked up"; so beware!

On the brick pavement outside the privacy of the islanders was being disturbed by camera fiends vainly following up a good subject, who in turn had decided objections to being photographed and adroitly vanished in a doorway while the amateurs were trying to fix him in the finder.

In time the steamer's whistle sounded a warning note, and the tourists made a general move toward the landing place, leaving the islanders to resume their peaceful lives. Three little maids came down the previously invaded street with clasped hands; their throats were straight and they walked erect, almost boyish in their strength and simplicity. A fisherman emerged from an alley-way, wearing a nor'wester of yellow oilskin. Funnel-like arrangements on his ankles to keep the water out of his wooden "shoon" gave him that touch of Dutch clumsiness, which distinguished him from his English-speaking brother.

Once more an atmosphere of tranquillity threw its mantle over the households of the thrifty islanders, as the hurrying tourists departed on their vibrating iron steamer, which, when it left the bay in a cloud of purple steam, strongly contrasted with the tubby boats of the fishermen, lazily rocking and creaking, content to wait for favorable winds and tides.



Tourists at Marken.

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ON THE WAR-DRAGON'S TRAIL

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

THERE was the dean of the corps—one Melton Prior who, in spite of his years—may they be many more—is still the first war artist in the world. He was mounted on a white horse, seventeen hands high and with a weak back that has a history. Prior sold him in the end to a canny Englishman, who sold him to the Japanese—giving Prior the price asked. "Why, didn't you know that he wasn't sound?" said a man of another race, who wondered, perhaps, that in a horse-trade blood should so speak to blood even in a strange land.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "but the Japanese won't know it." They didn't. There was Richard Harding Davis who, for two reasons—the power to pick from any given incident the most details that will interest the most people and the good-luck or good judgment to be always just where the most interesting thing is taking place (with one natural exception, that shall be told)—is also supreme. Mounted on another big horse was he—one Devery by name—with a mule in the rear, of a name that must equally appeal. Quite early, after purchase, Davis had laid whispering lip to flapping ear.

"I'll call you Williams, or I'll call you Walker just as you choose," he said.

There was no response.

"Then I'll call you both," said Davis, and that wayward animal was Williams and Walker through the campaign. A double name was never more appropriate, for a flagrant double life was his. There was Bill the Brill of the gentle heart, on a nice chestnut; Burleigh, the veteran, on a wretched beast that was equally dangerous at either end; Lionel James with cart and coolies of his own and the Italian on a handsome iron-gray. There were the two Frenchmen—Reggie, the young, the gigantic, the self-controlled and never complaining—so beloved, that his very appearance always brought the Marseillaise from us all—and Laguerié, the courteous, ever-vivacious, irascible—so typical that he might have stepped into Manchuria from the stage. There was Whiting, artist, on the cutest beast with the biggest ambition that I ever saw navigating on legs; lanky Wallace, whose legs, like Lincoln's, were long enough to reach the ground—even when he was mounted—and there were the two Smiths—English and American—and Lewis, gifted with many tongues and a beautiful barytone who, his much boasted milky steed being lame, struck Oku's trail on foot. On Pit-a-Pat, a pony that used to win and lose money for us at the Yokohama races, was little Clarkin the stubborn, the argumentative, who, at a glance, was plainly sponsor for the highest ideals of the paper that, in somebody's words, made virtue a thing to be shunned: and, finally and leastly, there were "Fuji and me."

These were the men who thought they were going to Port Arthur and who, with the sound of the big guns at that fortress growing fainter behind them, struck Oku's trail, up through a rolling valley that was bordered by two blue volcanic mountain chains. The sky was cloudless and the sun was hot. The roads were as bad as roads would likely be after 4000 years of travel and 4000 years of neglect but the wonder was that, after the Russian army had tramped them twice and the Japanese army had tramped them once, they were not worse.

The tail of the War-Dragon, whose jaws were snapping at flying Russian heels far on ahead, had been drawn on at dawn, and through dust and mire and sand, we followed its squirming wake. On the top of every little hill we could see it painfully crawling ahead—length interminable, its vertebræ carts, coolies, Chinese wagons, its body columns of soldiers, its scales the flashes of sword-scabbard and wagon-tire—and whipping the dust heavenward in clouds. The button on that tail was Lynch the Irishman on a bicycle—and that button was rolling itself headwards—leading us

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all. Behind, Lewis was eating the road up with a swinging English stride, and, drinking the dust of the world, we followed. Fuji had side-stepped from barrack yard into that road, sawing on his bit, pawing the earth and squealing challenges or boisterous love-calls to anything and everything that walked. Sex, species, biped or quadruped—never knew I such indiscriminate buoyancy—all were one to Fuji. With malediction on tongue and murder in heart, I sawed his gutta percha mouth until my fingers were blistered and my very jaws ached—but I could hold him back only a while. We overtook the Italian, a handsome boy with a wild intensity of eye—one puttee unwound and flying after him. The iron-gray was giving trouble and he, too, was unhappy. We passed Reggie—his great body stretched on a lumpy heap of baggage—with a pipe in his mouth, that was halved with his perennial smile of unshakable good humor and the other Frenchman squatting between the two humps of baggage on a jolting cart.

"Ah!" he cried with extended hands, "you see—you see—" his head was tossed to one side just then, he clutched wildly first one way and then the other and with palms upward again—"you see how com*fort*able I am. It ees gr-reat—gr-reat!" From laughter I let Fuji go then and he went—through coil after coil of that war-dragon's length, past the creaking, straining vertebræ, taking a whack with teeth or heels at something now and then and something now and then taking a similar whack at him. The etiquette of the road Fuji either knew not, or cared for—nor cared he for distinctions of rank in his own world nor in mine. By rights the led cavalry horses should have had precedence. But nay, Fuji passed two regiments without so much as "by your leave"; but I was doing that for him vigorously and, whenever he broke through the line, I said two things and I kept saying them that I might not be cut off with a sword:

"Warui desu!" I said, which means "He's bad!" and "Gomen nasai," which is Japanese for "Beg pardon." These two phrases never failed to bring a smile instead of the curse that I might have got in any other army in the world. We passed even an officer who seemed and was, no doubt, in a great and just hurry but even his eyes had to take the dust thrown from Fuji's heels. I pulled him in at last on top of a little hill whence I could see the battle-hills of Nanshan. But I cared no more for that field than did Fuji, both of us being too much interested in life to care much for post-mortems and when the rest came up, we rode by Nanshan without turning up its green slopes, and on to where the first walled Chinese city I had ever seen lifted its gate-towers and high notched walls in glaring sunlight and a mist of strangling dust. We passed in through the city gates and stopped where I know not. It was some bad-smelling spot under a hot sun and being off Fuji and in that sun, I cared not. I have vague memories of white men coming by and telling me to come out of the sun and of not coming out of the sun; of horses kicking and stamping nearby and an occasional neigh from Fuji hitched in the shade of the city wall and guarded by a Chinaman; of a yellow man asleep on a cart, his unguarded face stark to that sun and a hundred flies crawling about his open mouth; and, of an altercation going on between two white men. One said:

"Your horse has kicked *mine*—remove him!"

"Move your own," said another and his tone was that of some Lord Cyril in a melodrama. "Mine was there first."

The other took off his coat:

"I'm sorry, but I've got to fight you."

"Very well, then," said Lord Cyril, stripping, too, and then the voice of a peacemaker that I knew well broke in and in a moment all was still. Takeuchi rode in on a mule. No hitting the dust for the proud feet of Takeuchi then, as I learned, nor afterwards, when there were any other four feet that could be made to travel for hire.

"I want a 'betto'," he said—which is Japanese for hostler—"for Fuji."

"Whatever need there be for Fuji, the accursed," said I, lapsing into such Oriental phraseology as I had read in books, "buy, and buy quickly—my money is in thy belt." He bought then and kept on buying afterwards.

Straightway I fell again into sun-dreams with the yellow man nearby whose mouth was wide, for it was my first experience with the God of Fire in his hell-hot Eastern home and I strayed in them until I was shaken into consciousness by a white man with a beer bottle in his hand. I remember a

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garden and trees next, a Chinese room with mats, a Chinese woman—the first I had seen—with a sad, pretty face who rose, when I came to the door, and stalked into a house as though she were walking on deer-hoofs (every step she took on her tiny misshapen feet made me shudder), and then the sound of Davis's guitar and Lewis's voice on the soft night air and under a Manchurian moon soaring star-ward above the Eastern city-wall.

. . . It is noon of the second day now and we sit in the shade of willow trees. We left that first Chinese town of Kinchau and its dirty natives this morning at eight. The dragon's tail again had been drawn ahead through a narrow valley, rich in fields of millet and corn, from which on either side a bleak, hilly, treeless desert ran desolately to a blue mountain chain. Now, still on its trail, we sit in a green oasis, on real grass and under sheltering willows. A lot of little Chinese boys are around us, all naked except for a little embroidered vari-colored stomacher which hangs by a cord from the neck of each—for what purpose I know not—and their elders are bringing water for us and sheaves of millet blades for the menagerie of beasts we ride. They seem a good-natured race—these Manchurian farmers—genuine, submissive, kindly, but genuine and human in contrast, if I must say it, with the Japanese. Who was it that said the Chinese were the Saxons of the East and the Japanese the Gauls? I know now what he meant.

Lewis in a big white helmet has just ridden in on a diminutive white jackass. I envy the peace and content of both of them, for Fuji was particularly bad this morning. Again, he passed everything in the road, and as we swept the length of a cavalry column, I saw a soldier leading a puny stallion a hundred yards ahead. When he heard us, he shouted a warning:

"Warui desu!"

At the same time the beast he was leading turned, with ears laid back and teeth showing and made for us dragging the soldier along. I was greatly pleased.

"Here, Fuji," I said, "is where my revenge comes in. You are going to get it now and, if I mistake not, right in the neck."

But the brute attacked me instead—*me*. He got my right forearm between his teeth and held on until I shifted a stick from right hand to left and beat him off—the soldier spouting Japanese with French vivacity meanwhile and tugging ineffectively. I got away only after the vicious brute had pasted Fuji with both heels first on one side of my right leg and then similarly on the other, missing me about three inches each time. Fuji now shows blood but I'm little hurt. Somehow in the scrimmage O.kin-san's charm—the little block of wood—was broken in its wicker case and whether the heels reached it that high I don't know. But it was a good omen, for it meant that I am to be safe in this campaign. The puny brute had not strength enough to break an Anglo-Saxon arm—I'm no giant—and it is his kind that make impossible for the Japanese certain big guns that the Russians use.

. . . It is 6 P. M. of the third day now and we are at Wa-fang-tien. We left Pa-lien-tan this morning and made thirty-two miles. We took lunch in a stinking Chinese village and the chicken—well, it was a question which was the more disturbing conjecture—how long it had lived or how long it had been dead. Oh, Yokoyama! Fuji has not improved. He kicked the Italian on the leg to-day and I've just helped to bandage it. Again to-day I had to let him go. I tried to tire him out by riding him through mud holes and see-sawing him across deep wagon-ruts. But it was no use. If a horse, bullock, man, woman, child, cat or dog is visible 500 yards away Fuji with a squeal makes for it. When the object is overtaken, Fuji pays no attention to it but looks for something else towards which he can start his squealing way. For brutal, insensate curiosity give me Fuji or rather give him to anybody but me. 'Tis an Eveless land for Fuji but hope springs eternal for him. Dinner is just over—tinned soup, half-cooked tinned sausages, prunes and rice from Yokoyama's larder—which we are stocking at 12 yen per day. Hundreds of coolies are squatting along the railroad track. In front of us a group of Japanese soldiers have stood for five minutes staring at us with the frank curiosity of children. They began to move away when I pulled this note-book. Leaning against the tallest telegraph-pole, with hands bound behind him, his pig-tail tied to a thick wire twice twisted, stands a miserable Chinese cooly. An hour ago I saw him on his knees across the track, held down by four men, while the

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littlest Japanese soldier in the group beat him heavily with a stick much thicker than the thumb. Then they led him praying, howling and limping to the telegraph pole where he stands as an awful example to his fellows. He had stolen some coal and it was his second offense. It was all right, of course, but it was strange to see the apparent joy with which the Japanese did it and stranger still to see the other coolies grinning, chatting and making fun of the culprit. I wonder whether they were crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee or what on earth it did mean. We were hung up here at 3 P.M., and allowed to go no further. There is no order for us to remain—only a "strong desire" that we should—which is the Japanese way. Davis and I had a great bath to-day in a pool which somebody had dammed up—for what purpose I know not. What I do know is that it was not meant for us.

. . . Sitting on the sand we are this August fifth under birch saplings and by the side of a running stream. Davis and Lewis are asleep in the sand. Fifteen miles only is our *métier* to-day and Brill is anxious to go on. The roads are bad farther on, say the Japanese, and transportation difficult: the only satisfactory reason yet given for this hideous delay, and this, I'm afraid, not the true one. They simply don't trust us—that's all. The body of the dragon is naturally getting bigger and his vertebræ are distinctly more lumpy. For instance, he gathered in a train of thirty freight cars this morning and he had six hundred coolies pulling it for him. The button of him dropped back to-day towards the tip o' tail that is his anatomical place. Brill passed him on the road. His bicycle tire was punctured and he was trying to mend it, Brill says, with 25-cent postage stamps. He evidently succeeded for he has just arrived. He seems to have had a high old time on the way. At the last Chinese village he halted long enough to offer a prize —what I don't know—to the Chinese child that could display the prettiest embroidered stomacher. He had them lined up in a shy, smiling row and was about to deliver the prize when the winner was suddenly thrust forward with a wonderful piece on his chubby tum-tum. The wild Irishman gave him the prize, hoisted him on the bicycle and circled the compound swiftly to the delight of the village. I asked him how he communicated with these wild heathens and he said he talked Irish to them. I'm quite sure he does and he seems to make himself understood.

It's sunset now at North Wa-fang-tien and all of us are out in a hard-packed, sand-floor yard under little birch trees. It was a hot ride to-day—the last mile being over a glaring white road and through glaring white sand. That glare of a fierce sun made the head ache and the very eye-balls burn. I almost reeled from Fuji who, for that mile, was, for the first time, almost docile.

We had a shock and a thrill to-day—Brill, Lewis, Davis and I. It was noon and while we sat on a low stone wall in a grassy grove, a few carts filled with wounded Japanese, passed slowly by. In one cart sat a man in a red shirt, with a white handkerchief tied over his head and under his chin. Facing him was a bearded Japanese with a musket between his knees. The man in the red shirt wearily turned his face. It was smooth-shaven and *white*. The thrill was that the man was the first Russian prisoner we had seen—the shock that among those yellow faces was a captive with a skin like ours. I couldn't help feeling pity and shame—pity for him and a shame for myself that I needn't explain. I wondered how I should have felt had I been in his place and suddenly found four white men staring at me. It's no use. Blood is thicker than water—or anything else—in the end.

This is distinctly a human country—a country of corn-fields, beans and potatoes, horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, goats and no freaks in tree-trunk, branch or foliage. But I can't get over seeing a Chinaman in a corn-field. It is always a shock. He doesn't seem to have any right there—somehow nobody does except a white man or a darkey. There are tumble-bugs in the dusty road and gray, flying grasshopper-like things that rise from the dust, flutter a few feet from the earth and drop back again, just as they do at home. And the dragon-flies—why they are nothing in the world but the "snake-doctors" that I used to throw stones at when I was a boy in the Bluegrass. The mountains are treeless and volcanic but its a human country and I don't feel as far from home as I did in Japan. Brill says it all looks like a lot of Montana hills around Ohio corn-fields: only the corn is millet

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that grows twelve feet high. The people eat the top, they feed the blades to live stock and the stalk serves almost every purpose of bamboo and for fire-wood as well. You can ride for hours between two solid walls of it and you wonder how there can be people enough in the scattering villages to plant and till, or even to cut it. A richer land I never saw. It looks as though it would feed both armies and yet there was no sign —no burned house, or robbed field or even a cast-off bit of the soldier's equipment to show that an army had ever passed that way. One fact only spoke significantly of war. No woman—except a child or a crone—was ever visible. This struck me, when I recalled the trail of the Massachusetts volunteers from Siboney to Santiago and the thousands of women refugees straggling into Caney—as very remarkable. I suppose both Japanese and Russians are trying to keep the good-will of the Chinaman as well as of the rest of the world. I don't wonder that the Russians are fighting for that land nor shall I wonder should the Japanese, if they win, try to keep it. But how it should belong to anybody but the Chinaman who has tilled it in peace and with no harm to anybody for thousands of years—I can't for the life of me see.

Next morning there was a sign of war. At daybreak some red flecks from the dragon's jaws drifted back from the mist and dust through which he was writhing forward. It looked, some man said, like the procession of the damned who filed past Dante in hell. Each man had a red roll around him. They uttered no sound—they looked not at one another, but stared vacantly and mildly at us as they shuffled silently, from the mist and shuffled silently on. The expression of each was so like the expression of the rest that they looked like brothers. A more creepy, ghost-like thing I never saw. I knew not what they were but they fascinated me and made me shudder and I found myself drawing towards them, step by step, hardly conscious that I was moving. I do not recall that any one of us uttered a word. Yet they were only sick men coming back from the front—soldiers sick with the *kakke*, the "beriberi," the sleeping sickness. It was hard to believe that the face of any one of them had ever belonged to a soldier—hard to believe that sickness could make a soldier's face so gentle. That man in the red shirt and those gray ghosts that shuffled so silently out of one mist and so silently into another are the high lights in the two most vivid pictures I've seen thus far.

The beriberi comes from a diet of too much fish and rice, I understand. It numbs the extremities and has a paralyzing effect on body and mind. Summer is its time and snow checks its course. A man may have it a dozen times and sometimes he dies. The young and able-bodied are its favorite victims, old men its rare ones and women and foreigners it wholly spares. It made great havoc among Japanese soldiers in Korea but the Japanese now conquer beriberi as though it was a Russian metamorphosis.

Shung-yo-hing is the place now and the time is 2 P. M. The heat was awful and the dust from thousands of carts, coolies and beasts of burden choked the very lungs. I have the bulge on Fuji now. I knot the reins and draw them over the pommel of a McClellan saddle, thus holding his muzzle close to his chest. It seemed to puzzle Fuji a good deal.

"He can't even neigh," I said to Brill in triumph, and Brill cackled scorn. Fuji neighed five times in the next ten yards. I should say that his record in six hours to-day was about this: stumbling with right forefoot—300 times; stumbling with left hindfoot—200 times; neighs—1000.

There are about twenty miles more to Kaiping. Haicheng has been taken by the Japanese. Somebody has just come in with cheering news—we can get back to Yokohama by water. Gently we all said:

"Hooray!" The parting from Fuji will not be sad.

. . . This morning I found some strange pieces of paper with strange ideographs theron in Japanese.

"What are these, Takeuchi?"

Takeuchi looked really embarrassed.

"Prayers," he said. "I got them at a temple. If you carry them, you will get back safe." Well, that made Takeuchi immune for days.

At Kaiping we are now and we go to Haicheng to-morrow. At least we think we do. We got here last night: Fuji being lame, I left him for Takeuchi to lead (he rode him, of course); went on afoot and later climbed aboard a freight train, drawn by 600 coolies. I told the Japanese in my

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smattering best of their language, that my horse had gone lame and they were very polite. The train went slowly along the dragon's length and I had a chance to observe minutely those vertebræ—heavy Chinese wagons, the wheels with two thick huge spokes cross-barred, the hoops of wood and studded with big shining rivets and the axles turning with the wheels; between the shafts, a horse, bullock or a mule; in front, three leaders, usually—donkeys, mules (the best I've seen out of America) or bullocks, in all possible combinations of donkey, mule or bullock. Sometimes an ass colt trotted alongside. The drivers were Chinese coolies, each with a long whip—the butt of bamboo, the shaft spliced with four cane reeds, the lash of leather and the cracker as it is all over the rural world. The two or three leaders of the four- or five-in-hand, pulled by ropes attached to the cart at either side of the cart to one side of each shaft. The hames were two flat pieces of wood, lashed to a straw collar that was sometimes canvas-covered. The cries of the drivers, strange as they sounded to the foreigner near by, were at a distance strangely like the cries of drivers everywhere.

"Atta! Atta! Atta-atta-atta!"

"Usui! Usui!—u-u-u-su-u-i!"

"Whoa-a-ah!"

At noon, Lionel James and little Clarkin rode by and shouted that the Japanese Commandant there had a lunch ready near-by. We found half a dozen tables set in the walled yard of a Chinese farm-house. All of us were expected but the others (except the Japanese correspondents who were on hand) had gone on. There was a nice sergeant there and a grave Major with medals and there were soldiers with fans to keep off the flies, while we sat in an arbor, under white Malaga-like clusters of grapes and had tea and beer and tinned Kobbe beef and army crackers. The rain started when we started on—and when it rains in Manchuria it really seems to rain. I was on foot in a light flannel shirt and had no coat or poncho. In ten minutes the road had a slippery coating of mud, I was wet to the skin and, as my boots had very low heels, I was slipping right, left and backwards with every step. Clarkin and James overtook me and we took turns walking. In an hour the road was a very swift river, belly-deep and with big waves—dangerous to cross. Miles and miles we went through muddy corn-fields for four hours, until we could see across a yellow river the high thick walls of Kaiping through the drizzling mist. I waded the river, waist-high, and on the other side an interpreter gave me a white mule which I took in order not to get my boots muddy again. We wound into a city-gate, were stopped by a sentry and sent on again around the city-walls and three or four miles across a muddy slushy flat, full of deep wagon ruts and holes. After much floundering through mud, and the fording of many streams we found the Commandant with his shoes under his chair and his naked feet on the rungs. James clicked his heels and saluted. We all took off our hats but as he neither rose nor moved naked foot towards yawning shoe, we put them back on again. We must go to Kaiping, he said, and he was very indifferent and smiled blandly when we told him that we had just waded and swum from Kaiping. Just the same we had to wade and swim back—by the same floundering way and through gathering darkness. We missed the way, of course, rode entirely around the city-walls, rode through Kaiping and back again and finally struck an interpreter who piloted us to this Chinese temple where I write. I was cold, muddy, hungry and tired to the bone. But the button on the dragon's tail was there and Brill the gentle; and, mother of mercies, they had things to eat and to drink. An hour later, Davis came in half-dead—leading Prior on Williams and Walker. He had struck the same gentleman of the naked foot and yawning shoe and he had gone into a stream over his head and crawled on hands and knees most of the way through pitch dark. He didn't mind himself, but Prior was elderly and was ill and Davis wanted that Commandant to take him in. "I wouldn't turn a water-snake out of doors on a night like this," Davis said.

But those two same Samaritans saved him straightway and we sit now in Chinese clothes in front of a temple and under a great spreading full-leafed tree, with two horses champing millet before the altar and thousands of buzzing flies around. Tomorrow we go on!

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NEW FEATURES OF WAR

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE EAST

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

THE war now raging in Manchuria affords the first thorough and comprehensive test of up-to-date weapons and equipment since the general reorganization and rearmament which followed the war between France and Germany. Russia's conflict with Turkey was fought under practically the same conditions that obtained in 1870, before the lessons of the Franco-German War had been shaped into revised equipment and tactics, and the war between Spain and the United States contributed but little upon which any broad conclusions about land operations could be based. South Africa was not without interesting and significant demonstrations; but there, again, inequality of force and equipment, and the almost total lack of military organization of one of the belligerents, left criticism without standards and limited its scope.

But in Manchuria are two carefully organized modern military machines, with the arms and equipment of such, in as great numbers as are likely to be contiguously employed in wars of the future, brought into collision under circumstances which submit all their parts to the test of variable conditions, both in severalty and in combination. Here is the opportunity for which the military world has been waiting, in order to see approved or disproved theories about the future of war so freely advanced in recent years. It is, perhaps, too soon to adopt definite conclusions concerning some important matters; but many significant phases have already developed sufficiently to indicate certain tendencies, and these one may venture to discuss without posing as a prophet.

It may be superfluous to state that only one of the two grand divisions of the art of war is materially affected by improvements in weapons. Strategy is much the same as in the days of Alexander or Hannibal. However, since there is a popular tendency to confuse the two, it may be well to define strategy and tactics. To quote from memory an accepted definition, strategy is the art of manœuvring an army within the theatre of operations so as to increase the probability of victory, increase the consequences of victory, and decrease the consequences of defeat. Tactics is the art of handling and directing the fighting of troops on the battlefield. The disposal of troops upon the battlefield, with such shifting of position as may be necessary during an engagement, is usually called grand tactics, to distinguish from the actual fighting, which is termed minor tactics. While strategy, which embodies a principle the same in all ages, remains comparatively unaffected, tactics, which involves a condition, is amenable to every change in armament, and can never remain the same for two successive generations unless invention sleeps. Thus the art of war is ever new, and nations which aspire to military excellence as a means to defend their interests or advance their ambitions must be constantly alert.

The present war has realized some striking modifications of grand tactics. In olden times, it required some subtlety to distinguish between grand and minor tactics. Armies were able to approach so close to one another without becoming actually engaged that grand tactics consisted of little more than placing troops in certain formations and giving orders for their advance, or passively awaiting the onslaught of the enemy. The whole field was directly under the eyes of the commanders, who could see almost at a glance the course the fight was taking. The constantly widening range of projectiles long ago eliminated those conditions, until now armies are able to inflict great damage upon each other at distances beyond discriminating human vision, even when artificially aided. As battlefields have grown larger, the gap which severs grand from minor tactics has widened, until to-day they stand as almost distinct branches of the art. Never has this been so well demonstrated as in Manchuria.

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In this war we have seen battles with a fighting front extending more than forty miles. Using the terms "fighting front" in this connection, I do not mean that the opposing armies were simultaneously, or even occasionally, engaged along every mile of this distance. As a matter of fact, they came actually into collision only at certain points. But they were, nevertheless, in contact, tactically speaking, along the whole front; which means that any advance of either combatant must quickly result in direct collision with the enemy. Even thirty years ago a commander would have found it impossible to keep in tactical touch with an army so widely distributed. The efficiency attained by modern field telegraph and telephone systems offers the explanation. Formerly a commander took his position during the progress of a battle, if possible, on an eminence from which a comprehensive view of the field could be had. Frequently this position could be reached by hostile fire, and it was never so far removed as to put the commander out of direct contact with his troops. So stationed, surrounded by his staff, he would observe the progress of the battle, receiving from time to time reports from his subordinates, and directing them through his aids, who carried the messages on horseback.

To-day circumstances place a commander completely out of sight of his army. He is usually located at least ten or fifteen miles from the firing line, and in many instances is even farther away. He sits in a room, whence radiate telephone and telegraph lines to the remotest portions of the field, placing him in instantaneous communication with his principal subordinates. The famous painting of Napoleon at Austerlitz represents, in the popular eye, a commanding general directing a great battle. But it belongs to the warfare of the past. The artist who aspires to depict the direction of a modern battle must show a man seated at a table on which is spread a huge map dotted with little flags indicating the location of the opposing forces, with an ordinary desk telephone at his elbow. In an adjoining room is a switchboard, where sit alert operators ready to connect the commander with any of the field headquarters. From this room, also, comes the steady clicking of a score of telegraph instruments, busily receiving and sending messages. But for the military uniforms of the messengers and the going and coming of staff officers the man at the table might be a stock operator directing, through his brokers, a deal in steel or railroad securities. Even the stenographer at his elbow is not lacking, but sits quietly taking messages under dictation, to be transmitted presently by telegraph. Other officers copy these messages and file them away, after putting them under a time-recording stamp, to show the hour they were sent, so that afterward delinquencies may be located and responsibilities fixed. Thus, apart from the excitement and horrors of the battlefield, a general sits at a desk and calmly directs the battle. He hears that this attack has been repulsed, that reënforcements are needed here, that ammunition is running low there, that this division has been cut into pieces, that those troops have been two days without food, and so on, along his forty miles of front, and takes his measures accordingly. This picture is not fanciful. With due allowance for the fallibility of all human devices when subjected to the strain of abnormal conditions, it is substantially correct.

Another striking development is the prolongation of battles. In even the most recent wars three days' fighting have been enough to exhaust armies, and some commentators have ventured predictions that battles of the future would be quickly decided. Quite the contrary has happened. In this war we have seen battles which lasted ten days, almost without cessation. Of course, it must not be assumed that the same troops fought all the time; but, for that matter, neither did they in prolonged battles of the last great wars. One of the great battles in Manchuria might be called a series of battles. For instance, in the fighting around Liao-Yang there were at least half a dozen distinct engagements, some of them fought many miles distant from each other, and by entirely different troops. Yet it is quite correct to speak of these engagements as one battle, since they were fought by troops under the same general command and with the same general objective. All great battles include many minor collisions, attended by widely varying success, yet it is only the general result that counts. The principle is the same, regardless of the area involved. The tactical variations possible on a battlefield extending forty miles are no

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greater, setting aside differences in the terrain, than on one covering only a few miles. In both cases the opposing generals, with a definite object in mind, seek to take advantage of any opportunities which the opponent's errors or failures may afford. These conditions are what make grand tactics so largely hinge upon opportunity, and a general must never be caught asleep. During the fierce fighting around Liao-Yang, when the situation of his army was for a time so perilous, General Kuropatkin slept, when he did sleep, with a telephone, which could be connected with all his corps commanders beside his bed. Thus he kept pace with Oyama's enveloping movement, and timed the counter-attack which so nearly cut off Kuroki's force from the rest of the Japanese army. But Oyama, equally vigilant, quickly detected his opponent's design and was able to concentrate enough troops at the threatened point to defeat the movement and reëstablish touch with his own right wing. Was not this action a manifestation of grand tactics under modern battle conditions, which compel commanders to see the actual fighting through the eyes of their lieutenants, but leave the general direction in their hands?

The reasons for this unexpected prolongation of battles are various, and a minute discussion of them is not possible in an article of moderate length, but some of the principal ones may be mentioned. Primarily, the enormous extent of the fighting front has a decided influence. This operates against the spread of demoralization caused by disaster in one part of the field to other parts of an army; and, owing to the great distances involved in the tactical operations, makes possible a rallying and readjustment of partially defeated forces before a success can be decisively followed up. It is practically impossible, under modern conditions, to stampede a disciplined army by a dramatic *coup* on some part of the field, as formerly frequently happened. No panic can ever involve more than a small part of a great army, for the major part of the troops on both sides will know nothing about it, probably, until hours or days after it is all over. Even after a great battle is decided, many of the strategical units of a defeated army remain comparatively undemoralized, having, perhaps, held their own on their part of the field and withdrawn in good order. Thousands of Russian troops who fought at Liao-Yang think to-day that General Kuropatkin's retreat was purely strategical and scout the idea of their having been defeated; and they are perfectly sincere in this opinion, which their officers, naturally, do nothing to disturb. Also owing to the extent of the fighting front, the marching evolutions involved in the grand tactics of a battle consume more time, while the waits upon supplies and munitions cause delays not formerly to be reckoned with. Then the exhaustion of the fighting energy of troops, through losses in action, is much less in porportion to the time they are under fire than in former great wars; and this, with the recuperations afforded by more frequent rest periods, prolongs what may be termed the consecutive fighting life of tactical units.

In this war the closer relation of logistics to tactics has been noticeable. Usually logistics (that branch of military art that has to do with the transportation and supply of armies) is considered as more nearly associated with strategy, and this is still true, but it is becoming closely interwoven with grand tactics under modern battle conditions. Formerly, after strategy had got an army into position where it should or must fight a battle, logistics took a back seat until the issue of the struggle was decided and it became necessary to advance or retreat. In those days, a soldier went into battle supplied with enough food and ammunition to see him through the contest. It has been found necessary, in the greater actions of this war, to repeatedly supply the troops with food and ammunition without withdrawing them from the fighting line. This has been a new emergency for the supply departments to meet, on a large scale, and has virtually carried logistics on to the firing line. At Liao-Yang, Russian commissary carts distributed food to the soldiers under a severe artillery fire, and supplies of ammunition were frequently distributed under the same conditions.

The enormous expenditure of ammunition is one of the features of this war. The Russian soldier carries 120 rounds of rifle ammunition into battle, and this will seldom last through a single day's fighting if the troops become seriously engaged. At Liao-Yang some Russian regiments expended more than 800 rounds per man in the course

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of the battle. As this computation was based on the strength of the regiments when they entered the fight, and as many of them came out of it sadly depleted, it is estimated that many soldiers must have fired as many as 1500 rounds. In the Russian organization, the supply of rifle ammunition per man, including the field and reserve parks and the supply carried in the flying artillery parks, is only 422 rounds for infantry, and much less for mounted troops. The expenditure of artillery ammunition has been as excessive. At Liao-Yang some Russian batteries fired more than 600 rounds per gun. Russian field artillery carries in its limbers and battery wagons only from 108 to 150 rounds, according to the character of the gun, while the total visible supply, including the divisional, flying, and reserve parks averages about 475 rounds per gun. These figures will give some idea of the strain put upon the supply departments during a great battle. More ammunition has been used in a single day in Manchuria than was required to fight the Spanish-American War. Besides the items of food and ammunition, the wastage of other forms of war material is enormous, and constitutes an unprecedented drain upon logistical resources. The officers who direct this important branch of the art rarely receive the credit that is due them.

Turning from grand to minor or fighting tactics, the first arm of the service to be considered is, naturally, the infantry. Nothing has occurred in this war to cause this arm to lose prestige. Infantry is still the fighting backbone of an army, and must bear the brunt of all great battles. Apparently it is still the only arm that can accomplish, unaided, decisive results. Infantry tactics in this war is that commonly taught in all modern armies, and described as "extended order tactics" to distinguish it from the old close formations. Anyone who pays the slightest attention to military matters knows that soldiers no longer fight shoulder to shoulder, but are spread out with a view to presenting as poor a target as is possible to the destructive and accurate fire of modern weapons. We saw the highest possible development of extended order fighting in the South African War. No great numbers of troops can ever be brought to a state of efficiency in this tactics equal to that attained by the Boers. The problem has been to determine how far, with ordinary material and training, extended order tactics can be carried without losing control over troops. Many contradictory speculations have been indulged in pending a practical demonstration. In Manchuria we have seen this tactics employed in actual war on a huge scale, and it only remains to state the results so far as they have appeared.

I may as well say now that the superior individual intelligence of the Japanese soldier, coupled with an assiduity in perfecting their military organization not approached elsewhere in the world during the last decade, have combined to produce in this war a fighting machine capable of carrying the modern theory of infantry tactics as near to perfection as can probably ever be reached on a large scale, under conditions which surround military service in most countries. While, on the other hand, the Russian army falls below an average standard, it in my opinion comes nearer representing average results. In this war both belligerents have acted on the theory that where sacrifice of human life is necessary to secure decisive results it should be made without hesitation. It was the failure of British generals to act upon this accredited military principle that made the Boer War so lacking in satisfactory tests. I have no hesitation in saying that the Russian infantry tactics in this war has probably been as good as most great armies would have displayed, and in this estimate I include our own. In making this statement I assume that our officers would employ the tactics they have been taught, and that our army would be principally composed of and officered by volunteers. In infantry tactics the Russian officers have simply followed, in most cases, a prescribed routine, which admonished them to move upon the enemy in certain formations, to be varied at stated intervals of proximity. The instructions governing this tactics do not differ materially from those prescribed in the British, German, and American armies. These dispositions are the result of experience and deductions from it.

The experience of this war seems to indicate that these dispositions should be radically revised. The practice of attacking in a triple-line formation, however extended, with a few hundred yards separating the firing line, supports, and reserves, merely

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serves, it seems to me, to increase the destructiveness of the enemy's fire, especially at long ranges. In this war there has been more long-range rifle firing than ever before. The increased range of the infantry weapon is, of course, primarily responsible for this, and it has been found to be exceedingly effective. Variations in a rifle fire, even when directed at near-by objects, are very great, and at long range they are even greater. Thus a long-range infantry fire, even when directed at a conspicuous object, will sweep a large space. Then the distances within which troops are permitted to employ marching formations should be considerably extended. This may seem at first to be impractical, as occupying too much time in the attack, but I see no other solution of the problem of bringing an attacking force close to the enemy without having its morale too much shaken. In fact, this war has demonstrated that direct assaults upon established positions now occupy days, even weeks. Troops are pushed forward slowly and gradually, entrenching themselves, protected by the fire of their own artillery, as they advance, until near enough to deliver an effective assault. The Japanese required days to carry some of the Russian positions in recent battles, when most of their advances were made at night. Sometimes, when daylight attacks were attempted, hours would be required to advance a few hundred yards, gained by crawling from cover to cover. Rarely, even then, could strong positions be taken by frontal assault until a successful flanking movement had rendered them untenable. The continual use by the Japanese generals of flanking and counter-flanking movements shows that they regard frontal attacks more as a device to hold the opposing army than an effectual means to dislodge and defeat it. The losses sustained in such attacks seem justified by the damage inflicted upon the enemy when he is finally compelled to abandon his position and retreat unprotected. A major part of Russian losses in Manchuria were incurred while the troops were retiring from tactical positions.

Naturally, many delinquencies in fighting tactics on the part of the Russians have occurred, some of them reprehensible enough. I have seen infantry marched in close column formation to within 1,000 yards of Japanese artillery before being deployed. I have seen infantry stand for hours in close formation, while waiting for other troops to get into position, suffering all the time slight losses from a scattering rifle fire, and with adequate cover near at hand. Under these circumstances, the officers seemed to think that an attitude of indifference and bravado met the requirements of the situation. The Russian officers cling to the old theory of the officer's part in tactics. He must show himself, encouraging his men by his demeanor. It may be that the Russian soldier, having been taught to expect this attitude in an officer, would be demoralized by its absence. If this is true, the sooner he is taught differently the better. Japanese officers are educated in the new school, and are extremely careful to take cover. The modern soldier must be directed rather than led. If he is well trained he does not need visible leadership. But he must have direction.

In this connection, I may say that certain conclusions based upon the Boer War will have to be modified. It then seemed that the whole tendency of modern warfare was toward a greater development of personal initiative in the soldier. I think even now that in any war the army which has developed the highest degree of personal initiative in its soldiery will win. But a large part of modern war is on too great a scale to give much opportunity for individual initiative. Soldiers can rarely tell what is going on, even in their immediate vicinity. They cannot always see the enemy they are firing at, and where they can see the object of their fire such important matters as range, and even direction, cannot be left to them. A great battle is bewildering, and troops left to their own initiative would soon expend their ammunition, and perhaps much of the time be shooting at their own comrades. Troops are clothed so much alike nowadays that it is very difficult to distinguish friend from foe at 500 yards, and large bodies of troops rarely get that close to each other in modern war while there is light enough to see clearly. Smokeless powder and devices for making troops less visible, together with long-range weapons, render targets often largely a matter of guesswork, even to officers provided with powerful glasses and special instruments for determining distances. Broadly speaking, both artillery and rifle fire are now handled largely with a view to general results, and their direction can only

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be intrusted to officers. Even the line officers, who must transmit orders to the men on the firing line, must follow implicitly instructions received from superior officers, who are cognizant of the whole situation on that part of the field and know the object to gain which the whole plan is calculated. Thus, more than ever, the officer is necessary to secure good results, and he should be taught to expose himself as little as possible. Officers need not fear that any soldiery, however unintelligent, will be unable to distinguish between caution and cowardice. At any rate, a soldiery which cannot make this distinction is not likely to be very formidable in future wars.

I have noted two results of the use of smokeless powder. It makes the tactical handling of troops easier, since officers can now always see the men under their immediate command. General officers can no longer mark the progress of a battle by means of the smoke, which formerly revealed distinctly the positions of the lines, but must depend upon other means to follow the fortunes of the day. The prediction that the revelation of battlefield horrors, formerly screened by smoke, would demoralize troops has not been realized.

The old dispute about the bayonet is still unsettled. Enough use has been made of it in this war to justify its retention, especially since it involves so little added weight and bulk. Instances of bayonet use have been too insignificant to throw much light upon its actual value as a weapon, but it has been conclusively demonstrated that, notwithstanding the range and accuracy of weapons, it is still possible for considerable bodies of troops to come into physical collision. This war has demonstrated that the old-fashioned open trench is poor protection for infantry against modern artillery projectiles. The new shrapnel does considerable execution from overhead, and the longer range of artillery makes it difficult to lay out an entrenchment so that some of it cannot be partially enfiladed. Military engineers will find scope for their invention in designing an entrenchment for infantry capable of being quickly constructed and which will afford protection from modern shrapnel.

Little use of cavalry, as such, has been made in this war so far as it has gone; which will bear out those who have long predicted that modern weapons had practically destroyed the tactical utility of this picturesque and once formidable arm. In the few occasions where cavalry has fought in this war it has been used as mounted infantry. There has been no use of cavalry against cavalry of sufficient magnitude to be significant. It seems certain that cavalry cannot hope to successfully engage infantry or artillery except under conditions that rob those arms of their ordinary effectiveness. It must be admitted, however, that both armies have been deficient in cavalry. Both the Russian and Japanese cavalry are armed with the infantry rifle, and in rearming the American army this plan has also been adopted. In the service of security and information mounted troops are still, as ever, invaluable, and in this war such troops have performed their usual functions neither so well nor badly as to attract special notice. Armies must have mounted troops, but the inclination to throw away sabre and lance seems to be gaining ground. Still, it is too soon to rule cavalry off the battlefield, and experience must discredit the arm more than it has before this will happen.

Artillery has, in this war, not lost the impulse given by its effective use in the war between France and Germany, when the arm took on new life. It has again conclusively demonstrated its tactical importance, and it is clear that the limit of development has by no means been reached. Longer range, increased rapidity of fire, and improved projectiles have greatly added to the effectiveness of artillery. The field-guns used in this war have an extreme range of about four miles, the Russian weapon being slightly superior in this respect to that used by the Japanese. As range has increased, there has been a revolution in the tactical use of artillery, The old dashing use of artillery, like that of cavalry, is no longer possible. Nearly all that was formerly so spectacular in its tactics has vanished. We no longer see batteries dashing at full gallop across a battlefield, the limbers and guns bounding madly after the excited animals, to take up a new position. It is seldom that any considerable part of an army's artillery changes position during an action, or if such a move becomes necessary, it is usually undertaken at night.

Hardly any opportunity for initiative re-

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mains to battery commanders. Nowadays positions for the artillery are selected by military engineers, after a careful and comprehensive survey of the field and a consideration of the possibilities of the terrain in connection with the general plan of the action and the part assigned to the arm. When this plan is determined, staff officers conduct the batteries to their positions, instruct them as to their targets, the firing ranges, the character of ammunition to be used, and other details. In selecting the positions, the engineers carefully study the terrain with a view to concealing their guns, giving their fire the widest possible scope without changing position, and giving protection from the enemy's fire not only to the batteries, but to the caissons and reserve ammunition parks. During the battle only the artillery chiefs comprehend what is going on. Battery officers simply see that their guns are handled according to instructions. They regulate the time, speed, objective, and range as ordered. If the action is a large one, they are even denied the satisfaction of observing the effects of the fire of their own guns, for they cannot, even when their target is visible, distinguish it from that of other near-by batteries. The effects of the fire are observed by officers appointed to that duty, stationed at various parts of the field, often miles and miles apart, and who are in constant communication with the chief of artillery by telephone. By the reports of these observers the chief directs the fire of his hundreds of guns. A mounted aide brings a battery commander an order: "Raise your range 500 yards and double the rapidity of your fire." He obeys without question. Perhaps half an hour later another order will read: "Change your objective to Lone Tree Hill—direction southeast by east—range 4500 yards—use shrapnel." He changes accordingly. Probably this battery is located on the opposite slope of a hill from the enemy, firing at an angle over the ridge. As likely as not the guns are buried in "gowliang" twelve to fifteen feet in height, with a firing outlet cut by the sabres of the drivers. The battery officers know nothing of the progress of the battle; probably cannot see fifty feet in any direction. Only the ranges give them an occasional clew to the drift of the fight. An order to increase the range argues that the enemy is losing ground, and an order to shorten the range indicates that he is advancing. Even that is mere conjecture. The battery officers and gunners attend to their levelling instruments, see that the range is kept right, watch that the guns do not get too hot, keep close tab on the ammunition, and report concerning it at regular intervals to their divisional chief. If they are being reached by the enemy's fire there are other matters to attend to. This gun has a wheel smashed; the extra one must be brought from the caisson and the piece got into action again. A breech-block becomes jammed; the battery mechanics must repair it. A caisson is blown up, killing a number of men and horses; others must be brought quickly from the reserve parks. An aide of the divisional chief comes riding along. "General Blank says that your fire seems to be striking slightly to the left of your object. Correct it." The correction is made. Oh, yes; there is plenty to do, and to do it well requires knowledge and ability. But where is the splendid, dashing artillery of former wars? Gone; and, I think, never to return.

In a previous article I mentioned the growing use of indirect firing, and illustrated it by some incidents. This development was anticipated, and the Japanese have managed it with great skill. They have been able to employ indirect firing to somewhat better advantage than the Russians, because the method is more adaptable to the offensive, which has been the usual attitude of the Japanese so far. It is not always possible to use indirect firing on the defensive, owing to the necessity of employing the fire against advancing infantry, which requires an outlook covering minutely all the approaches to a position. This frequently causes the engineers to place artillery in sky-line positions and on slopes facing the enemy. When this is necessary, fortifications are required. In preparing fortifications for their artillery in this war the Russian engineers have displayed as little intelligence as they did in constructing their infantry fortifications early in the war. A great improvement in the latter is already noticeable, and no doubt this improvement will in time be extended to the artillery. As a rule, the Russians have used old-fashioned fortifications of the open redoubt type to protect their guns. They not only give inadequate protection from a long range, high-

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angle shrapnel fire, but they make fine targets for the Japanese gunners. Only lately has there been any systematic attempt to disguise these redoubts. Where artillery must be placed on slopes facing and in full view of the enemy, I think it should be protected by bomb-proof fortifications, so constructed as to make it hard to distinguish them from the rest of the landscape. Skyline positions should never be employed. They can always be avoided. Latterly the Russians have shown better judgment in selecting their artillery positions, and their use of the arm shows decided improvement as the war progresses. In the later battles they have given the Japanese considerable trouble, and their tactics has been in striking contrast to that employed at the Yalu and Wa-feng-goa. They show a growing disposition to concentrate their fire, instead of scattering it all over the place, as formerly. The weapon, personnel, and strength of the Russian artillery are such that it must become formidable as soon as it is employed with reasonable skill, and when this comes to pass one important item of Japanese superiority will terminate. Many errors are still noticeable. There is a tendency to station the caissons and reserve ammunition parks along the roads and near the villages. Of course, adjacency to a road is an advantage in itself; but time after time it has been demonstrated that the Japanese, owing to their excellent maps of the country, are able to locate even the cart roads and place a few batteries where their fire can sweep them. The Japanese seem to have discovered this propensity of their opponents, and use their knowledge to considerable advantage. I have seen reserve parks left absolutely exposed when fairly secure positions for them could have been found within a short distance. The longer ranges of guns, which enable their fire to reach to the rear of elevations at obtuse angles, increases greatly the difficulty of manœuvring reserves of troops and supplies in the vicinity of the firing line; in fact, a large percentage of losses are incurred this way. But this only emphasizes the need for precaution. In such matters, as in most of the details of handling a great modern military machine, the superiority of the Japanese is apparent, and it accounts for much of their success.

Glancing into the future, the tendency of artillery is toward still more powerful guns. The small calibre machine gun is apparently of little use on the battlefield, and its practical utility is confined, so far as land operations are concerned, to fixed fortifications. The weakness of the small machine gun in the field is that its range is only equal to that of the infantry rifle, which places field artillery beyond its reach, and when its fire is able to reach infantry the infantry fire can also reach it. Observation in South Africa convinced me that, by telling off a few marksmen for the purpose, any machine gun can quickly be silenced. During certain stages of an assault it can, perhaps, add to the volume of fire, but its effectiveness over the magazine rifle is open to doubt.

I think a field-piece of smaller calibre and longer range will be the weapon of the immediate future. By reducing the calibre to 2.5 inches (most modern field-guns have calibres ranging from 3.2 to 3.6 inches) greater rapidity of fire can be gained. Reducing the calibre has, also, a tendency to increase the range, which can further be increased by lengthening the barrel of the piece. A reduction of the size of the bullets in shrapnel would give the same probability of hits, besides having a humane bearing. From such study as I have been able to make of artillery fire, I think that decisive results with this arm are only obtained by concentration at critical moments. Even if, in the matter of shrapnel fire, it was found necessary to use fewer bullets in the composition of the shells, the theoretical loss of effectiveness would, it seems to me, be more than compensated by the increased rapidity of fire. My observation inclines me to believe that men are less shaken by large shells which come at considerable intervals than by smaller projectiles which come frequently. The intervals between the larger shells give men time to regain their presence of mind, while a fire so rapid as to be almost continuous leaves them no time to recover and will, if sustained, paralyze their efforts. This is the main object of field artillery fire, and a gun which can accomplish it will be the weapon of the future.

It is interesting to note certain humanitarian aspects of modern war as demonstrated in this conflict. I find myself fully confirmed in a conviction that has been growing for years, and which I have before expressed, that war is growing relatively *less* dangerous to human life. If this seems to

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run contrary to accepted theory, it is because of misconception of the fundamental principle involved and misunderstanding of some phases of modern conflict. By "relatively less dangerous," I do not mean that as many men do not lose their lives in war as formerly. I mean that modern man-killing devices slay fewer men in proportion to the duration of engagements than at any previous time in the history of war. In regard to destruction of human life in the aggregate, war is much as it always was. There is no sound reason, that I have ever seen advanced, showing that humanity will endure less suffering of this kind than in the days, let us say, of Cæsar. To day, as always, troops will endure just so much carnage before abandoning a conflict; and it matters little, from a humanitarian standpoint, if that loss be inflicted in a few hours or be distributed through days. To compel an organized army to abandon the field it must be subjected to a certain amount of suffering and loss, and it makes no ultimate difference whether that loss is caused by battle-axes or by high explosives vomited from machine guns. The human mind grows accustomed to anything, and death is the same to a soldier in any form. In changing its form, war has not changed its objects nor its results. Disease is now the soldier's worst enemy, slaying its thousands where bullet and shell kill hundreds.

The statement that magazine rifles, machine guns, and high explosives have not added to the dangers of war needs some explanation. It goes without saying, that if the same tactics was employed as was used in our civil war, the slaughter would be frightful. But as weapons change, tactics changes also. Troops no longer march in masses on the field of battle. They are scattered as much as possible, are taught to make every use of cover, are advanced slowly and with great circumspection, and whenever practicable are protected by intrenchments. The amount of ammunition required to disable a combatant has increased enormously. And after he is disabled, provided he is not killed outright, what then? The medical department takes him in hand, and its work is one of the most interesting phases of modern war.

Owing to the use of small calibre, antiseptic bullets, the number of men killed outright in battle is considerably less than formerly. Wounds that used to be fatal are now only disabling, and wounds that were formerly disabling now cause only slight inconvenience, and often are unnoticed in the excitement of battle. There is a great decrease of hæmorrhage, and by supplying the troops with "first-aid" packages they are usually able to check such bleeding as there is. Many wounds that would have formerly prevented locomotion do not now, thus increasing the proportion of wounded men who are able to get off the field without assistance, and to assist others to do so. Many a man who would in previous wars have lain unnoticed on the field until he expired is removed to where he can receive attention. Once in the hospitals, advanced surgery and the use of antiseptics give the patient an increased chance for recovery. In this war, the Russians have made splendid use of hospital trains, frequently running them into the fire zone to bring away wounded. Thousands of wounds that would have been considered serious thirty years ago are now classed as slight. Experience with the Russians in this war has shown that fifty per cent. of wounded are able to rejoin their commands within a month, and thousands are back with the colors in a week. The small calibre Japanese rifle is largely responsible for this. High explosive impact shell is terrifying, but does less execution than was expected of it. It is very effective in destroying cover, but against troops is less so. If a shell strikes a man it annihilates him, but if it strikes the ground it usually does nothing beyond scattering a cloud of dust and stones. The very power of the explosive used destroys much of its effectiveness by splintering the shell into such small bits that they do little damage a few feet away from their point of impact. Shrapnel wounds are far more dangerous, and the troops dread it most.

The results here indicated are doubtless highly gratifying to the humanitarian sentiment of the world. But what profits it? These men return to their commands only to again accept the hazard of battle. In the long run the usual proportion are killed or disabled for life. These manifestations are chiefly interesting for the light they throw upon certain theories advanced within the last few years, and which have been widely accepted. One of these theories is that

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modern weapons would make war so destructive and terrible that civilized nations would be compelled to abandon it, and would of necessity turn to arbitration to adjust their differences. No hope for universal peace need be based on this assumption. And the reason is clear enough. There will never come a time when human devices to destroy life can get the upper hand of the human instinct of self-preservation. The scheme of nature has not placed the race at the mercy of any human genius of destruction.

However, the pressure of the humanitarian spirit upon usages of war throws out signals here and there, even in Manchuria. Many of the barbarities attending upon armed conflict show unmistakable symptoms of amelioration. The situation of non-combatants is improved. Both belligerents have displayed more consideration to the Chinese population than might have been expected, and their conduct has shown a great advance beyond that of the allies in 1900. Such supplies belonging to the Chinese that have been consumed have, as a rule, been paid for, and a genuine attempt to subject non-combatants to as little inconvenience as possible has been made. This has been a necessary policy on the part of both armies. But that such a policy is becoming necessary is something. It is gratifying to see two great powers acknowledging by conduct as well as proclamation that the peaceful inhabitants of a country have rights which must be respected, especially when those inhabitants are Chinese.

We have heard less than usual about such conventional barbarities as abuse of prisoners and mutilation of the dead and wounded of the enemy. Early in the war a few mutilation stories were brought to us in Liao-Yang, but we, suspecting them to be a part of the "yellow peril" propaganda, demanded to be "shown," and we heard no more of them. It should be stated that these reports were never given out officially. Both sides have been very careful about this abuse, and I think that such instances as have occurred may be regarded as sporadic. This could never have been truthfully said before about any war involving Russians and Asiatics. The use of artificial stimulants, once so common in armies, particularly the Russian, has been minimized in this war. I do not know whether the change is due to moral or practical reasons, but I am inclined to credit the latter. Stimulants cannot keep troops up to the mark during a week of fighting. It might be all right for a day or two, but the state of nerves superinduced by the after-effects of liquor or other stimulants hardly fit a man to endure prolonged physical and mental strain. Stories that the Japanese soldiers are given opium before entering battle are related among the Russians, but I have no information which would justify the charge. Such practices have been common enough among Asiatics in war. It yet remains for international law to place further limitations upon belligerents, with a view to confining the evils of war as nearly as possible to the actual combatants. Certain hopeful tendencies in this direction are not lacking.

The definite conclusions one may reach from all this are few. It is certain, however, that war is becoming more technical. This means that greater effort is required to create even passably good soldiers out of the average civilian. And no army can approach a first-class standard without carefully educated and practically trained officers—not merely a few, but many thousands. If the American people learn this single lesson from the desperate war now convulsing the Far East they will have acquired something valuable out of a regrettable affair.

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HIS BEATITUDE

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

I

SIFTINGS of the three continents—and even of the younger three—pour across that rough-planked highway of the Golden Horn. Every shade of complexion, from the onyx of the Soudan to the ivory of Arkhangelsk, is there. The fez of the Turk and of his hundred subject tribes, the turbans of Arab, Koord, Hindu and Afghan, the *kalpak* of the Persian, the lambskins of Circassian and Muscovite, the dangling gear of the Georgian, the blue tassel of the Albanian, the red-and-gold cap and the black of Croat and Montenegrin, the conventional Derby of the European, are but the more frequent among the head-dresses. A thousand varieties of costume and accoutrement proclaim that here the peoples of the earth seethe together immiscible. Since first there were to make a trade of their eyes it has been so. When shall it not be so?

There is an extraordinary fascination in that fluid panorama. And it has this distinction among pleasures, that it is of the least expensive procurement. For a pedestrian the toll is ten *paras*—something like one cent. Or if you chance to lack the use of a limb or the sight of an eye you may cross for nothing. Such is the delicacy of Oriental sentiment. The toll-keepers also are fortunately not too curious as to what constitutes an infirmity. Coppers they doubtless take from many who do not see what an orgy of color, what an exhibition of anatomy, what a museum of the comparative, is their tumble-down draw-bridge. Races, creeds, hierarchies pass there, cast all in the same human mould, crowded into one narrow thoroughfare, but in origin and sympathy as distant as the east is from the west.

The real fascination, however, is when after the types you begin to distinguish individuals. To have observed a certain person going in certain directions at certain times, is to feel a leap of curiosity when you find him at the wrong end or out of his hour. Where does he come from? Where does he go? Why does he seem to notice nothing or everything? Elsewhere these questions might not take you far. But here there is no knowing whither they may lead. For since history began, this meeting of the waters has been the very Rialto of adventure. Mohammedan or Christian, high or low, dark or light, frank or furtive, men have somewhere left beaten tracks to come to this caldron of the world. And questioning the faces as they pass, a sense begins to press upon you of vague and secret purposes, of the romance and tragedy here symbolized.

II

WERE mine a high and moving tale, I might announce my hero by saying that on a certain August morning a man of striking appearance was seen to make his way down that crowded street of Galata which opens to the Bridge. As it is, I can only point out that such an announcement would apply with equal exactness to several hundred individuals, and that while one of them did happen to be concerned with the present narrative, he would have been the last to catch a curious eye. He was merely a well-dressed and well-made young Greek, with that mobile comeliness which in many of the modern Byzantines is so curiously reminiscent of an Attic ancestor. That he was a person of the better sort was evident from his gold-tipped cigarette holder, from the portentous length of his little-finger nail, and from the modish cane which he swung in palpable ease of heart. But for the frivolity of the word I might say that he tripped along, so light-footed was the gait with which he passed the white-smocked toll-keeper and essayed the heaving passage of the Bridge. Presently, however, he stayed his steps, to approach one of the pedlers who stood along the railing. And in the extremely unattractive assortment of

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pins, needles, hooks, eyes, buttons and bodkins displayed upon a tray by this individual he proceeded to rummage.

"Have you seen the paper this morning?" inquired the pedler in Greek, as if conversation with this fine young man were more to him than commerce.

"I have seen the paper, Yorghi," replied the fine young man. His own name, I might inform you, was Anastass.

"Well?"

"Well! It says what it says every day—that he is dying."

"Holy saints!" exclaimed the pedler. "If——"

At that moment a second customer arrived and began to fumble in company with Anastass. The young man thereupon withdrew from the field.

"I don't find anything," he said, fixing Yorghi with his eye; "I am going over to the other side."

The pedler, a powerful fellow with the well-shaped head, the narrow brow, and the un-Oriental nose of his people, kept him in disappointed view until he was lost in the crowd. As for Anastass, he lost nothing of his careless pace. Threading his way through the motley multitude he passed in turn the landings of the various steamer companies which have termini at the Bridge. Before reaching the Stamboul end, however, he found occasion to approach another pedler.

"How is business, Dimitri?" he asked, fingering the shoestrings which hung in a great sheaf from the man's arm.

"Would I be here if there were business?" demanded the pedler. "I watch until I am blind, and never a soul do I see. I don't believe he exists."

"He must exist!" laughed Anastass. "He shall exist! And you will see him better if you stand a little farther over, there, where the people spread out more after leaving the steamers."

"Well, perhaps he does exist," grumbled Dimitri as he changed his post. "But that does us no good if he hasn't the sense to come in time."

"He must have the sense! He shall have the sense!" laughed Anastass again, patting the other's shoulder. "And if he hasn't, why—we have enough to manage it in spite of him. Good-by. I'll see you tonight if not before."

With which our fine young man moved away. He did not move, however, in the direction one would have expected him to take. Instead of proceeding to Stamboul he retraced his steps toward Galata. And then again he performed the unexpected. He went down the first stairway leading to the landing of the *Mahsousseh* boats, walked to the café commanding the view of both approaches, and established himself at a table whose waiter greeted him as a habitué. Although he was promptly provided with coffee and paper, neither seemed much to occupy him. Indeed, neither could have occupied him for so long as he stayed. What seemed to interest him was watching the people as they passed—people going to and coming from the steamers. What was a little curious about it, though, was that he did not watch like a mere spectator. He did not allow his eye to be caught, to follow a figure until it disappeared, and then to wander idly back. He seemed to watch with an idea. He let no face escape him. Sometimes he leaned out of his chair for a better view of one that was partly hidden. But he did not scrutinize. He did not hesitate. There was no uncertainty about it. It was like one who turns over a pack of cards looking for the joker.

III

WHY it was that Anastass chose as his coign of observation that particular café of that particular landing could scarcely have been told by an outsider to his idea. Those asthmatic steamers, wreckage of prouder days upon the Danube and the Thames, which ply on broken wing between the city, the Princes' Islands, and the sunny Gulf of Nicomedia—why were they more to his purpose than the swift ferries of the Bosphorus? But that there was matter to his idea was proven at the end of the morning on which we make his acquaintance. For suddenly leaving his seat he made after someone in the stream of passengers issuing from the Prinkipo boat.

This was an old man—the most wonderful, the most beautiful old man whom one could possibly imagine. From his dress it would have been difficult to make him out—which indeed Anastass found. It was not exactly clerical, yet it was not quite

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secular; though it was wholly plain and worn. The old man might have been a priest somehow sunken to the care of his family, or he might have been the gardener of a monastery. But the white hair covering his shoulders, the white beard falling to his waist, gave him an air of the patriarchal which was indescribably sweetened by a gentleness of eye and smile. If it was possible for him to be more perfect, his great height made him so. In short, as I have said, he was the most wonderful old man imaginable.

Anastass followed him a moment, ascertained that he was alone, saw him hesitate between the two exits to the Bridge. Then he stepped forward and made a profound salute.

"Good morning, father," he said. "Give me God's blessing."

The old man offered no reply, but he made a gesture half of appeal and half of deprecation.

Anastass increased at once the amenity of his regard and the keenness of his observation. The eyes, the nose, the hands—everything was right. It is only your dilettante, however, who sticks unquailing to his generalizations. Your expert will never be surprised to find his Greek turn out an Armenian or a Jew. Still, our young man ventured:

"Have you far to go?"

The old man sighed.

"I do not know," he answered—in Greek.

"Ah—it is a hot morning. Do me the honor to come into this café and take a coffee with me." The amenity of Anastass became unction.

Again saying nothing, the old man allowed himself to be led to one of the little tables. There he sat, alike inscrutable in his silence and in his benignity. The fragrance of the smoking *zarfs*, however, when the waiter set them down, seemed to touch him to expression.

"Son," he said, "you are good. There—there—they were not good." He made a vague motion with his hand.

"On the island?" suggested Anastass.

"Yes," replied the old man. "On the island."

So far, so good. But Anastass wondered.

"Where was the house?" he asked.

"Oh—far," said the old man. "Far. And up—there were the pines, and down—there was the sea. Far, yes. And they were not good. There was only the little Pipina. But she went away. And then I went, too—far."

To which Anastass quickly made answer:

"Father, come to-night to me. I am alone in the world. I have nothing but an empty house, a solitary garden. Let us share them together!"

An ordinary old man would have betrayed some excess of emotion, of curiosity, of repugnance. This old man had none. He merely smiled and said:

"Son, you are good."

And then he gave himself as in a dream to contemplation of the spectacle which his companion had hitherto found so engrossing. The latter, however, had now other ideas in mind. After a certain interval he said "Come," and taking the old man's arm he led the way to the main level of the Bridge. They made a curious couple as they walked toward the Stamboul side—the shabby old man and the smart young one. But they were not more curious than many another pair that stumbled across that hot planking; nor, perhaps, was their errand so strange as that of the first man to whom they might have spoken.

Yet they did speak to a man—or Anastass did. It was indeed to Dimitri, the vender of shoestrings, whom we have already seen. This personage was apparently more interested in the companion than in the patronage of Anastass. For it was the latter who, after fingering at his leisure in the sheaf of laces, spoke first.

"So I have found," he said, "exactly what I wanted. They told me it didn't exist, but I told them it did!"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Dimitri, coming back with a start, "these?" and he pulled out a pair of laces. He could not, however, keep his eyes off the old man.

That gentle person, unmoved by the flow of the bizarre world about him, smiled without eagerness and without ennui. Dimitri shifted under it, and Anastass, with his superior knowledge, smiled as well.

"Yes," he said, "those. And now I am going home. When you have found what you want, why stay out any longer? And then, too, it is better not to let too many people see. You might lose it."

With which he led the way to the landing of the Bosphorus boats.

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There is an extraordinary fascination in that fluid panorama.—Page 70.

IV

If the solitary garden to which Anastass had referred was made less solitary by the arrival of an inmate, it must be said that, on the other hand, the number of habitués at the Bridge was diminished by three. But it is likely enough that the addition made more difference in the one than did the decrease to the other. Since the days of the Pasha who had loved his narrow strip of hillside enough to flatten his house into a long corridor against the rising slope, I think no one had so appreciated that terrace of many trees as our old man. He continued to have no words. He merely smiled, as if his heart were full of patience and peace. So Anastass, while treating him with unfailing deference, soon left him to wander by himself under the tragic cedars of Lebanon and the cheerful copper beeches which the Pasha had taught to live in strange conjunction before the rambling house.

It was not long before the old man found what the Pasha had known when he created this little paradise—that the most wonderful thing about it was the view. There was a certain rose arbor on the edge of the terrace where he would spend the long hot days, looking down as from a box at the play, upon the most romantic scene in the world. This was a bit of the Bosphorous, framed between a round crenellated tower and a steep stairway of red roofs. From the lane at the bottom of the terrace wall the hill fell away so suddenly that the wonderful sweep of blue lay almost under the old man's eyes. The color of it alone was better than breakfast. But it was constantly overshot by things of passage: by great steamers hurrying on the business of the Black Sea; by the side-wheelers of the Bosphorus, with their prodigies of smoke and foam; by sailing ships of the strangest build, that might have come from Colchis and Iolcos—and probably did; by the light caïques slipping merrily down the Devil's Current or laboriously making their way against it. And the Lost Souls! I do not know how they figure in the Debretts of Science, those fleet sea-swallows; but they forever skimmed up and down like clouds on the surface of the water, as if they filled the darker part in the purpose of the play.

All these things made a ceaseless web of circumstance on the shining blue floor between Mahommed's tower and the stair of climbing roofs, and the old man spent his days in watching. Smiling alone in his arbor on the hill, as if everything were wonderful to him, one could not have told whether he ever thought of his island, and of the people who were not good, and of the pines that were up and the sea that was down. One could not even have told which of the changing panoramas of the day he found most wonderful. It might have been the early morning piece, when everything was so limpid that the water-side palace in the green background of Asian hills was cut of pearl. It might have been the late afternoon piece, when in the magic

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of a hidden sun the same palace burned with opaline fire. It might have been the night piece, when there was nothing to hear in the silence but the rush of the Devil's Current and when, out of the vague shadow beyond, a faint carcanet of lights glimmered—like gold beads in the dusk. To him it was all wonderful.

There did come a day, however, when something was more wonderful than anything else. I have spoken of a lane that skirted the retaining wall of the garden. There street venders would pass on their way from one village to another, prodding their donkies through the sun and crying picturesque cries. Or sheep would tumble by, panting between a small boy and a large dog. Or sometimes people of more leisurely sort would stroll past and would raise their eyes upon the hanging masonry to where the white old man sat in his arbor above the world. And he would smile at them, so that the blackest of them could not help smiling back. At best, though, it was no better than a deserted by-way. So that when one morning at the end of the summer a child capered up in her white dress and white bonnet, followed by a somewhat breathless nurse, it was something new to look at and smile at. And even before the old man's train of association could rise to consciousness she piped:

"Why, Grandfather Cyril! Grandfather Cyril! When did you come?"

The old man gave a start.

"The little Pipina!" he cried. "Come!"

"You come!" she shrilled. "You come! The wall is too high! Jump!"

She stood on tiptoe below him, with her little arms in the air.

The old man rose as if he intended to do what the child said. Then, after standing at the edge of the parapet, looking down, he walked back and forth in his trouble.

"The little Pipina! The little Pipina!" he kept repeating.

Just then Anastass appeared on the walk leading from the house.

"Have you lost something, father?" he asked. "Can I help you?"

"Yes," said the old man. "The little Pipina!" And he pointed down to the lane.

"Come! Come!" screamed the child below the wall, in her eagerness.

Hearing her, Anastass remained where he stood.

"Who is that?" he inquired, with more of sharpness than he had ever shown before.

"The little Pipina," answered the old man. "She calls."

"Ah!" And Anastass remembered the island. Then he said firmly: "Come into the house, please, father."

"But—the little Pipina!" faltered the old man.

"Yes, I know," smiled Anastass. "Come!"

The old man turned and waved his hand.

"I am coming!" he said. "Wait, little Pipina!"

But the little Pipina waited in vain. At last the nurse had to carry her away, crying.

V

That night there came at the door a great ring which raised slow-dying echoes in the sleeping house. Anastass sent back to bed the cowering servant who fumbled at an upper casement, and went down himself. Apparently, however, he was not without expectation of some such visit. For to the man whom he let in he uttered merely:

"Well?"

"He is dead at last!" announced the other. "I saw him myself an hour ago, lying high among his vestments and candles, like a rag on a rose-bush."

"It was time!" commented Anastass. "When will they bury him?"

"To-morrow," replied Yorghi. "It is summer, you know."

"Then the appointment will be soon," said Anastass. "I began to think we had picked a plum for a peach. If this old——"

A look from Yorghi made him turn around. There in a doorway stood the old man, white and strange in his disordered array. He stared confusedly, blinking a little at the candle held by Anastass.

"What are you doing here?" demanded that personage with considerable sternness.

"I heard the bell—I don't sleep, you know—I am old—I have seen many things. They come and go before my eyes—so." He waved his hand before his face. "I heard the bell—I thought—the little Pipina——"

Anastass met this silently. Then he went to the old man, took his hand, knelt, and said slowly, looking up into the faded eyes:

"No. It is not the little Pipina. It is

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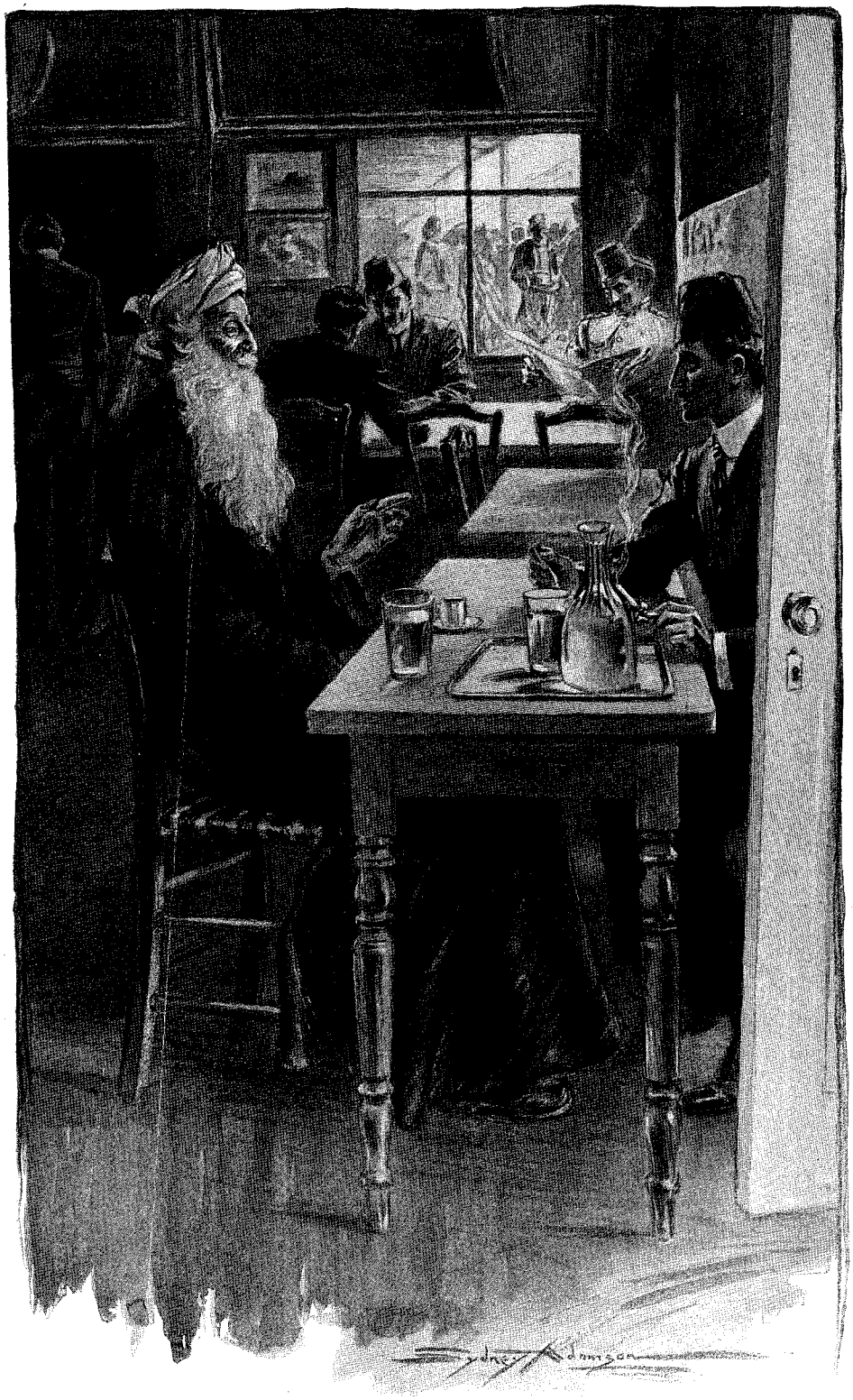

Drawn by Sydney Adamson.

"Son," he said, "you are good."—Page 72.

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this gentleman, Kyrio Yorghi. He is come to tell us that His Beatitude the Patriarch Constantine Emmanuel is dead, and that you have been chosen to take his place."

"Dead?" uttered the old man, looking about uncertainly. "I—— Dead?"

"No, father," replied Anastass, solemnly kissing the hand he held. "It is you who are now Patriarch of Constantinople and Primate of Greece."

Upon which he rose and made a sign to Yorghi. The latter knelt in turn before the old man, kissed his unwilling hand, and said:

"Your Beatitude, give me the blessing of God."

The old man blinked again in the candlelight.

"I—I think—I will go to bed," he stammered.

At this Yorghi rose hastily and turned away. Anastass, however, immediately spoke:

"That is right, your Beatitude. You must rest while you can, for weary days await us."

VI

THERE was truth in what Anastass had said. He announced that they would have now to move into town, and a change came upon the house on the hill. The long rooms, bare as they were, were quickly made barer still; the halls were made impassable by boxes; the very garden was despoiled. The old man saw his little world dismantled under his eyes—its peace shattered by the fury of hammers and porters, its comfort buried in the depths of packing-cases. But the days were not many before Anastass decreed that it was time to go.

If the old man was bewildered by the fatiguing strangeness of these events, he still found it possible to smile—albeit somewhat wanly. And when the last moment came, the sharpness of it was turned by the novelty of what happened. For he was dressed in a long black robe with flowing sleeves, upon his head was set the brimless cylinder of the Greek Church, about his neck was hung a chain of gold, and over his shrunken finger was slipped a great ring. Then a sedan chair was brought, and four sturdy porters carried him lightly away. He made a wonderful figure as they went down the break-neck cobblestones to the water—the stately old man in his black and white and gold. And perhaps a certain childish consciousness of it, an excitement of new impressions, made it easier for him to leave the garden and the arbor. At all events it was a great thing to get into the two-oared *sandal* that waited at the bottom of the hill, to be at last a part of the busy play which he had watched so long from afar. The presence of a stranger in the boat, whom Anastass called Dimitri, awed him a little at first. But he soon forgot everything in the pleasure of slipping down the Bosphorus on mid-current, with the gardened hills on each side running by like pictures in a dream.

The dream came to an end at Top-Haneh, where they swung inshore. There two victorias were waiting on the quay, and a brilliant red-and-gold *cavass* came ceremoniously forward to help them from the boat. Perhaps it was because he recognized the visitant of some nights before that the old man made less of having his hand kissed. But he was accustomed now to marvels, so that when he was put alone in the first carriage, with Yorghi on the box, he merely wore his patient smile as of old. Then the little cortège climbed the long hill to the Taxime, clattered down the *Grande Rue de Péra*, and drew up splendidly at the door of an establishment not far from Galata Serai.

The old man and the door-boy had each a moment for admiration. The old man had never seen anything so magnificent as the emblazonments—to him perfectly unintelligible—that covered the great windows: "Karaghieuze Frères, Orfèvrerie et Joaillerie, Fournisseurs de S.M.I. le Sultan." As for the door-boy, he was accustomed to equipages as smart, and he had a particular salaam for certain diaphanous bundles of beauty that came in behind the Palace eunuchs; but he now decided that here was a new occasion for that salaam. So when the *cavass* held the carriage door and Anastass offered the old man his arm, the boy threw open his domain with an unction never to be surpassed. And perhaps his respect was only deepened by Yorghi's cold refusal, after Dimitri had humbly followed the others, to entertain any relation whatsoever.

It must not be supposed that the Kara-

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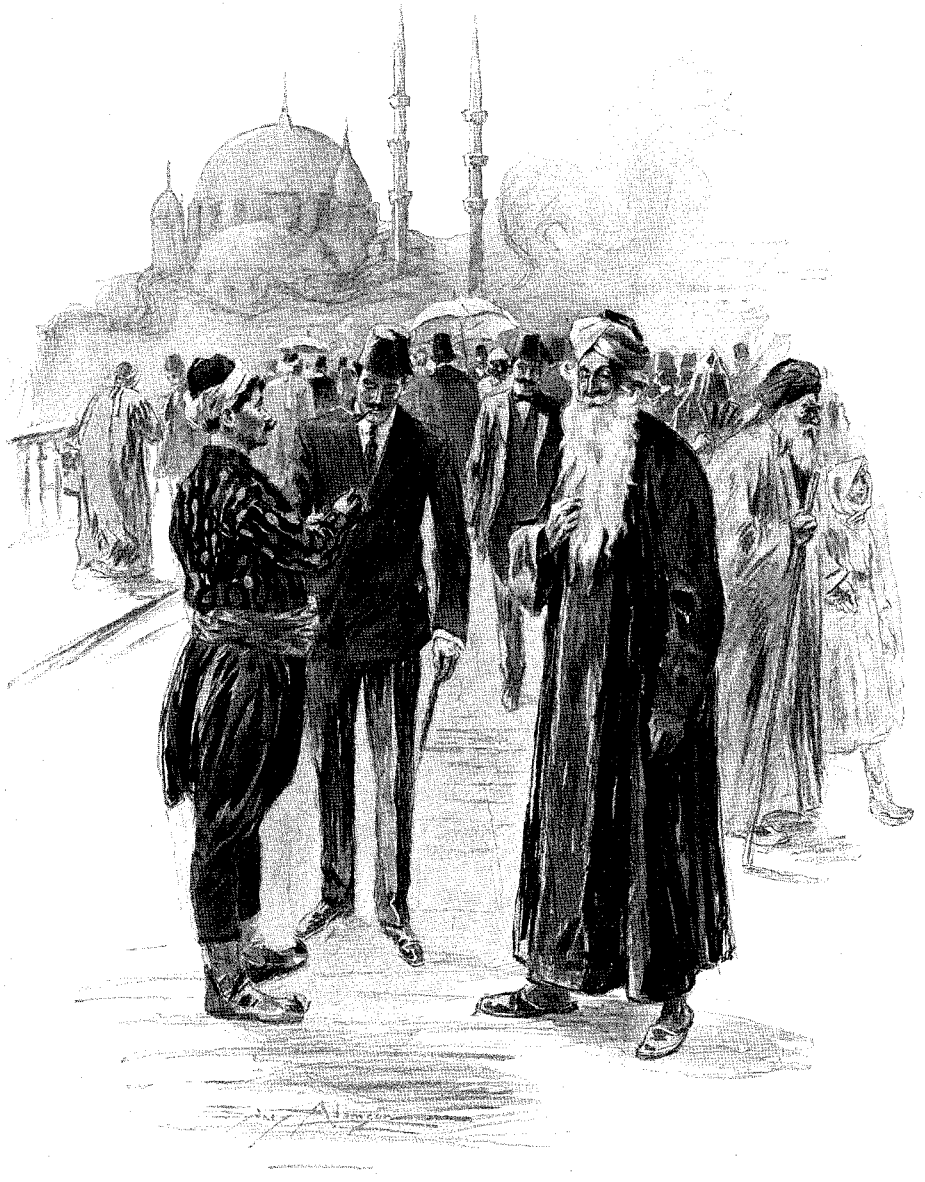

"So I have found," he said, "exactly what I wanted"—Page 72.

ghieuze Frères were oblivious to what was going on at their door. Indeed, one of them who happened at that moment to be there, glided forward to meet these correct personages, and immediately conducted them into his small private cabinet. It had the air of a large jewel box, being completely lined with red velvet. Anastass, after the old man had been solemnly seated in a big armchair and Dimitri had assumed the post of inferiority near the door, confidentially approached Monsieur Karaghieuze and bestowed upon him a visiting card of portentous size.

"I have the honor," he said, "to accompany His Beatitude Innocent I, the new Greek Patriarch."

Monsieur Karaghieuze bowed so low as almost to sweep the carpet with his forelock, and insisted upon kissing the Patri-

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archal hand. Which was indeed significant of an admirable tolerance, for he could not be supposed to entertain the deepest reverence for the head of a schismatic faith. Anastass then drew him apart and laid before him the object of their call.

"Before giving an order," he said, "I must particularly request that you main-

A certain rose arbor on the edge of the terrace where he would spend the long hot days.—Page 73.

tain perfect silence about anything which we may ask you to do. I should let you know that we have selected your house simply because we judged that your discretion would be quite equal to your resources, taste, and skill."

Monsieur Karaghieuze intimated that he was profoundly sensible of the honor conferred upon his house, and that he would rather suffer bankruptcy a thousand times than give occasion for shaking such confidence. Anastass then went on:

"In assuming the affairs of the Patriarchate His Beatitude has made a painful discovery. He has found that the treasury has been ransacked, that certain objects are missing, and that from the most valuable of our antique regalia the stones are"—Anastass lowered his voice—"gone! Whether it happened during the lifetime of the late Constantine Emmanuel, or during the interregnum ensuing upon his death, there has been no time, it may never be possible, to determine. But His Beatitude is to be installed within the month, and, naturally, he is gravely concerned for the honor of the church should these losses become known." At this they both glanced toward the old man, who was diffusing in the small bright place the benediction of his smile. "Accordingly he proposes," continued Anastass, "to make good the loss as best he can out of his private means. Fortunately they are—adequate."

Again Monsieur Karaghieuze glanced at the old man, this time in greater admiration than before.

"What noble self-sacrifice!" he exclaimed.

"Eh, these men of the church!" smiled Anastass. "They, unlike ourselves, think only of laying up treasures in heaven!"

"You may count upon our discretion!" declared Monsieur Karaghieuze feelingly. "Will it be—a—goldsmith's work that you will require, or jewelry?"

"Chiefly jewelry," replied Anastass. "A considerable number of unset gems. And the work, you understand, will have to be done in His Beatitude's apartments, under his own supervision. With despatch also. We shall wish to begin to-morrow morning. What we will do now will be to select the stones from which the losses may be repaired. Of course you will have ample security to cover their value until the work is done and the price paid."

"*Par exemple!*" burst out Monsieur Karaghieuze. "Do not mention security before that face!" He waved his hand toward the wonderful old man. "What is it you wish to see? Diamonds? Rubies? Emeralds? Everything?" And in the assenting smile of Anastass he approached one of the red velvet walls, which proved to

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"Your Beatitude, give me the blessing of God."—Page 76.

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conceal the door of a safe. After opening this he drew up before His Beatitude a small table, upon which were laid in succession many trays and cases of glittering things.

It was Anastass who made most of the selection, describing as he did so the priceless relics of Byzantine and even of earlier times which had been so ruthlessly abstracted or defaced. His Beatitude, however, was frequently appealed to, and was skilfully made to exercise his choice among the shining treasure scattered before him. The decision, it must be said, usually rested upon the more visible of the precious objects displayed, and never failed to elicit from Monsieur Karaghieuze the warmest eulogies upon His Beatitude's taste. So at last a prodigious number of little boxes were set aside.

"Now," said Anastass, "to show how business-like we can be in the church!" But after starting to unbutton his frock coat he suddenly put his hand to his hair, looking first at His Beatitude and then at the jeweller. "I meant to stop at the bank first, but I forgot it. We have just come, you know, from having our audience at the Sublime Porte."

A brilliant red-and-gold *cavass* came ceremoniously forward. —Page 76.

"My dear sir!" cried the jeweller, "do you insult me? Here! Take your jewels! Go!"

He was quite purple with protest.

Anastass laughed.

"Be careful!" he said. "We might take you at your word. But I have it. I would ask you to send someone with us, but I am afraid His Beatitude is a little fatigued after his hard day. So if he will excuse me a moment and if you will permit him to rest here until I return, I think I will step around to the bank. Dimitri, call the *cavass*." Turning back to the jeweller he added: "A priceless servant! It may save you a little uneasiness if we take them now."

Monsieur Karaghieuze scorned to consider His Beatitude in the light of security.

"The bank will be there another day!" he said. "If His Beatitude wishes to return home at once——"

"On the contrary," put in Anastass at once. "I am sure His Beatitude would prefer a moment of repose. If you could let him lie down here until——"

"Certainly! Certainly!" cried the jeweller. "If he will deign to endure our meagre accommodations!"

And he pulled forward the billowy red velvet couch. Upon this His Beatitude, divested of the uncomfortable head-dress, was laid unmurmuring. As a matter of fact he was fatigued after his hard day, and his eyes closed a moment in the contentment of relaxation. The four—for Dimitri had come back with Yorghi—regarded in silence the extraordinary picture he made. Then Anastass turned to the jeweller:

"I commend him to you, Monsieur Karaghieuze. You will find him of a tractability!"

At this the old man opened his eyes.

"Son," he asked, "do you go?"

"Yes, father," answered Anastass, "I go. But sleep until I come. Good-by."

The old man smiled, a little wearily. They looked at him for another moment of silence. Then they left him alone.

VII

His Beatitude came slowly to consciousness with the impression of being under alien eyes. He had been dreaming, and the little red room was as strange to him as the countenance of Monsieur Karaghieuze.

"I beg His Beatitude's pardon if I have disturbed him!" uttered that worthy with an anxious smile. "The coachman wishes to know—— He is still waiting—— The other coachman has brought a message which I do not quite understand—— May I accompany you to the Patriarchate?"

"The Patriarchate?" asked the old man vaguely.

"Yes. The coachman doesn't seem to be sure where he was to take you. You have taken possession, have you not?"

The old man held a brief inner examination. Then he announced judicially:

"Son, I do not know."

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Drawn by Sydney Adamson.

So at last a prodigious number of little boxes were set aside.—Page 80.

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"You don't know!" cried the uneasy jeweller. "Why, where did you start from this afternoon?"

His Beatitude considered a moment.

"With Kyrio Anastass," he replied, and he looked around him as if to discover the whereabouts of that personage.

"No, he is not here!" exclaimed the jeweller. "He said he would be back in twenty minutes, and he has been gone three hours. But where did he bring you from this afternoon?"

Again His Beatitude considered.

"It was up," he answered, lifting his hand. "Upon the hill. Below was water. And I saw the little Pipina!" he added triumphantly.

"The little Pipina!" burst out the distracted jeweller. "I thought it was the Grand Vizier. Excuse me a moment while I speak to the coachman."

Bowing himself out he hurried to the door. It was as he said. The other coachman had returned and seemed to be having some discussion with the one who had waited.

"Look at me!" called the jeweller imperiously.

Both men turned.

"Where did you bring these *effendis* from this afternoon?"

"From Top-Haneh, *Effendim*," they answered in concert.

"Top-Haneh, eh? And what street?"

"From the quay," they chorused again. "They came in a boat."

"In a boat!" The jeweller's heart became as lead within him. But he looked at the new-comer. "And where did you drive the three young ones from here? The two and the *cavass?*"

"First they said the Ottoman Bank," replied the man, "but then they changed their minds and told me to drive down to the Galata Quay——"

"The quay!" cried Monsieur Karaghieuze, turning pale.

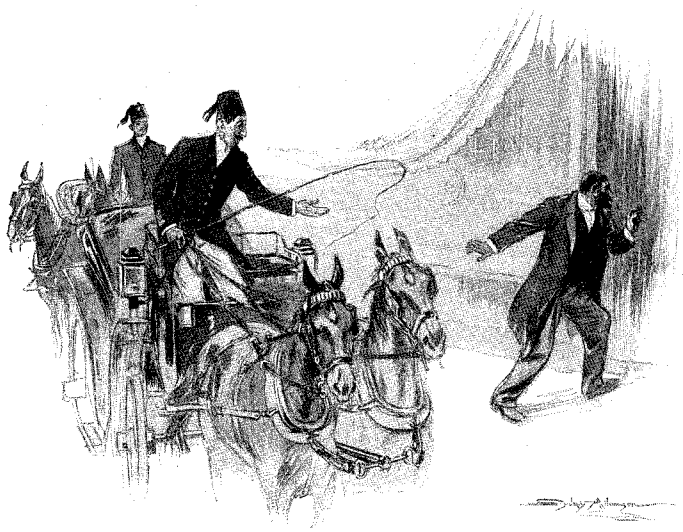
"Yes. They said they had to catch a steamer."

"A steamer!" almost shrieked the jeweller. "What steamer?"

The man shrugged his shoulders·

"Who knows? There are a thousand. They went out in a *sandal*. They told the boatman to row for his soul. But they threw me back a *lira!*" Rising a moment he reached into his pocket and held up the glittering gold piece with a grin. "I just happened to pass, and Mahmoud here told me that he hasn't got his yet!"

"A-a-ah!" uttered the jeweller slowly, between his teeth. Then he wheeled in a flash. "If I don't tear out by the root every hair of that goat's beard of his!" he cried. And he ran back like a tiger into the little red cabinet where lay His Beatitude.



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THE TRUTH OF THE OLIVER CROMWELL

By James B. Connolly

Illustration by W. J. Aylward

MARTIN CARR had done a fine thing that afternoon. Martin and John Marsh were hauling trawls, when a sea capsized their dory. The same sea washed them both clear of the dory. John Marsh could not swim. It looked as if he had hauled his last trawl, and so, beyond all question, he had, but for Martin, who seized one of their buoy-kegs, which happened to bob up near by, and pushed it into John's despairing arms. "Hang on for your life, John," said Martin, and himself struck out for the dory, knowing that the buoy could not support two. It was perhaps forty feet to the bottom of the dory—not a great swim that—but this was a winter's day on the Grand Banks, and a man beaten back by a rough sea and borne down by the weight of heavy clothing, oilskins, and big jack-boots. When he had fought his way to the dory he had to wait a while before he dared try to climb up on it—he was that tired—and after he got there he found no strap to the plug, and so nothing to hang on to. He remembered then that he and John had often spoken of fixing up a strap for the plug—and never done it.

"My own neglect," muttered Martin, "and now I'm paying for it."

Clinging to the smooth planking on the bottom of the dory was hard work that day, and becoming harder every minute, for the sea was making. And there was John to keep an eye on. "How're you making out, Johnnie-boy?" he called.

"It's heavy dragging, but I'm all right so far," John answered.

"And how is it with you now, Johnnie-boy?" he called in a little while again.

"I can hang on a while yet, Martin."

"Good for you," said Martin to that.

"Can you see the vessel?" then asked John after another space.

"He's giving out, and I see no vessel," thought Martin, but answered cheerily, "Aye, I see her."

"And how far away is she, and what's she doing?"

Aloud Martin said, "Five or six miles maybe, up to wind'ard—and she's taking aboard all but the last dory, and there's men gone aloft to look for us." But under his breath, "And God forgive me if I go to my death with that lie on my lips—but 'tis no deeper than my lips—no deeper."

Then they waited and waited, until John said, "Martin, I'll have to go soon—I can't hang on much longer."

"Bide a while, Johnnie-boy—bide a while. Dory-mates we've been for many a trip—bide a while with me now, Johnnie."

But Martin knew that it would be for but a little while for John—for them both—if help did not come soon. Scanning the sea for whatever hope the sea might give, he saw the trawl-line floating on the water. That was the line that ran from their anchor somewhere on the bottom to the buoy keg to which John was clinging. If he could but get hold of that line he could draw John to the dory, with a better chance to talk to him—to put heart into him, for Johnnie was but a lad—no more than five and twenty.

To get the line he would have to swim; and to swim any distance in that rising and already bad sea he would have to cast off most of his clothing. And with most of his clothing gone he would not last too long. Certainly if the vessel did not get them by dark, he would never live through the night. He would freeze to death—that he knew well. But could he live through the night anyway? And even if he could—but what was the good of thinking all night over it? He pulled off his boots, untied his oilskins, hauled off his heavy outer woollens.

"Johnnie-boy, can you hang on a while longer?"

"I dunno, Martin—I dunno. Where's the vessel?"

"She's bearing down, John." And with the thought of that second lie on his lips Martin scooped off for the buoy-line,

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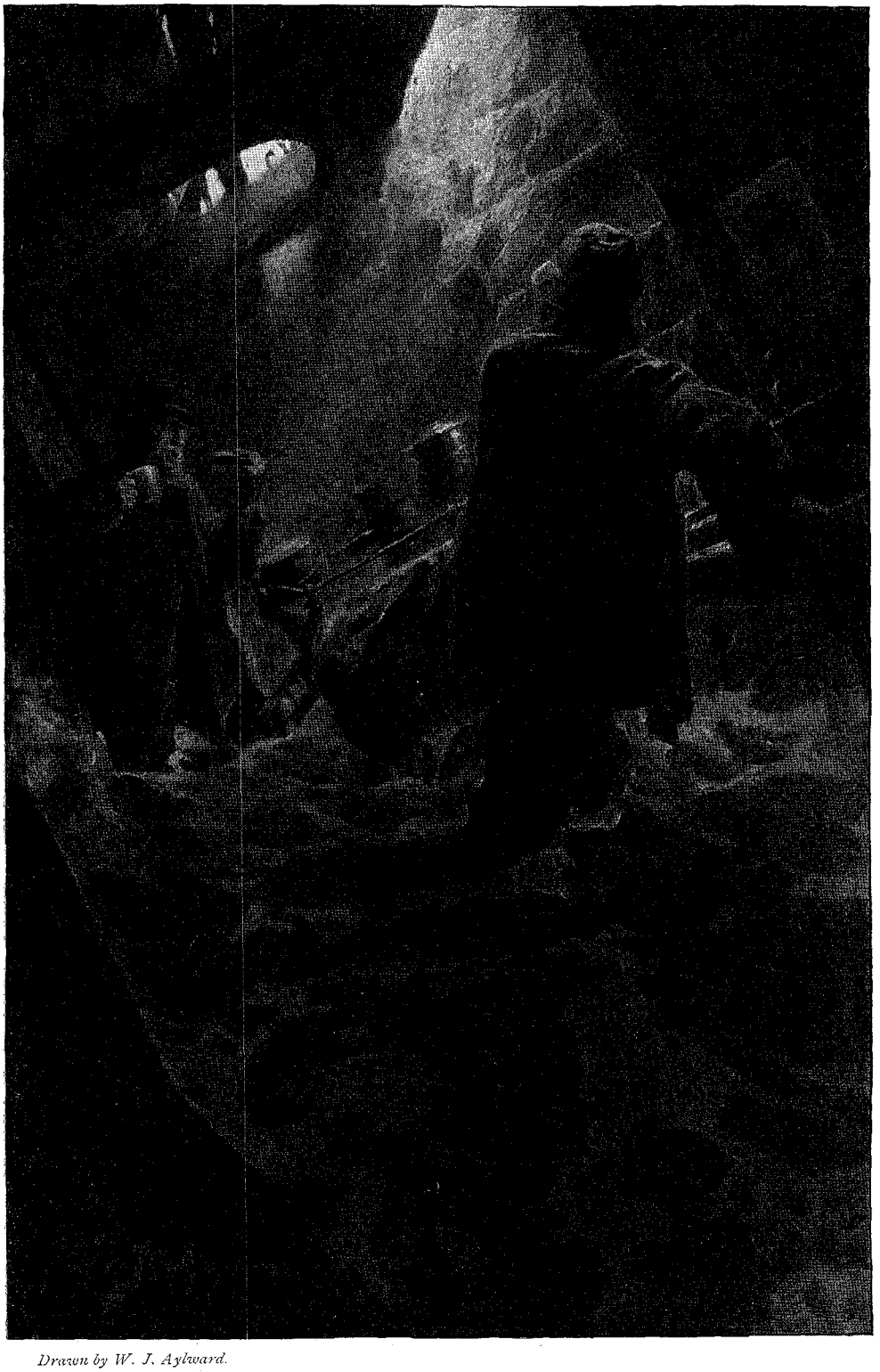

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"He was having another mug-up for himself."—Page 95.

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which, after a battle, he grabbed and towed back to the dory. It was a hard fight, and he would have liked well to rest a while—but there was Johnnie. So in he hauled, many a long fathom of slack ground-line, with gangings and hooks, and after that the buoy-line. He sorrowfully regarded the fine fat fish that he passed along—every hook seemed to have a fish on it. "Man, man, but 'twas only last night I baited up for ye in the cold hold of the vessel—baited with the cold frozen squid, and my fingers nigh frost-bitten." But every hook was bringing him nearer to his dory-mate.

He felt the line tauten at last. "Have a care now, Johnnie, whilst I draw you to me," and hauled in till Johnnie was alongside.

But "Good-by," said Johnnie ere yet Martin had him safe.

"Not yet, Johnnie-boy," said Martin, and reached for him and held him up and lashed him to the buoy. "You can rest your arms now, lad," he said, and Johnnie gratefully let go.

"'Tis made of iron a man should be that goes winter trawling," said Martin, and up on the bottom of the dory he climbed again, this time with infinite difficulty.

They had had the leeward berth and now were farthest from the vessel, and by this time it was dark. But Martin knew the skipper would not give them up in a hurry, as he explained to John. And by and by they saw the torches flare up.

"Wait you, John," said Martin then, "and save your strength. I'll hail when I think they're near enough to hear"; which he did, in a voice that obeyed the iron will and carried far across the waters.

Then the vessel saw them and bore down, the skipper to the wheel and the men lining the rail.

"Be easy with John," said Martin to the man who first stretched his arms out and remarked, "I'm thinking he's nigh gone." Martin said, "*Nigh* gone? He *is* gone," as they lifted John aboard.

"But all right with him now," they said as they passed him along the deck. "And how is it with yourself, Martin?" they asked him as he was about to step over the rail.

"Fine and daisy," said Martin. "How is it yourself, boy?" stepping jauntily up, and then, unable longer to stand, fell flat on the deck.

Seeing how it had been with him, they made him go below also, which he, with shipmates helping, did; and also, later, put on the dry shift of clothes they made ready. In the middle of it all he asked, "Where's Johnnie?"

"In his bunk—and full of hot coffee—where you'll be in a minute."

"The hell I will—there's my dory yet to be hoisted in."

"Your dory, Martin? Why, she's in, drained dry and griped long ago."

"What! and me below? And dory in already? What was it? Did I fall asleep or what? Lord! but it's an old man I must be getting. I wouldn't 've believed it. In all my time to sea that's the first time ever I warn't able to lift hand to tackles and my own dory hoisting in." He made for the companion-way, but so weak was he that he fell back down the companion-way when he tried to make the deck.

But a really strong man recuperates rapidly. An hour later Martin was enjoying a fine hot supper, while the crew sat around and hove questions at him. They asked for details and he gave them, or at least such of them as had become impressed on his mind; particularly did he condemn, in crisp phrases, the botheration of boots that leaked and the need of a second plug-strap on the bottom of a dory.

"There ought to be a new law about plug-straps," said Martin.

"Did ever a man yet come off the bottom of a dory and not speak about the plug straps?" commented one.

"And leaky boots *is* the devil," affirmed another—a notorious talker this one, who bunked up in the peak, where he could be dimly seen now—his head out of his bunk that his voice might carry the better. "I bought a pair of boots in Boston once—a Jew up on Atlantic Avenue——"

"In Heaven's name, will you shut up—you and your Atlantic Avenue boots? We'll never hear the end of those boots."

The man in the peak subsided, and he who had quelled him, near to the stove and smoking a pipe, went on for himself, "And what were you thinkin' of, Martin, when you thought you were goin'?"

"Or did you think any time that you was goin'?" asked somebody else.

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"Indeed and I did, and a dozen times I thought it—and that 'twas a blessed cold kind of a day for a man to be soaking his feet in the ocean."

"And yet"—the lad in the peak was in commission again—"and yet warn't it some professor said in that book that somebody was reading out of the other day—warn't it him said that salt water ain't nigh so cold as fresh. Is it, Martin?"

"As to that," answered Martin, "I dunno. But I wish 'twas that professor's feet, not mine, was astraddle the bottom of that dory—not to wish him any harm—but winter's day and the wind no'therly I found it cold enough."

"I went into a Turkish bath parlor in New York one time," came the conversational voice from the peak, "and hot? My Lord——"

"The man," said the next on watch, taking his mitts from the line above the stove—"the man that'd talk about hot Turkish baths on a night like this to sea—Turkish baths, and Lord in heaven, two good long hours up there——" He halted to take a sniff up the companion-way. "Two hours—what ought to be done with the like o' him?"

The man by the stove, who awhile before had vanquished the lad in the peak, took his pipe long enough from his mouth to observe, "And for four years now to my knowledge he's been tryin' to tell how hot 'twas in that Turkish bath."

"Hit him with a gob-stick," suggested the cook—"or this rolling-pin"—he was flattening out pie-crust.

"A gob-stick or a rolling-pin," said the next on watch, "is too good for him. Here, take this," and passed the cook's hatchet along the lockers.

The opening and closing of the hatch after the watch had gone on deck admitted a blast of air that made the man in the bunk nearest the steps draw up his legs. The flame in the lamp flared, whereat the original inquirer got up to set the lamp chimney more firmly over the base of the burner, and before he sat down put the question again. What he wanted to know was how Martin felt when he thought he was sure enough going. "The last fifteen or twenty minutes or so I bet you did some thinkin', didn't you, Martin?"

"A little," admitted Martin, and with a long arm gaffed another potato. "Toward the end of it the sea did begin to take on a gray look that I know now was grayer than any mortal sea ever could've been."

"And what were you thinkin' of then, Martin?"

"What was I thinking of? What—Lord, but these apple dumplings are great stuff, arn't they? You don't want to let any of those dumplings get past you, Johnnie. Never mind how used up you feel, come out of your bunk and try 'em. Five or six good plump dumplings inside of you and you'll forget you ever saw a dory."

"He's asleep, Martin."

"Is he? Well, maybe 'tis just as well. 'Twas a hard drag for poor John to-day. What was I thinking of, you asked me. Well, I'll tell you what I was thinking of. You know what store I set by a good razor. I'd go a hundred mile for a good razor—a *good* razor—any time. You all know that, don't you?"

"Yes—yes——"

"Well, this last time out I brought aboard as fine a looking razor as ever a man laid against his face. Oh, I saw you all eying it the last time I took it out. Don't pretend—I know you. It's right there in my diddy-box, and before I turn in to-night it's a good scrape I'm going to give myself with it—yes. Well, when Johnnie'd said 'Good-by, Martin'—said it for the second time—'Good-by, Martin, don't mind me any more—look out for yourself'—said that and I'd said, 'Hold on a little longer' to him for about the tenth time—well, about that time, when I did begin to think we were sure enough going—with it coming on dark and no sign of the vessel in sight—then it was I couldn't help wondering who in hell aboard the vessel was going to get that razor."

When everybody had done laughing, and after two or three had told how they felt when they were on the bottom of a dory, the persistent one asked again, "Martin, but you must've had some close calls in your time?"

"My share—no more." He was taking a look around the table as he spoke. A lingering, regretful look, and then he gave up any further thought of it. "Ah-h," he sighed, "but I cert'nly took the good out of that meal," and leaning against the nearest bunk-board—his own—drew out his pipe

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from beneath the mattress. "My share and no more," he repeated, and reached across to the shelf in his bunk and drew forth a plug of tobacco. He cut off the proper quantity and rolled it around between his palms the proper length of time before he spoke again. With the pipe between his teeth he had to speak more slowly. "Any man that's been thirty years trawling will nat'rally have a few things happen to him. To-day makes the third time I've been on the bottom of a dory—and cold weather each time—just my blessed luck—cold weather each time"—three times he blew through the stem of his pipe—"and I don't want to be there the fourth. Eddie-boy, hand me a wisp out of the broom at your elbow."

While Martin was cleaning out his pipe somebody put the question generally. Would they rather be on the bottom of a dory out to sea or on a vessel piled up on the rocky shore somewhere?

"On the rocks for me."

"And for me."

"Yes, a chance to get ashore from a wreck, but the bottom of a dory with the sea breaking over you, and it cold maybe—cert'nly it's never any too warm—wr-r-h!"

There seemed to be no doubt of what they would take for their choice. "And yet," commented Martin when the last word had been said, "I dunno but the closest call ever I had was when the *Oliver Cromwell* went ashore and was lost off Whitehead."

"Cripes, but I'm glad I warn't on her. A bad business that—a bad business. Hand me that plate, will you, Martin"—this from the cook.

"Sure, boy—here y'are—an armful of plates. Cook on a fisherman's the last job I'd want—you're never done. And you're right it was a bad business, cook. When you've seen nineteen men washed over one after the other, every man—every man but one, that is—putting up the divil's own fight for his life before he went—I dunno but what it must be worse than going down at sea altogether, all hands in one second—with no chance at all—though that must be hard enough, too."

Silence for a while, and then Martin continued: "If I had it to do over again"—two long puffs—"to do over and be lost instead of saved, I don't know but what I'd rather founder at sea myself. Nineteen men lost—eighteen good men—Lord, but 'twas cruel!"

Martin, with his head back, was gazing thoughtfully up at the deck-beams. A gentle leading question, and he resumed.

"We left Gloucester that trip with the skipper's—— But to tell that story right a man ought to begin away back. But will you give me a match, somebody?"

He lit up again and then settled himself snugly between the edge of the table and his bunk-board, after the manner of a man who is in for a long sitting-out. Once he really started there were but few interruptions. The loss of the *Cromwell* was a serious affair, and nobody broke in thoughtlessly; and only when Martin would stop to refill his pipe, or to light up again when he found he had let it go out, did he make any halt himself.

"What the Hoodleys of Cape Ann were, and are still," began Martin, "of course all of you, or most all of you anyway, know. Or maybe some of you don't know. Well, they were a hard crowd—but didn't know it—the kind of people that whenever they got to talking about their own kind, never had any tales to prove maybe that there was even the lightest bit of wit or grace or beauty among them; no, none of that for the Hoodleys of Cape Ann. But to show you what thrifty, hard-headed fore-people they had, they could spin off, any of 'em, a hundred little yarns most any day, as if anybody on earth that knew those of them that were aliv would ever doubt what the dead and gone ones must have been. Hard they were—even neighbors that didn't take life as a dream of poetry said that much of them. Hard they were—man, yes—the kind that little children never toddled up to and climbed on to their knees, nor a man in hard luck by any mistake ever asked the loan of a dollar of—the kind that never a man walked across the street to shake hands with. That's the kind they were. Take 'em all in all, I guess that the Hoodleys were about as hard a tribe as you'd find in all Essex County—surely 'tisn't possible there were any harder. And yet you couldn't pick a flaw in 'em before the law. They were honest. Everybody had to say that for them—paying their debts, their just debts—as they put it them-

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selves—and collecting their own dues, don't fear, and a great respect for the letter of the law—for the letter of it. And I mind they used to boast that for generations their people had kept clear of the poor-houses, and that all had been church-members in good standing. Well, not exactly all—for to be exact and truthful—they themselves used to put it that way—there was one here and there that had broken away. But such had been rare, as one of them—a strong church-member—used to put it, and the devil is ever active, and speaking of the devil, this particular member'd go on, there is always the blistering pit for the unrighteous. That last I s'pose he thought he ought to put in, because everybody knew that of all the people that fell from grace, the wickedest, the most blasphemous, the most evil of all evil livers had been those of the Hoodleys that had back-slided. Once they went to the bad they cert'nly went beyond all hope; and nobody did they curse out more furiously than their own people every time they did start in.

"Well, the Hoodleys weren't a seafaring people originally. They moved over to Gloucester, y'see, at one particular time when everybody was expecting in some way to make money out of fishing. George Hoodley was a lad then—seventeen—with the hard kind of a face and the awkward body that everybody nat'rally looked for in one of his breed. And he had the kind of a mind, I callate, that his father would like a boy of his to have. Well, George signed right away for a boy's wages with a prudent master—old Sol Tucker it was—that went in the *Distant Shore* so long. They used to say that Sol wore the same pair of jack-boots out of her that he had when he first went aboard, and there was eighteen years between his first and last trips in her. I mind the jack-boots—and they were cert'nly well patched when I saw them—though no more than twelve-year-old then. That'll give you an idea of Sol. And George Hoodley put in thirteen years with Sol, and thirteen long hard drags of years they must've been. I misdoubt that any of us here could've stood those thirteen—no, sir, not for vessel's, skipper's and hand's share together. Well, George stood it, and I don't b'lieve he ever knew he was missing anything in life. But he had something to show for it, as he'd say himself. When he left old Sol he was able to buy a half interest and go master of a good vessel. I went with him in her—the *Harding*—two trips—just two, no more."

Martin halted to light up again, and somebody asked, "Warn't it the *Harding*, Martin, that had the small cabin?"

"Yes, the smallest, they say, that ever was seen in a fisherman. Just about room to stand between the steps and the stove and between the stove and the bulkhead again—and not much better for'ard—a forec's'le so small that the crew used to say they had to go on deck to haul on their oilskins. She was all hold. Well, while he was in the *Harding* George made a great reputation for all kinds of carefulness. Most men that went with him said he was altogether too careful for any mortal use; and maybe that was so. But his savings kept piling up, and there was plenty of other careful men to ship with him and abide by him.

"One thing that George and his people used to boast about was that he warn't like a good many other fishermen. While a good many of them were putting in time ashore drinking, skylarking, or if it warn't no more than to spend a quiet sociable evening with their friends or their own families—during all that George was attending to business, for business it was to him. He was talking one day of those who said fishing was a venture, or even adventure, and he'd been reading somewhere, he said, of the joy that somebody thought fine, strong men ought to get out of fishing. He almost smiled when he was telling it. The joy of fishing! If you had a good trip of fish and got a good price for it, why yes, fishing was good fun then. But as far as he could see it was like any other kind of work. You put in about so much time at it and took good care of your money, and at the end of the year you had about so much to show for it. And as for the fun of fighting a breeze of wind that some of them talked about, seeing how long you could hang on to your canvas without losing your spars, or how far down you could let your vessel roll before she'd capsize—none of that for him. And it was all rot, their pretending they got any fun out of it. They had the same blood and nerve and senses as any other humans, and he knew that for himself he was content to stay hove-to when it blew

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one of the living gales they talked about, and satisfied, too, to shorten sail in time, even if he was bound home, when it blew hard enough. Gloucester would be there when he got there—it wouldn't blow away. Cert'nly, he'd admit, the drivers'd outsail him on a passage and beat him out of the market once in a while, but in the long run his way paid best. He could name the foolish fellows that'd been lost—and the fingers of both hands wouldn't begin to name them; yes, and left families to starve, some of 'em—and he himself was alive and still bringing home the fish, and everybody in Gloucester knew what he had to show for it.

"Well, by that time, everybody in Gloucester did know what he had to show for it, and everybody in Gloucester said it was about time he began to look a ound for a wife, though nobody expected George Hoodley to look around for a wife after the regular manner of fishermen, who don't look around at all, so far as I c'n see. We ourselves, or most of us, anyway, liking the girl pretty well and she willing, gen'rally hurry up to get married 'bout as soon as we find ourselves with a couple of months' rent ahead.

"But not that way with George Hoodley. It wasn't until he was forty-five that he began to look around after the manner of his people for a wife. There was to be no rushing into the expenses of matrimony; but with two good vessels, and a house all clear, a man might well think of it—or leastways I imagine that's the way he thought it out—if he wasted any time thinking of it at all.

"Now, if George Hoodley had not been like other men during all the years he was fishing, if he hadn't joined in the talk of his mates on what was worth having in life—you know how fishermen gen'rally talk when they get going on some things—even if George Hoodley pretended to think that he thought they were a lot of blessed fools, yet it is more than likely that the opinions of the men he went to sea with had their influence with him just the same. It stands to reason they were bound to after years of it. And then clear back he must've come of flesh-and-blood people like anybody else, for though nobody could imagine the Hoodleys having weaknesses like other people, yet cert'nly, if you went far enough back, there must've been ancestors among 'em all—one or two—that enjoyed life the same as other people.

"Well, for a wife George took a very pretty girl who was young enough—some of you that know her know that well—young enough to have had grandchildren to him. Twenty or twenty-one, light-haired, pretty face, and a trim figure. I didn't like her eyes or her mouth myself, but everybody agreed she was pretty. She had never been so far away from home that she could not be back again the same day—and that certified to her character with some people. For other things, she would come into some money when her father died. And her father didn't object to George Hoodley. He was a thrifty man, too, and said all right—made George's way easy, in fact.

"Now, I callate that George thought that he never did a wiser thing in all his life than when he married that girl. Among the men he knew there were some that'd got pretty wives but no money; and others, money but plain-lookers. He was getting both, good looks and money, and he could laugh at them all—those who wanted her because of the money in prospect or those others who were in love with her face. And maybe he didn't laugh at some of 'em!—the sail-carriers and others who imagined that a reputation for foolishness at sea won women's hearts. It was a great stroke of business altogether. He would get his share of good living yet—he boasted of that. He had always taken the best care of himself—never drank and seldom smoked—and then only in the way of business—was in the prime of life, had a tough constitution, and his wife-to-be was young and pretty. He could laugh at all of them.

"Nearly everybody in Gloucester said nice things to George. 'My, but you're the deep one—and lucky? Oh, no, you're not a bit lucky! But you always did have a long head—' That's the way most people talked to him, and he liked it. As for the few who didn't seem pleased—the three or four who hinted, but didn't ask outright if he thought he was doing a wise thing—George said it was easy enough to place them—they'd like to get her themselves. If he was only another kind of a man he might have been warned in time, but he was that kind that nobody felt sorry for. And that's a hard thing, too.

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"Well, they were married, and the wonderful thing of George letting his vessel go out a trip without him was on exhibition to the people of Gloucester. Yes, sir, she went to sea the day he was married. He stayed ashore that trip—that trip, but not the second.

"The truth was they didn't get along well together; which warn't remarkable maybe—she young and pretty, and he the age he was and more than looking it. Forty-seven's a fine age for some men, but not for George's kind—leather-skinned he was, with lean chops of jaws, a mouth as tight as a deck beam, a turkey neck—you've seen the turkey necks—and eyes that were cold as a dead haddock's.

"George, I callate, was beginning to learn that a woman was a different proposition from a vessel, and that there were things about a woman that had to be studied out. Not that I think he tried overhard to study this one out. Listening to him as I had many a time before he got married, I knew that he figured that a woman, like everything else, had her place in the universe, and she ought to know it—or be made to know it. And now here was his wife's case—a steady man for a husband, a good house to live in, grub and her clothes all found, or anyway as much clothes as he thought fit and proper for her to have. Could a woman expect more, or a man do more, than that?

"'Twarn't long after he got married that things began to go wrong, not only at home but out to sea. There was the trip he broke his ankle. Coming home, he looked maybe for a little show of grief on the part of his wife, but if he did he didn't find it. Indeed, she even said he ought to go to a hospital instead of making it hard for her at home. 'Twas common talk that she said that.

"Going out his next trip, with his leg not yet well-knit and himself having to limp out the door, he and his wife had words. Billie Shaw, passing by, heard them. 'I don't care if I never see you again,' he said. 'And if you think I'd care if I never saw you again either, you're mistaken. I wouldn't care if you're lost—you and your vessel—only I wouldn't like to see all the crew lost.'

"That last must have set him to thinking, for he didn't sail that day as he said he would, but put in a day talking to people around town. I know he asked me, for one, a lot of questions. I didn't know till later what he was driving at. 'Twas while he was questioning me that he coaxed me into shipping with him. 'Just this trip, Martin,' he said. 'And your cousin Dan Spring's thinking of coming out with me this time—to help me out. Two men left me suddenly to-day, and if you'll come out Dan'll surely come.' And so out of good-nature I said I'd go with him. It's blessed little he got out of me, though, in answer to his other questions, but he found plenty of others willing to talk.

"Well, on the passage out we all noticed he seemed an absent-minded man. We noticed, too, or thought we did, that he used to forget that his leg warn't yet very strong and that now and then he had to pull up when it seemed to hurt him bad.

"That trip—well, it was a queer one from the first. With myself and my cousin Dan, who were dory-mates, it warn't nothing but accidents. There was that after the first haul of fish when we were dropping down to come alongside. It was a bit rough—that's a fact. Some said that for so careful a man it was surprising that the skipper had ordered the dories out at all that day. However, we were just ahead of her—under the end of her bowsprit almost—and of course Dan and myself nat'rally looked for the skipper to look out for us. We were so near that Dan had taken in his oars and had the painter ready to heave aboard. I was at the oars. One stroke more, I thought, and we'll be all right, when whing! the first thing we knew around came the vessel and down on us. I couldn't do anything with the dory, she being down to her gunnels with fish. Well, Dan had time to holler to me and I hollered to him—no more than that—when she was on us. By a miracle, you might say, we both managed to grab the bob-stay. The stem of the vessel cut the dory like it was a cracker, and then under her keel it went.

"Not knowing what to make of it all, we climbed aboard over the bow. Our faces were no more than above the knight-heads than the skipper yelled. We ran aft and asked him what was wrong. He stared at us for a second as if he couldn't understand.

"'What's it?' I asked.

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"'Why, I thought you two were gone.'

"'And so we were for all of you. A man that's been to sea as long as you, George Hoodley,' I said, 'and put a wheel the wrong way!' Nobody ever said you were the cleverest man out of Gloucester to handle a vessel, but cert'nly you know down from up.'

"'Martin,' he said, 'I give you my word. Just as I grabbed the wheel that time a sea came aboard, the vessel lurched and down on deck I went with my weak ankle giving way under me.'

"Well, our dory was gone, but later in the trip one of the crew, Bill Thornton, was troubled with a felon on his finger. 'Twarn't anything very bad, and Bill himself said it didn't amount to anything, but the skipper thought Bill'd better stay aboard, and his dory-mate with him. 'And, Martin, you and Dan take his dory,' says the skipper—'you two being so used to each other it'll be the best way.'

"Well, that was all right. We took their dory and gear and went out the next set—only two days after our own dory had been lost, mind you. Well, this time we got lost in the fog and were out overnight. It turned out a snowy night, and cold, with fog again in the morning. That morning, so we heard from the crew later, the skipper said, after a little jogging about, 'They must be gone—we may as well give it up.' Well, everybody aboard thought there was a good chance for us yet, and one or two hinted at that. But he wouldn't have it. 'Run her westerly,' he said, and went below. Well, to everybody's surprise we popped up just then almost under her bow. 'Twas quite a little sea on at the time, but the man at the wheel this time didn't have any bad ankle. He jibed her over in time and we climbed aboard. One man ran down to call the skipper and tell him the news, but the skipper only swore at him. 'Do you mean to tell me that the watch shifted the course of this vessel without orders from me? I'll talk to him.' And he did talk to him, and in a most surprising way. We didn't know what to make of it. He raved. 'Discipline,' he said—he'd always been a great hand for discipline aboard his vessel, but this warn't any case for discipline—'twas men's lives.

"Well, they expected to have two or three more days of fishing aboard the *Cromwell* after that day, but I made a kick. Never again would I haul a trawl for a skipper of his kind, I said.

"'What?' asked the skipper. 'You mean to mutinize on me?'

"'Call it mutiny or what you please,' said I, 'but myself and Dan don't leave this vessel again in a dory.'

"'Don't you know I can run into the nearest port, Newf'undland or Nova Scotia, and put you ashore?'

"'I do.'

"'Or take you both back to Gloucester and have you up before the court?'

"'You can put us up before forty courts—the highest in the land, if you want—and maybe they'll sentence us to ten years in jail, or to be strung up to a yard-arm somewheres. But I don't callate they will; I don't callate so—not after we tell our story. It's a fine thing fishermen have come to when their own skippers try to lose 'em.'

"'Lose you? Me try to lose you? And why in God's name would I try to lose you?'

"'Lord knows. But you do, and there's an end of it. Dan and I don't swing any dory over the rail of this vessel this trip again.'

"He said nothing to that. Only he looked at me, then a long look at Dan, and turned into his bunk again. Later in the day he drew out a quart bottle of whiskey and began to drink. That was a new thing to his crew that knew him so long. They'd pretty good reason to believe that he'd kept a bottle in his closet under lock and key for a little drink on the quiet when the dories were out and nobody by; but they knew he did it slyly so as not to have the name of it, or maybe so's not to have to ask anybody to join him, and so save expense. But everybody knew that whatever liquor he took that way was not enough to hurt him. Yes, a sober man he'd always been—everybody had to say that for him. But now he was drinking with all hands looking on, taking it down in gulps, and when the first quart was gone he brought out another, drinking by himself all the time.

"However, he warn't drunk by a good deal when in the middle of the night he ordered all hands on deck to make sail. The men thought he was crazy—but he was the skipper. If anything happened 'twas his

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lookout, not theirs. So they gave her the full mains'l, and then he ordered the man at the wheel to swing her off.

"'Yes, sir, and what course?'

"'What course? Didn't I say to swing her off? Put her fair before it. Jibe over your fores'l and let her run—let her run, I tell you. Whichever way she goes let her run.'

"And we let her run all that night and all next day. She was under her winter rig—in March it was—no topm'sts, but the four lower sails alone were enough for any Gloucester fisherman that second night. I mind 'twas nine o'clock that night, and Abner Tucker's watch. A staid, sober man was Abner. He'd been to sea for twenty years and been with George for ten years—stayed with him because he knew him for a prudent man, I s'pose. Well, Abner took the wheel, and getting the feel of it, cried out, 'Lord in heaven, it's like trying to steer two vessels—she's running wild!' and braced himself against the wheel, but warn't braced firm enough, or he warn't strong enough, for he let her broach and a sea swept her quarter, burying him and the vessel both. Over the top of the house went that sea and down into the cabin by the ton. They were floated out in the cabin and came tumbling up on deck. Josh Whitaker, a bait knife in his hand, jumped to the main peak halyards.

"The skipper noticed him. 'What you goin' to do?'

"'Cut,' says Josh.

"'You cut and I'll cut you!' The skipper, too, had a bait-knife, and he lunged with it for Josh. Then he stood guard by the halyards. 'Or if anybody else thinks to cut'—and we saw the rest of it in his face—dark as it was, we saw that.

"The skipper was still on guard there when Dan and myself came on deck for our watch—that was eleven o'clock. Dan went for'ard to look out and I took the wheel from Abner, and glad enough he was to turn the wheel over when he gave me the course. I looked in the binnacle to make sure he had it right.

"'Still on that course?' I asked, when I'd seen 'twas so. 'Where's the skipper?'

"'Here,' said the skipper himself from between the house and the weather rail, where he was still watching that nobody bothered the halyards, I s'pose. 'What's it?'

"'How about the course?' I asked.

"'What's wrong with the course?'

"'No'west by west half west—is it right?'

"No'west by west half west, or whatever it is—yes. And why not?'

"'Oh, nothin', if you say it's right.'

"'And why isn't it right? Why not? Why don't you spit it out? What's wrong, anyway?'

"'What's wrong?' I said. 'Don't you know we warn't much more than three hundred miles off shore on this course when we swung her off last night, and we've been coming along now for twenty-three hours—and the clip she's been coming!'

"He said nothing to that for a while, and then it was, 'And so you don't think the course is right?'

"'No, I don't—not if you're intending to make Gloucester.'

"'That so? Not if I was intending to make Gloucester? And where in the name o' heaven am I headin' for if not Gloucester?'

"'Where?—where? Damned if I know,' says I. 'Hell, maybe.'

"'That so? Well, Gloucester or hell, drive her you.'

"'Oh, I'll drive her.' I threw it back in his teeth that way, spat to looard, took a fresh hold of the wheel and did drive her just to let him know he couldn't scare me. Cripes, but I gave her all she wanted!

"It was wicked, though, the way she was going. She warn't a big sailer, the *Cromwell*—George Hoodley never did believe in the racing kind—but any old plug could've sailed that night. Along toward midnight it got thick o' snow, I mind, and we came near running into a vessel hove-to under a fores'l—'A fisherman,' Dan for'ard called out—and as we shot by her a warning hail came to us.

"'What's that he said?' asked the skipper of Dan.

"'Something about where we're bound for,' answered Dan.

"'That so? What's it of his business?' and then he went below for a spell.

"From the wheel I could see him taking another drink under the cabin light. He had got to where he wasn't bothering to pour it into a mug, but took it straight from the bottle—long pulls, too. He came on deck again just as my watch and

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Dan's was up. To Charlie Feeney, who was next man to the wheel, I said that the skipper ought to be spoken to about hauling her up. So Charlie did.

"'Who in the devil's name is skipper of this vessel anyway?' was all the answer he got.

"Henry Carsick, who was Charlie's dory-mate, said he didn't know what to make of it. 'I'm blessed if ever I knew him to carry half this sail in a breeze before, and I've been with him three years,' said he to me as he went for'ard.

"Well, Dan and me hadn't more than got off our oil-skins after standing watch, when a hail came from Henry on watch for-'ard. 'Some kind of a roaring ahead of us,' repeated Charlie from the wheel. And just then it was that, leaping like a hound, she hit something good and hard—a check, a grinding along her bottom, a rearing of her bow. But nothing small was going to stop her the clip she was going then, and whatever it was she was clear of it. By that time the whole crew was tumbling up on deck. 'God in Heaven, what is it?' they called out one to another. Another leap of her, and it was clear white astern and on either side. 'A wall of rock ahead!' said Henry Carsick and came tumbling aft —'a ledge of solid rock, skipper!'

"'Yes,' said the skipper, in a kind of studyin' tone—'and it *was* hell or Gloucester, warn't it'—he turned to me—'I said it'd be, didn't I?'

"'That's what you did,' said I, 'and it ain't Gloucester. You ought to be proud of yourself—nineteen men, maybe, lost for you—nineteen men. I'm not counting yourself—you ought to be lost. Will we put a dory over?'

"'Put it over if you want to. Do what you please. I'm done with this vessel—I'm done with fishing.'

"'I guess that's right,' says I. 'And I guess you ain't th' only one that gets through with fishing to-night.' Then I turned to the crew: 'What d'y' say if we try and get a dory over and see what's around us?'

"They said all right, and we unhooked the tackles. A few heaves and up went the dory into the air. It hung there for a second or two. We tried to push it over, but the wind took it, tore it from us, and dropped it into the sea. The sea took it, tossed it up and back against the rail and on to the deck. One smash, another, another, and it was kindling wood.

"'Try another,' said Dan, who was standing by the rail to his waist in water. He had a line about his waist, and that was all kept him inboard. We hoisted another dory out of the nest, and we had to fight even as we were hoisting for a footing on her deck, it was that steep and the great seas running clean over her. Up into the air we hoisted the second dory—up and out again. Once more the howling wind and the boiling sea took it—once more 'twas kindling wood.

"'There's seven more left—try another,' said Dan. A great man, Dan. If I go to sea for forty years I never expect to see a better—I could 'most cry when I think of how he was lost that night.

"'One of my hands mashed to a pulp,' said somebody.

"'Well, we can't stop to doctor you,' I called to him. 'Let somebody take your place at the tackles. Now, then, lads. I don't know that it'll do any good when we do get it over, but maybe we c'n take a look around—maybe find a landing place somewheres.'

"'I'll go in her,' calls out someone. 'Give me a chance now——'

"'My chance,' said Dan—'my chance, ain't it, Martin?'

"'Yes,' says I to Dan, and looking back at it now I say, 'God forgive you, Martin Carr,' and yet 'twarn't no fault of mine.

"Out went the dory, and when she hung for a second Dan swung himself after it. He made it and called, 'Pay out that line!' and dug in with the oars. We could just see him. We were still paying out the line, —we could still hear his voice, when 'Haul in—I broke an oar!' he called.

"'Haul in!' said I; but when he went to haul in there was nothing to haul—the line had parted.

"'God, he's gone!' said somebody.

"'That's what he is,' said a voice beside me—'I was bound he would be.'

"'Twas the skipper. From by the rail he crept up to me with a knife-blade shining—a bait knife it was, the same he'd had all night. And then I knew what it meant—he had cut the line. I stood away from him first, then I grabbed him and picked him up and had a mind to heave

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him over the rail, and then—I don't know why—I didn't. I dropped him on the deck. 'You'll get yours before this night's over,' I said.

"'A devil of a lot I care,' he said.

"The rest of them, or at least those that warn't too busy with the next dory or trying to look out for themselves, called out to ask what was wrong with the two of us. I didn't answer, nor did the skipper.

"Dan was only the first to go that night. We kept trying to launch dories—trying, but losing them—smashed to kindling-wood they were—until the whole nine of them were gone. During that time four men were washed over. One, with a line about him, made a desperate try, but was hauled back dead, I mind. We laid his body on the house, and afterward, when I went to look for it, it was gone—swept over. The seas were wicked.

"The wind was blowing harder, the big combers were coming even higher, and the gang began to be washed off her deck and lost one after the other. We took to the rigging when we saw twarn't any more use on deck. And in the middle of it all what d'y' think the skipper did? What d'y' think he did—the man that was the cause of it all? Well, while his crew were going—to heaven or hell as it might be—washed over and lost, one after the other—he goes below and has a mug-up for himself. Yes, sir, goes into the forec's'le and has a mug of coffee and a piece of pie. Somebody that'd seen him going below called out to the rest of us. The Lord's truth that. And the rest of us blasphemed to God—we were that black with rage against him.

"Well, there was ten of us, I think, in the rigging, all hoping to be able to last until daylight, when we thought we might be able to see where we were. Hoping only 'twas—not expecting—for 'twas getting colder, with the spray beginning to freeze where it struck and making hard work of holding on to the rigging. 'Twas wild—her sails still up, with the reef points beating a devil's tattoo where the canvas warn't tearing up and flying out like long-tailed ghostly things in the blackness. Lashed to the rigging we must've been for all of two hours, I callate. Some began to take note of the numbness creeping over them—one or two—the most discouraged. The warmer-blooded, or the strongest, tried to keep up a cheering talk—tried to crack jokes and one thing or another.

"Well, we had hope some of us of lasting through the night, when crack! We knew what was coming then. I slipped the half-hitch that had been holding me to the shrouds and climbed higher. I was 'most to the mast-head, clear of the gaff, when over the side went her forem'st—half a dozen men clinging to the forerigging, a-swaying and shaking—and after it went the mainm'st with four more, I think, in her rigging.

"Well, sir, when the forem'st went I was thrown into clear water. I had plenty of line to my hand, with a turn of it around the mast-head, and with that I hauled myself back. I hung on to an arm of the cross-trees for a while there before I started to work my way back along the mast toward the vessel. I didn't believe then I'd ever live to reach the vessel. The sail, as I said, had been kept standing on her, and now it was lying flat on the water, now sagging down with the weight of the water over it, and now bellying into the air when a great sea would get under it. I saw a shadow of a man—hanging on to a reef point he was—go down with that sail once, then go up with it once, and then the sail split under the weight of the sea, and I never saw him again. But I heard him holler as he went. What he said I don't know—I had to keep on crawling. The hoops of the sail were around the mast, of course, and I used them and the bolt-rope of the fores'l where the sail was torn away to pull myself along. And, mind you, I had to watch out for the forem'st itself. It reared and tossed with one sea after another—me astride it most of the time—like a man on horseback, though hard riding enough I found it. The least little tap of that and I knew where I'd be—bait for the fishes that I'd baited for so often. Well, between the hoops and the bolt-rope and the rigging I hauled myself along. And the way that mast rolled! Forty times I swear I thought I was good as dead. But no. And so I dragged myself along, watching out when I went upon the crests and holding my breath when I was pulled down into the depths—hung on desperately, mindful that the quietest knock of that big spar would end me then and there, and mindful, too, that once my grip loosed

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I'd be swallowed up in the roaring. Tired I was—aye, and weak, but I kept on working toward the vessel's hull always.

"Against the white sails and white foam I made out two others struggling like myself. 'That you, Bill?' said one. 'Yes—that you, Mike?' I heard from the other. I knew who they were then, and called out myself. Between two seas one slipped from sight. The other still crept on. 'That you, Bill?' I called out. 'Bill's gone,' said the voice—'twas Mike Cannon. 'That's tough,' I said. 'It is that,' says Mike, 'after the fight he put up. But how're you making out yourself?' 'Pretty good—how're you?' I said. 'Kind of tired. I doubt if I'll hold out much longer—something smashed inside my oilskins. My chest and a few ribs, I think—and one arm, too. A wild night and tough going, isn't it, Martin?'

"There was no more chance to talk. Two awful seas followed, and after the second a quiet spell—the back suction. I looked around. I thought I saw Mike, but warn't sure. I guess now I didn't, for another sea, the biggest of all, tossed the whole lot of wreckage back against the hull of the *Cromwell*. There was a grinding and a battering as the spars met the hull. Myself up in the air, I looked down and found myself over her deck, and then—my guardian angel it must've been that whispered me then—I let go. 'God in heaven!' I found myself saying and fetched up on her deck, the luckiest man in all the North Atlantic.

"Against what was left of the rail I found myself, close to what was left of the forerigging. At first I warn't sure just where I was at all, but that's where I found myself when my eyes were clear to see again. And when my eyes were clear I looked around. The hull of her was heaving to every sea, moving inshore maybe a foot at a time, with her bowsprit pointing to a shadow of rock or cliff ahead. I looked around again, and, so far as I could make out, everything—house, gurry-kids, booby-hatches—everything was gone off her. Only the two stumps of her masts seemed to be left on deck. But, no—the forec'sle hatch was left. Her bow, being so much higher than her stern, saved that. I saw that and—I don't know why—toward the forec'sle I crawled. The hatches were closed. I slid them back. Down the steps I went, and when I was below—I don't know why either—I thought of the razors in my bunk. I might's well get them couple of razors, I says to myself, and starts for my bunk, which was in the peak, the same bunk, clear for'ard on the starb'd side, that the Turkish-bath lad is in now. 'Twas like swimming down there. The water by the butt of the forem'st, 'bout like where I'm sitting here to-night, was over my waist. I couldn't help thinking then how deep 'twas and getting deeper fast, with the seas pouring down the companion-way. I was thinking of that—thinking I ought to've closed the hatches after me—and was looking back toward the steps, when I heard a little noise, or thought I did, for the pounding of the seas overhead was making an awful racket and I warn't sure. But I heard it again, the clinking of crockery like, and I looked around—back behind the steps—at last, and there, behind the stove, leaning up against the cook's lockers—I'd clean forgot him—was the skipper. He was having another mug-up for himself.

"'God!' I said; 'you here?'

"He half turned, dropping a coffee mug he had in his hand. Then taking a second look: 'Man, but I thought it was the ghost of Dan Spring. But you two look something alike. Come to think, you're cousins, ain't you? Man, if you could only see yourself! Blood—blood—and bruises—and your eyes, man—your eyes! But have a mug of coffee. Warn't it lucky?—here's the coffee boiler hove up here on the lockers—and some coffee still left in it—and hot. And there's a pie in the grub locker—on the top shelf. If it'd been on the bottom shelf it'd be all wet and floating around. Ain't that luck? And look here—a good half pint of whiskey left yet. It's been an awful night, ain't it? What d'y' say?'

"He held the bottle toward me. I took it from him and smashed it on the stove. And then I gave him a bit of my mind. 'And so, George Hoodley, you're so afraid, after all, to go to your death that you must go drunk, hah? The soul that the Lord gave you—that soul is going from a drunken body straight to the God that's going to judge you. And how'll you be judged, d'y' think, for this night's work, George

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Hoodley? Could you listen to what was said on deck to-night and not die of fright at what you've done? Did you hear Sam Catiss? "I'm not afraid to go, if go I must," says Sam, "but, Lord, there's one or two things I wish I hadn't done," says Sam. You heard him—we all heard him—and then he was swept over. And but for you, George Hoodley, maybe he'd have had time to make his peace before he went. And up in the rigging—you warn't there, I know—even you, if you'd heard what Peter Harkins said when we all knew her spars were going—when Peter heard the first crack and knew what it meant. And knowing he was going, with his last free breath he said things of you that if I had an enemy I wouldn't want him to hear—not if I hated him bad enough to want to see him in the bottom of the deepest, hottest hold of hell——'

"'Hell!' he breaks in; 'there ain't no hell—nor heaven, nor God, nor anything.'

"'God forgive you for that. You——'

"'God forgive me? Martin, you talk like an old woman. I tell you, since I was no higher than one of my jack-boots I've been listening to talk of hell and heaven—mostly hell, though—and I used to believe it one time. Nobody believed it any more than I did till when—till I began to see that the very people that was talking it so hard warn't governed by what they said. What they wanted was everybody else to be governed by what they preached. I tell you I know. I've seen it in my own people—I know them better than you do. It's years now—I was one of the fools, one that never let anybody, I thought, get the best of me at anything. You're one—though you're a good man in your fool way, Martin. I had no grudge against you, not even when I tried to lose you in the dory. But I had to get rid of your dory-mate.'

"'Get rid of Dan? And why Dan?'

"'Why? There again! You mean to tell me you don't know? I looked around before I went out this trip. Nobody'd tell me, but I knew his first name was Dan—Dan something. One day when the crew was out hauling the trawls I rummaged his bunk and found part of a letter in my wife's writing under his mattress. That was the same day I ran over Dan and you in the dory. 'Twas for that chance I'd been pretending my ankle warn't better. Weak ankle, bah!' He drove the bad foot against the stove and crushed in the oven door. 'Anything weak about that foot—bah? "Dear Dan," the note read—I know my wife's handwriting, and his name's Dan.'

"'Wait a bit—wait a bit. How do you know it was this Dan? Are there no other Dans in Gloucester?

"'How do I know? And it in his bunk—under the mattress in his bunk?'

"'That's all right. And whose bunk was it before Dan Spring got it? Another Dan's, warn't it—Dan Powell's? And didn't he leave the mattress behind him when he left this vessel trip before last? Didn't he? And warn't Dan Powell just the kind of a man that'd do a thing like that, and not Dan Spring—my own cousin? And so that's the bottom of it? Nineteen souls gone because you thought—just thought only—that one of them was fooling you. And for a woman that warn't worth Dan Spring's little finger. That's the truth, George Hoodley. But if you'd been brought up different, if you'd studied to understand the good side of people instead of the other side and how to get the best of them and to make money out of them and save it, you both might've come safe out of it. But you warn't that kind. 'Twarn't in your blood—nor in none of your people. Wrong's wrong—I got nothing to say about that—but human nature's human nature. Why should you expect, George Hoodley, to get the fine things in life? Why warn't you content with money? You'd earned that. What had you to offer a handsome young woman that liked a good time? What had you, even supposing she was the kind you could trust? Anything that women love? Not a blessed thing. You've spent your life with about one idea in your head, and that idea had nothing to do with being pleasant or kind to others, or good to anybody but yourself. Miles away from the kind of thing that women love were you all the time. You come to nigh fifty year of age—you with your hard face and hard mouth and eyes like—God, like a dead fish's eyes to-night, no less—don't you know that whoever was going to marry you warn't going to for love? You had a right to marry some lean old sour-mouthed spinster with a little money like yourself. What made you think that beauty and love was for you? But even

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in marrying you thought to make a good bargain—and got fooled. And by the daughter of a man of your own kind, too. D'y' s'pose her father didn't know? God help you, George Hoodley, 'twas him hooked you—'twas him made the good bargain, not you. Why, before ever you married her 'twas common talk she warn't the girl for any man to trust. But what good is it to talk of that now? Nineteen men gone, for I don't count you—you're no man. You're a—but I won't say it. Lord, but I'm tempted to choke you where you stand. Only when I think of those fine men—and poor Dan Spring——'

"'Dan Spring? Don't tell me 'twarn't Dan Spring, the——'

"'Hold up,' I says to that—'hold up, or close as we both are to death now and soon to go, I'll choke you where you stand—I'll send you to your God, or to the devil, with the print of my fingers around your turkey gobbler's throat, if you say aught of Dan—Dan was my own kind and I know him. Whatever faults he had—and maybe he had some—it warn't in the heart of Dan Spring to undervalue good women, or to mix with married women of any kind, let alone the wife of a man he was to go shipmate with. No, sir, not if he didn't have a wife and children of his own—wife and children that'll have to suffer all their lives because of you, and they'll never know what brought it all about. But years from now they'll still be without food and clothing because of you. When I think of it, George Hoodley, I misdoubt they'd count it against me in the other world, where we'll both be soon with the others, if I was to take you by the throat and wind my fingers around your windpipe and choke and choke and squeeze and squeeze you till your tongue came out and your eyes popped and your face got blue and then black and you——'

"He drew back against the lockers and put his hands before his face. 'Martin, Martin, don't!' he said, for in truth I all but had hold of him in spite of myself.

"'I'm not going to,' I said. 'I have enough already to account for. There's two or three things I wish I hadn't done, and maybe if I sent you to death a few minutes sooner than you're going, I'd be sorry for it, too, later on. I'm going on deck now. This vessel won't last much longer. She's breaking as it is—and up to our chests in water here now.'

"Well, all the time we were below the big seas never let up. Some of her outside planks were working loose from their frames when I left him to go on deck again. Her deck planking, too, was coming apart. I almost fell into her hold when I was coming out of the forec's'le. I didn't know what to do quite, but climbed up on toward her bow at last, hanging on where I could, dodging seas and the loose bits of wreck they were carrying with them. At the knight-heads I looked around and ahead. Astern and to either side 'twas nothing but rocks and the white sea beating over them. Ahead I could make out a wall of rock—I guessed where I was—to the west'ard of Canso, off Whitehead. I knew that coast—and a bad coast it was. Up on the bowsprit, crawling out with the help of the footropes and the stops hanging down and the wreck of the jib and stays, I began to think I had a chance—if I could only live till the daylight that was coming on. I climbed farther out. Hard work it was, and I soon cast off my boots. At the end of the bowsprit I got a better look. A dozen feet away was the ledge with a chance for a footing. If a man could jump that—but what man could—from a vessel's bowsprit? But now and then, perhaps every minute or so, the bowsprit, under a more than average big sea, lifted and sagged a little nearer the cliff. At the right time a man might make the leap, I thought. But if he missed? I looked down with the thought and saw nothing but rocks and a white boiling below. 'If you miss, Martin,' I said to myself, 'maybe you'll live five seconds—maybe ten—but more likely maybe you'd keep clear of being mashed to jelly for just about a wink of your eye.' And 'twas enough to make a man wink his eyes just to look at the white boiling hell beneath. I cast off my oilskin jacket while I was thinking of it, and then my oil pants. After that went my jersey, flannel shirt and trousers. I meant to have a good try at it, anyway.

"Looking back before I should leap, who did I see but the skipper. In the noise of the sea I had not heard him. He, too, had cast off his boots and was even then unbuttoning his oilskins. He must've known I was watching him, for he said, 'Don't throw me off, Martin—don't.'

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"'Who's going to?' I asked.

"'That's right—don't. Give me a chance now, Martin.'

"'Like you gave your crew?'

"'Oh, don't, Martin—don't! I was crazy. All that I said about not believing in God and hell—I didn't mean that. I'm afraid of it—afraid. I was always afraid of it, but never like now, Martin—never so afraid of the burning pit as now—never—never. Help me up, Martin—I'm weak—I can hardly stand. Help me, won't you, Martin? You're twice the man I am—no man ever sailed with me had your strength, Martin—help me, wont you, Martin?'

"I lifted him up, and the two of us clung to the end of the bowsprit. He looked weak as water then and I pitied him, and pitying him I pointed out what chance we had. 'There's the cliff and there's what's below. It's one chance in ten to a man that can leap well.'

"'I never could leap well, Martin.'

"'No, you couldn't—nor do anything much that other boys could do—no money in leaping, I s'pose. But there it is—and you c'n have your choice. Will you jump first or last?'

"'You go first, Martin. If you make it, maybe you c'n help me—maybe pass me a bit of line or something. See, I've got a bit of line I took along. You go first, Martin—you go first. It's an awful jump to take, though.'

"'There's men of your crew took more awful jumps to-night, George Hoodley. They jumped from this world to the other when the spars went. Well, I'm going. Give me room to swing my arms. Now, if I miss, good-by. If we both miss, then I s'pose we'll be standing up and giving account together in a few minutes. I've got enough on my conscience, but I'm glad I'm not you. Stand clear of me now—when she lifts I'm going.'

"The *Cromwell* lifted. Her bowsprit rose up and up till the end of it was higher than the ledge in the wall of rock before us. I waited till the last little second—till the bowsprit swayed in toward the cliff, and then, while it balanced there, and before it started to settle again, knowing, as you all know, the power that's in the uplift of a sea, I gathered myself and jumped. And 'twas a good leap. I didn't think I could do it, cold and numb as I'd been feeling. A good leap—yes. And 'twas the wet slippery shelf of rock I landed on, but I went a yard clear, and even when I slipped a little I checked myself before I slipped back to the edge, and was safe. Well, I lay there till I felt my nerve steady again, then stood up and called for the line from the skipper.

"'Now, when you jump,' I says, 'I'll get what brace I can here, so if you slip on the edge same's I did there'll be a chance to save you. But mind you, George Hoodley, if I find I can't hold you up—if it's to be your life or mine—it's you that's got to go. Mind that. And hurry—throw it quick, or I'll cast off the line altogether. That bowsprit won't be there in a few minutes maybe. Hurry up.'

"'But you'll hang on, won't you, Martin? You've got the strength if you want to use it.'

"'Jump, man, jump afore you lose your nerve entirely,' I hollers.

"He threw the line to me, after taking one end of it around his waist. The other end I took around my waist, my end half hitched so I could slip it in a hurry. I warn't throwing my life away for him if I knew it.

"Well, he jumped at last. And the bowsprit rose full as high and gave him full as good a chance as I'd got. But even so he fell a little short. His feet only caught the edge of the shelf. He staggered, and seeing how it was, I braced my feet well as I could and hauled. He came in, sagged away, I bracing my feet—they were slipping—in a crack in the rock of the ledge, I dug the fingers of one hand, the other hand to the line, and hung on. We were gaining, he was fairly on his feet, and I felt the strain easing, when a sea that swept up the side of the cliff like a tidal wave took him clear of everything. It would have swept me, too, but I gripped where I could get a hold with the fingers of my one loose hand in the crack in the rocks and hung on there—one hand to the crack and the other to the line—hung on so, supporting the weight of myself and the skipper until I felt my muscles getting hot and heavy and my breath coming fast. He was floundering somewhere on the edge of the cliff. I hollered to him, though feeling almost certain he was battered to pieces by then—'How is it with you, George—how is it, man?' but there was no answer. Again I hol-

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lered, and again no answer. And then, when I was satisfied that it was only the last ounce of strength I had left, I called out, 'Help yourself, George—why don't you help yourself?' No answer. Once more I called, and once more getting no answer, I knew then he must've been beaten to death against the rocks, and that 'twas his dead weight was hanging to me. And yet I called once more to make sure. But still getting no answer, 'The Lord have mercy on your soul, George Hoodley,' I said, and let slip the line."

Toward the end of Martin's story it had become very quiet in the forec's'le. Nobody said anything, neither broke in with a question nor offered any comment, until after a long silence, and then not until after Martin himself had repeated absently, as if to himself, and after a long indrawn breath, "And then I let slip the line," and only then did he look around and seem to realize that he was not on the ledge off Whitehead.

"And after you cast off the line—what then, Martin?"

"Well," resumed Martin, "the weight being gone made a great difference to me, but it was quite a while before I could stand on my feet. Even then I didn't have the courage to look down right away, but climbing to one side to the very top of the cliff, I laid flat on my stomach and looked over the edge. 'Twas good light then, and I could see the body of George Hoodley below—tossing about like an egg-shell, as if 'twas no more than sea-weed in a sea-way. And that was the end of it. Even if he warn't dead at the time—even if he warn't dead when I let go the line, and it had to be me or him, it ought to've been him. If it was a friend now—if it was Dan, say—I don't know what I would do. I hope I'd have the strength not to cast loose the line."

It was very quiet again. The boot-heels of the new watch on deck, the rasping of the booms as the vessel jibed, the whistle of the rising gale, the slap of the sea outside them, the skipper's voice on deck—the atmosphere stirred Martin again. "'Twas a night like this we swung the *Cromwell* off to the west'ard. I shouldn't wonder but what he'd be takin' the mains'l off her soon, won't he?"—this to the old watch, who had just come down the companion-way and was wringing his mitts out by the stove.

"The mains'l, Martin?" repeated the watch in surprise. "Why, the mains'l's been off her for hours—she's under a trys'l and jumbo."

"The mains'l, Martin," explained one, "was taken off her just after you and Johnnie were taken aboard. You were pretty tired and didn't notice maybe at the time."

"Lord, I must've been tired—not to know it when the mains'l's taken off a vessel I'm in. There was never a minute the night the *Cromwell* was lost that I was as tired as that. No, sir, not even when I laid on the cliff in the morning and looked down for George Hoodley's body."

"Speakin' of that, Martin—didn't some of the bodies come ashore?" This from the cook, who, incidentally, feeling a little less hurried, was putting a few shovels of coal into the stove before he should turn in for the night.

"There were two bodies came ashore," resumed Martin. "And that was a sad thing, too. I was going up to see if I couldn't get some clothes to hide my nakedness and maybe a pair of boots and a bite to eat and a bit of fire to warm up by somewhere, when I met a man. 'Twas good light by then. He was coming down a bit of beach behind the cliff. I told him my vessel had been wrecked and I was all that was left of the crew. And he fixed me up as well as he could and came back with me to the beach, and there's where the sad part came in. One of the *Cromwell's* crew, Angus MacPherson, had been fishing out of Gloucester twelve years, and every fall he said he was going home to see the old people. I knew that as well as I knew that he'd been sending money home regularly to the old people. If it hadn't been for Angus they'd had a hard time of it, I callate, those twelve years. Well, he never went home as he said, but here was the very place Angus came from and this was the way he came home at last. That same afternoon I helped to bury him and to carry his old mother away from the grave when she couldn't carry herself. God help us, but there's hard spots in life, ain't there?

"The other body that came up was the skipper's. And him I went to Gloucester with. And maybe there'd be no more to

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that, but getting into the Gloucester station, just as the train hauled up, who should happen to be at the station but the skipper's wife—his widow, then, of course. She knew well enough what had happened—everybody in Gloucester knew—the papers full of it the day before—but she didn't know that I, the one man saved from the wreck, was on the train. Nobody knew—I didn't send any word ahead. But it was only three days since the vessel was lost, but was she crying her eyes out? Was she?—the—the—but I won't say it.

"I goes up to her. 'Mrs. Hoodley,' says I, 'I've brought home your husband's body for burial.'

"D'y' think she thanked me? Indeed! I saw by her face I'd made a mistake not to bury him with Angus down Whitehead way. And then she makes eyes at me. God's truth. Makes eyes at me, while the box that her husband's corpse was in—and I knew what a battered, bloody corpse it was—was being lifted out of the baggage car and put into a wagon. She gave orders then and there to have it taken straight to the grave-yard, and when it was buried, mind you, she warn't there—not even for decency's sake. But going from the station while her husband's body was being carried away, she held her head up and took note of who was looking at her. That's what she liked—people to notice her. And looking at her I cursed George Hoodley for a fool that didn't drown her if he was bound to drown somebody, instead of the man that he thought had wronged him. So there you have it—the truth of the *Oliver Cromwell*—the part that didn't get into the papers."

"What was it the papers did say about it, Martin?"

"Oh, what they said was pretty near right so far as it went, but they didn't know the whole truth—and don't yet. They said a word or two 'bout his leaving a wife. No great harm done in that, I s'pose. As for himself, they said he was thrifty, and hard-working, and careful—gen'rally careful, they might've said—and successful. And so he was, I s'pose. But I think I'll be turning in, for after all there's nothing like a good sleep, is there? Where's Johnnie? Still asleep? Well, he's the wise lad to be getting his good sleep 'stead of listening to my long-winded stories. Maybe if we all turned in there'd be more of us good and strong to haul a trawl again to-morrow." He picked up his pipe. It was cold. "And now there's something. The man that'd invent something to keep a pipe going when you lay it down without smokin' itself all up'd make a lot of money, wouldn't he? And yet maybe it's just as well for some of us. I callate I've smoked enough, anyway."

"But, Martin, before you turn in, what's become of Hoodley's widow?"

"Oh, her? She and Dan Powell got married since, and they're both getting all that's coming to them. He'll go out and get lost some day, too, maybe, to get away from her. I wouldn't be surprised anyway if he did. Only before he goes, being a different kind of a man from George Hoodley and knowing women of her kind better, he won't worry so much about the man as about her. He'll see that she's put out of the way before he sails—or at least that's my idea of it—or maybe it's only that I half hope he will. But I think I'll be turning in."

He tucked his pipe away under his mattress, slipped out of his slip-shods, slacked away his suspenders and laid his length in his bunk. He was about to draw the curtain, but his eye catching the eye of the watch, who was then hauling off his wet boots, he had to ask, "What's it look like for the morning, Stevie—what'd the skipper say?"

"He says that unless it moderates a bit more than it looks as if 'twill now, we'll stay aboard in the morning."

"Well, here's one that ain't sorry to hear that. I don't mind sayin' now that it's all over, that hanging on to the bottom of that dory warn't any joke to-day. I'm good and tired. 'Twas a night like this we headed the *Cromwell* to the west'ard. 'Hell or Gloucester,' says he, and hell it was for him. Good-night."

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS AND HENRY REUTERDAHL

XI*

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1814 ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER AND SEABOARD

THE particular feature which differentiated the campaign of 1814 from those of the two preceding years was that through the downfall of Napoleon the British Government was enabled to send a large body of veteran troops to America. Formal peace with France under the restored Bourbons was signed May 30th. On June 2d a division intended for operations in the Chesapeake sailed from Bordeaux, reaching Bermuda July 25th. In the same month reënforcements began to arrive in Canada; the effective strength under Sir George Prevost rising, by the official returns, from 16,117 in June to 29,437 in August.

There was at the opening of the season still a period of opportunity for the American arms, had the Government been efficient. Instead of gaining, however, it appeared rather to have lost, through discouragement, such small portions of military vigor and sagacity as had at any time belonged to it. Circumstances, indeed, were not promising. The enemy's numbers had not materially increased up to July 1, 1814, but its own also had received no sensible augmentation; and the British position on the Niagara frontier was decisively better than it had been, through the possession of the forts on both sides of the river's mouth. By this they not only had safer anchorage for the fleet, but, still more important, the power of passing reënforcements at will, and secretly, from one shore to the other. An American general operating on the Niagara peninsula was thus in continual danger of having his landwise communications impaired, by sudden attack, concentrated for the purpose at Fort Niagara; while, to make the situation worse, Yeo during the winter had succeeded in outbuilding Chauncey, so that the control of the water passed to the British from May 1st to August 1st. On Lake Champlain conditions were no better. It will suffice to quote the words of General Izard, who relieved Wilkinson on May 4th: "I cannot, on this (New York) side of Lake Champlain, produce an aggregate force of more than two thousand effectives, and these raw, ill-clad, and worse disciplined. The brigade in Vermont is not proportionally stronger."

On the seacoast also, conditions from the defensive point of view remained essentially as they had been. The news of approaching British reënforcements, and the reports of operations projected against the principal seaports, stirred up the people to take local precautions for defence; the General Government having neither the means nor the energy to accomplish the work of protection assigned to it by the Constitution. In an hour of emergency, private enterprise and individual contributions of money and labor were evoked to effect, under the guidance of committees of defence, that which the responsible government of the nation through a dozen years had neglected to do. One good result was produced by the universal uneasiness and apprehension. The sense of national danger, of the projects of territorial acquisition entertained by the British Government, aroused the latent feeling of patriotism, which hitherto had been suppressed through discontent with the measures of the government, and lack of respect for its capacity, as shown in the conduct of the war and of the preceding negotiations.

The campaign of 1813 in the North had closed with Wilkinson's army going into cantonments in November, at French

*Maps illustrative of these scenes of the war will be found in Articles II, III, and VII (February, March, and July) of this series.

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Mills, on the New York frontier. It there remained till February, 1814, when the larger part removed to Plattsburg and to Burlington, Vermont; but General Brown with some two thousand was sent to Sackett's Harbor. The Champlain division remained inactive; but in March Brown received orders from the Secretary of War, Armstrong, to make an attempt upon Kingston, if at all feasible, while the ice still held on the St. Lawrence. To mask this purpose, he was sent a different set of instructions, which he was to let transpire. These dwelt upon the humiliation of seeing Fort Niagara in the hands of the enemy, and mentioned that General Winfield Scott had been sent to western New York to organize a force for its recapture. As his numbers would be insufficient, Brown was to reënforce him with the two thousand men brought from French Mills.

Upon receipt of these papers Brown consulted with Chauncey, and they decided that to attempt Kingston would be inexpedient with less than four thousand troops. These were not to be had at Sackett's. Brown then fell into the not unnatural mistake of construing Armstrong's separate instructions as alternatives; and, as Kingston was out of the question, he determined to go to Niagara. On the way he was visited by doubts as to the correctness of his course; but in the end he persisted, and carried his division to Batavia, where it arrived before April 1st. The entire force in western New York was then concentrated for organization and drill under Scott, who made of it the most efficient body that fought during the war under the United States flag. General Gaines was put in charge of the Sackett's Harbor district, Brown himself retaining general command of the whole Lake Ontario line. This march to Niagara was decisive of the course of the campaign. It disconcerted, finally, Armstrong's projects against Kingston, which he had all along recognized to be the position of paramount importance on the lakes. The movement was, moreover, open to the objection of being ex-centric; the distance between the armies of Champlain and Ontario being increased to an extent which prevented concentration upon the really vital section of the enemy's line, —the St. Lawrence River from Kingston to Montreal, or, indeed, co-operation of any kind. The Secretary took the disappointment good-humoredly, and proceeded to reconstruct his plans.

Not least among the objections to the diversion of this number of men from Sackett's was the consequent danger to that important station. Early in April Chauncey received correct information that General Drummond had gathered three thousand troops, with a number of small transports, to attack the place if the American fleet left it. The Commodore feared the attempt might be made even in the presence of the fleet; for "there are not a thousand effective men here besides the sailors and marines." Fortunately, Drummond and Yeo, like Brown and Chauncey, were agreed that four thousand men were necessary, and as that number could not be collected, they decided to direct their effort against Oswego. Yeo, on April 14th, had launched two new ships, of fifty and forty-eight guns respectively, and these gave him for the time so far the superiority that Chauncey would not venture out.

This momentary command of the lake was especially menacing to the Americans, because the preceding winter had been so mild, and the roads consequently so bad, as seriously to impede land communication with Sackett's. All supplies were retarded, but heavy guns could not go forward at all. They therefore had to be sent by the water route of the Mohawk, Lake Oneida, and the Oswego River. Quantities of stores had thus accumulated at Oswego, where they were very inadequately protected; but the guns were held back at the falls, ten miles above, and could be reached by the enemy only if in large force.

On May 6th, the British attacked. Brown, recognizing the danger to which the American interests at the east end of the lake were exposed, had returned to Sackett's; and, suspecting the enemy's purpose, had sent to defend Oswego a small detachment of 290 men. These, with the seamen present, offered a spirited resistance; but they were heavily outnumbered, and the necessity of preserving the guns in the rear compelled them to retreat to positions where that object could be more certainly assured. The British occupied the town, and on retiring next day carried with them over two thousand barrels of provisions, besides a quantity of cordage and two

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small schooners. Nine heavy cannon were also captured; but the bulk of the armament for the new ships approaching completion remained untouched at the falls.

The enemy's control of the lake made the forwarding of these difficult. Yeo immediately placed his squadron across the entrance to Black Bay, within which lies Sackett's Harbor. "This is the first time," wrote Chauncey, "that I have experienced the mortification of being blockaded on the lakes." There remained the resource of bringing the guns by water to an inlet south of Sackett's, and exterior to the British blockade, called Stoney Creek, the head of which was within three miles of the Harbor. This hazardous operation, carefully planned and contrived, was brilliantly executed; and in its course entailed upon the British a defeat particularly mortifying and inconvenient. Nineteen batteaux were assembled at Oswego Falls, and there loaded with thirty-four heavy guns and several cables. When preparation was complete, on May 28th, a lookout boat from the town reconnoitred the lake, well to the eastward, and the batteaux were run over the falls, reaching Oswego at sunset. Here 150 riflemen were taken on board. The coast being reported clear, the expedition started at dark, hugging the shore closely, and at daylight entered Salmon River, having made twenty miles. One batteau, however, was missing. A party of 120 Oneida Indians now joined, and moved along shore in company during the next stage of ten miles, to Great Sandy Creek. Here the convoy entered at noon of the 29th, and anchored two miles from the outlet to await instructions; nearness to the enemy necessitating greater circumspection.

The strayed batteau had been captured; and Yeo, learning thus of the movement, sent in pursuit a division of armed boats. When these arrived off the Big Sandy, on the morning of May 30th, the masts of the batteaux were seen not far away; and the officer in command, Captain Popham, conscious of the importance of their lading, decided to attack at once. He pulled up the stream with every reasonable precaution, clearing the banks with grape from his guns; but a half mile below the anchorage the riflemen and Indians successfully ambushed his flotilla, and compelled its surrender after a sturdy resistance. Of 183 officers and men, 14 were killed and 28 wounded. That the Americans lost but two wounded shows that the responsible officers had provided a force adequate to the gravity of the enterprise, and had handled it with care and skill.

Yeo soon after this abandoned the blockade, convinced that he could not stop supplies, and on June 6th retired to Kingston. After consultation with Drummond he decided that, in view of the approaching superiority of the American squadron, the guns of which had arrived, and also of the fact that in the autumn his new 102-gun ship would be ready, it was not expedient now to contest directly the control of the lake. He wrote: "The enemy are not in sufficient force to undertake any expedition in the face of our present squadron, but any disaster on our side might give them a serious ascendency." The British main fleet therefore remained quiet behind the guns of Kingston during the summer; materially helped in so doing by Chauncey's inactivity, which provided them with no motive for action.

On June 7th the Cabinet of the United States framed a general plan of campaign, based upon the conditions so far stated. It assumed that Chauncey could co-operate actively by June 15th, and on June 8th he himself said that he would be ready by July 1st, if men were sent him. Heavy reënforcements arrived before the 20th, and on the 24th he wrote that he would sail the first week in July. The Secretary of War estimated that by then 5000 regulars and 3000 volunteers could be assembled at Niagara, under Brown. The Cabinet, as is usual, undertook too much. The principal effort was to be by the north shore of Lake Erie. Brown, escorted by the fleet in those waters, was to land at some place between the Niagara River and Long Point, eighty miles west, and thence march across the peninsula against Burlington Heights, at the head of Ontario, where the British in 1813 had twice successfully made head against the American advance. This position carried, the army would move along the north shore of Ontario against York, its flank covered by Chauncey's squadron, which also, by controlling the lake, would maintain the supplies and reënforcements commonly embraced under the word

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"communications." Subsidiary to this principal undertaking, a force of heavy armed boats was to be maintained on the St. Lawrence, to stop the British supplies arriving from Montreal; and a minor expedition, naval and military, was to be sent against Mackinac. To the latter the Secretary of War strenuously objected. Mackinac, he said, cannot stand, if we occupy the Niagara peninsula and Lake Ontario. He was right; the troops sent on this fruitless mission should have been used to strengthen the army at Niagara.

When the moment of action came, Brown's muster-rolls showed 4780 men, of whom 830 were militia. To such proportions had fallen the 8000 of the Secretary's estimate. On July 1st there were present for duty only 3500, besides 600 Indians. For some reason, possibly the smallness of the force, the line of action chosen by the Cabinet was not followed. On the night of July 2d the Americans crossed the Niagara a little below its outlet from Lake Erie. Fort Erie, feebly garrisoned, surrendered next day. On July 4th, Brown moved north toward Fort George, which he proposed to besiege, expecting to be supported by Chauncey. Scott's brigade led the advance, the enemy retiring without serious opposition. On the 5th, Scott was encamped on the south side of Street's Creek. Unknown to him, the British were concentrating for attack, two miles north, covered from observation by the Chippewa, a river 150 yards wide, parallel to Street's Creek; both entering the Niagara at right angles to its general course.

Neither of the opponents was in force between the two streams. The intervening ground was cleared along the Niagara; but to the American left it was covered with woods, from which sharp-shooters caused some annoyance. Later in the day, a party of militia and Indians were ordered to dislodge these, which was done with apparently little trouble. The weather had been intensely hot, and while this movement in the woods was in progress, Scott decided to improve the cool of the evening with some field exercise. For this purpose he marched his brigade across the creek, but had scarcely done so when he found himself confronted by the enemy under Riall. The British general knew himself much inferior to the American aggregate force, all which he believed to be upon the field; but the past had taught him, in common with his superiors, to make little account of American soldiery. Drummond had written him that liberties might be taken, which would seem hazardous "to a military man unacquainted with the character of the enemy and the events of the last two campaigns." The militia and Indians, after passing the woods, met his approaching column, and retreated with a rapidity which ended in rout. Scott, equally surprised, deployed under fire with a steadiness which astonished Riall into recognizing that he had before him an organization different from those before encountered. The British came on as men accustomed to conquer; but the American officer, extending his flanks at the price of leaving between them a wide interval, threw forward his left and brought upon the enemy a cross fire, in which his troops showed the superiority of their marksmanship. Then, taking the offensive, they charged. The extremities of the British line, already shaken and outflanked, were driven together in confusion, and the whole forced to retreat. Scott's description was that "the wings of the enemy, being outflanked, and in some measure doubled upon, were mouldered away like a rope of sand."

This battle of Chippewa was intrinsically a small affair. The force engaged on either side was substantially equal. Each numbered about 1500, the Americans being very slightly the fewer. The losses in killed and wounded were, British, 369; Americans, 295. The figures speak for the severity of the fighting, which characterized also the whole of this campaign; to which only, in the War of 1812, Americans could point as proving conclusively the fighting possibilities inherent in their race, suitably organized and drilled. The degree of satisfaction given at the time may be inferred from the fact that two ships-of-the line, laid down by Chauncey at Sackett's the following winter, bore the names respectively of *New Orleans* and *Chippewa*.

After this affair, Brown advanced rapidly northward. Riall retreated to Fort George, into which he threw a garrison, and thence to Twenty Mile Creek, that distance west of the fort, on the lake shore. Brown followed, and on July 10th wrote urgently to Chauncey to come and co-operate with

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Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

Building the fortifications around Baltimore.—Page 110.

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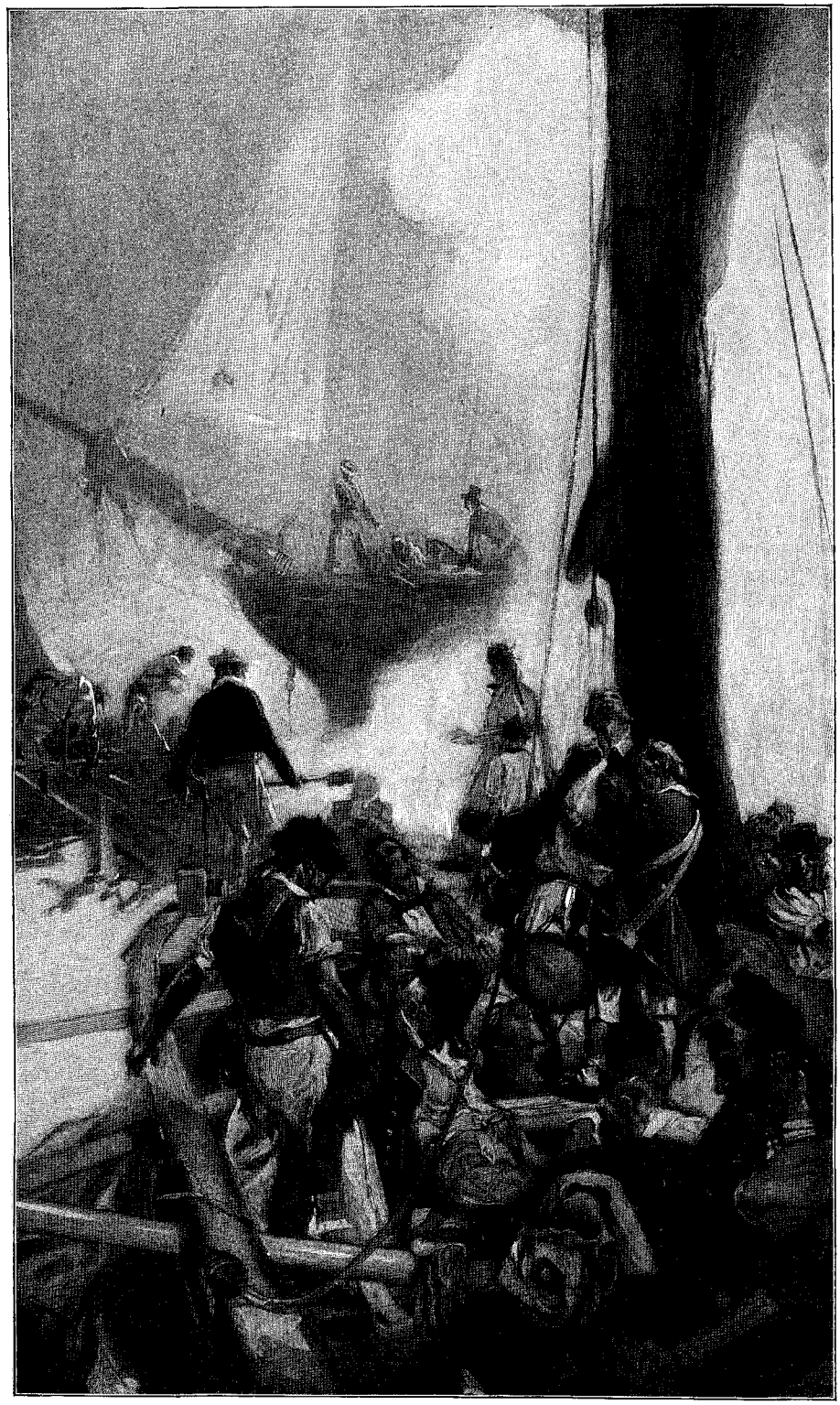

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The Battle of Lake Champlain.

The English galleys (gunboats) attacking the American line. The ship in the distance is the schooner *Ticonderoga*

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him; but the caution, which formed so disproportionate an element in the military character of the naval commander, combined at this moment with severe illness to deter him entirely from moving. Notwithstanding his assurance of taking the lake in the first week of July, he remained at Sackett's throughout the month. The reasons alleged were inadequate. The letters of the Secretary of the Navy show an entire understanding of the various opportunities open to the squadron, in order to support Brown; but he refrained from giving specific instructions to the officer on the spot, in whom his confidence had not been shaken by the impotent results of the previous year, nor by their contrast with Perry's instant and decisive action.

Left to his own discretion, Chauncey idled July in port; while to Brown's accusation, and the complaints of the Government, he replied that it was impossible to co-operate, because the fleet could not get nearer than two miles to Fort George, and the army had not reached the lake shore. He underestimated extravagantly the assistance he could have given by stopping reënforcements and supplies to the British on the peninsula. He was so far superior to Yeo that he could have placed before Kingston a force equal to that within, and yet have spared to the head of the lake vessels sufficient to embarrass immensely the operations of the enemy. The proof of this is that he actually did so in August, and that the British commanders in July were tormented with fears that he might intervene. "Without the valuable aid of the Navy in transporting troops and stores," wrote Drummond, "I certainly should not have been able to attempt offensive operations so soon after my arrival."

The offensive operations alluded to were those which issued in the battle of Lundy's Lane. Brown had advanced to the neighborhood of Fort George, and there made a demonstration of throwing up siege works. Riall was greatly alarmed, and on July 22d sent pressing messages to Drummond; but on the afternoon of the same day was able to report that the Americans had fallen back to Queenston. There, the next morning, Brown received word from Gaines at Sackett's Harbor, that there was no chance of the navy assuring him the siege guns needed to operate against Fort George, and that no one knew when the squadron would sail. He then determined to retire still farther, to the Chippewa, abreast of Fort Schlosser, where his depots were. His intention was to make a dash direct at Burlington after replenishing. At this moment Drummond, hitherto detained at Kingston, reached York. Receiving Riall's letters, he determined at once to utilize the free use of the water, abandoned to him by Chauncey, to send reënforcements to Fort Niagara, and thence strike at Brown's communications on the United States side. Riall was instructed to support the movement by a demonstration on the Canada side. The reënforcements sailed from York July 23d, Drummond following in person on the 24th. When he arrived, on the morning of the 25th, he found conditions which induced him so far to change the plan, that Riall's became the main attack, and the advance against the depots a diversion only.

Brown's retrograde movement had begun when he received news of the enemy's advance on the New York side. He conceived that the surest way to stop it was to return himself against the British positions at Queenston, and Scott's brigade was ordered in that direction. As it turned the bend at the Falls, signs of the enemy were seen. Half a mile beyond enters the cross road known as Lundy's Lane. It was lined with troops superior in number to those encountered equally suddenly at Chippewa. Scott hesitated an instant; but, fearing the effect upon the other brigades if he retired, he decided to attack, sending Brown word. Throwing the weight of his force upon the British left, next the river, he drove it back, capturing there General Riall, who had been wounded. In the result, the pushing back of the enemy on this flank gradually brought them across the lane instead of along it; and when the remaining American brigades arrived they formed in order parallel to the enemy, their backs to the Niagara, Scott on the right.

Like Chippewa, Lundy's Lane is noticeable chiefly for the stern resolution shown on both sides. "In so determined a manner were the attacks directed against our guns," reported Drummond, "that our artillery men were bayoneted in the act of loading, and the muzzles of the enemy's guns were advanced within a few yards of

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ours." He repeats the statement in other words in his report; but stronger testimony to the impression produced is his estimate of 5000, as the force opposed to him. The Americans had present 2644, of whom 400 were militia. Drummond says that first and last he had not more than 2800. With these respective totals, the Americans lost, in killed and wounded, 743; the British, 643. Again the figures speak for themselves. Bladensburg and Lundy's Lane, occurring a month apart, with men of the same blood, illustrate exactly the difference in military value between crude material and finished product.

From the reduction in his numbers Brown could no longer keep the field. He retired to Fort Erie, where he remained shut up by the British. On August 15th, Drummond assaulted the works in force; but, being repulsed with heavy losses, he settled down to a formal siege, grievously harrassed by Chauncey's control of the lake. British official correspondence bears abundant testimony to a vigor of American naval action in August and September, which in July might have produced appreciable results.

The retirement within the lines of Fort Erie, July 26th, may be taken as marking the definitive abandonment of the offensive on the Canada frontier by the United States. The opportunities of two years had been wasted by inefficiency of force and misdirection of effort. While Brown was campaigning, the reënforcements were rapidly arriving which were to enable the British to assume the aggressive, though in numbers insufficient to compel the rectification of frontier, by cession of territory, which the British Government desired. Lord Castlereagh, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the leading representative of the aims of the Cabinet, wrote in his instructions to the Peace Commissioners, August 14, 1814: "The views of the Government are strictly defensive. Territory as such is by no means their object; but, as the weaker Power in North America, Great Britain considers itself entitled to claim the use of the lakes as a military barrier." The declaration of war by the United States was regarded by most Englishmen as a wanton endeavor to overthrow their immemorial right to the services of their seamen, wherever found; consequently, the invasion of Canada was an iniquitous attempt to acquire territory under cover of an indefensible pretext. To guard against the renewal of such, the lakes must be considered British waters, to which the American flag should have only commercial access. Territory south of the lakes would not be exacted, "provided the American Government will stipulate not to preserve or construct any fortifications upon, or within a limited distance of, their shores." "On the side of Lower Canada there should be such a line of demarcation as may establish a direct communication between Quebec and Halifax." As defined, this would slice off such part of Maine as lay north of the Aroostook River

Luckily, although Napoleon had fallen, conditions in Europe were still too unsettled and volcanic to permit Great Britain seriously to weaken her material force there. Two weeks later Castlereagh wrote to the Prime Minister: "Are we prepared to continue war for territorial arrangements?" "Is it desirable to take the chances of the campaign, and then be governed by circumstances?" The last sentence defines the policy actually followed; and the chances went definitely against them when Macdonough destroyed the British fleet on Lake Champlain. Except at New Orleans and Baltimore — mere defensive successes — nothing but calamity befell the American arms. To the battle of Lake Champlain it was owing that the British occupancy of United States soil at the end of the year was such that—to use Wellington's phrase—to claim possession was as absurd as for an officer to assert sovereignty over the ground on which he had posted his pickets. The earnestness of the Government, however, in seeking the changes specified, is indicated by the proposition seriously made to the Duke to command in America.

Yet another object dictated the character of operations initiated with the increase of force. Resentment for what was considered the unreasonable action of the United States, and impatience of the continuance of war, determined both nation and rulers to give the offending people a lesson which would compel peace on the terms assigned. Gallatin wrote from London in June: "To use their own language, they mean to inflict upon America a chastisement which will teach her that war is not to be declared against Great Britain with impunity.

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This is a very general sentiment with the nation; and that such are the opinions of the ministry was strongly impressed on the mind of —— by a late conversation he had with Lord Castlereagh. Admiral Warren also told Levett Harris, with whom he was intimate at St. Petersburg, that he was sorry to say the instructions given to his successor on the American station were very different from those under which he acted, and that he feared very serious injury would be done to America."

To this intent to punish, a specific tinge of bitterness was given by the official purpose to retaliate some unwarrantable—and unauthorized—destruction of private or unmilitary property by United States troops in Canada. The weight of this retaliation —excessive in measure—fell upon the Chesapeake, the most exposed region, and upon the capital of the offending nation. The capture of Washington was a simple raid, executed in four days, and to the moment of undertaking tentative even in design. It was prosecuted under cover of destroying the American flotilla, under the gallant Commodore Barney, who had been forced to take refuge in the Patuxent River, which enters the Chesapeake twenty miles above the Potomac. The draught of Barney's boats would permit their retreat to a point forty miles from the river's mouth, and only fifteen from Washington. Thither they could not be followed by any naval force capable of destroying them without suffering severely; but a co-operating land detachment would make resistance impossible. There was thus apparent motive for the fleet being accompanied by Ross's division, which had left Bordeaux in June. Admiral Cochrane wrote: "The Potomac flotilla afforded a pretext, . . . while the ultimate destination was Washington, should it be found that the attempt might be made with any prospect of success."

The combined expedition entered the Patuxent August 18th, the troops numbering over four thousand. On the 21st, Barney, seeing himself cornered, carried off 400 of his men to aid the militia hastily assembling to oppose the invasion. A few hands were left to burn the boats at the last moment. This was done on the 22d; and at noon of the 24th the British, after an advance presenting only technical points of interest, encountered the armed mob assembled at Bladensburg, five miles from Washington. The well-known rout followed, and that night the enemy entered the city. The Capitol, White House, and several public buildings, were burned by them; the navy-yard and vessels by the Americans. Ross, accustomed to European warfare, did not feel Drummond's easiness in his position, which technically was most insecure. He retreated rapidly on the evening of the 25th, and on the 26th regained touch with the fleet on the Patuxent, after a separation of only four days. Advance and retreat had been made by a force of little over 4000, through a country which the American Secretary of War described as "covered with wood, and offering at every step strong positions for defence." Cockburn remarked that there was no molestation of the retreat, "not a single musket having been fired." It was the culmination of the Administration's disgrace, unrelieved by any feature of credit except the gallant stand of Barney's four hundred. Their leader, wounded and incapable of flight, compelled his subordinates to leave him. He remained a captive in the hands of the British, by whom he was treated with delicate attention; "like a brother," to use his own words.

Only by contrast with the contemporary fight at Lundy's Lane is Bladensburg rightly appreciated. In its defenders was realized Jefferson's ideal of a citizen soldiery, unskilled, but strong in their patriotism, flying to arms to oppose an invader. Posted before the centre and heart of national life, they occupied a position strong, though unfortified, upon a hill; while the enemy had to cross a river, in part fordable, but nevertheless an obstacle to rapid action. There was but one bridge, and that covered by the American artillery, superior to the enemy's. The bridge was rushed, and then the whole line in rapid succession broke, except Barney's little battery, which for a few moments compelled respect, though abandoned by its supports. The figures again tell the tale. The victors lost 64 killed, 158 wounded. The defeated, by the estimate of their superintending surgeon, had 10 or 12 killed and 40 wounded. Such disparity of injury is usual where defendants are behind cover; but in an open field it shows that the party attacked did not wait to contest the ground. "The

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rapid flight of the enemy," reported Ross, "and his knowledge of the country, precluded the possibility of many prisoners being taken."

Coincident with the capture of Washington, a little British squadron—two frigates and five smaller vessels—ascended the Potomac. Fort Washington, a dozen miles below the capital, was abandoned August 27th by the officer in charge, removing the only obstacle due to the foresight of the Government. On the 29th, Captain Gordon, the senior officer, anchored his force before Alexandria, of which he kept possession for three days. Upon withdrawing, he carried away all the seaworthy merchant-men, having loaded them with merchandise awaiting exportation. Energetic efforts were made by Captains Rodgers, Perry, and Porter, of the Navy, to molest the retreat by such means as could be extemporized; but both ships and prizes escaped, the only loss being in life: 7 killed and 45 wounded.

After burning Washington, the British main fleet and army moved up the Chesapeake against Baltimore, which would undoubtedly have undergone the lot of Alexandria, in a contribution laid upon shipping and merchandise. The attack, however, was successfully met. The respite afforded by the expedition against Washington had been improved by the citizens to interpose earthworks on the hills before the city. This local precaution saved the place. The enemy's march was contested in the field by the militia, who behaved better than at Bladensburg, but showed, nevertheless, the unsteadiness of raw men. To harass the enemy's advance a body of riflemen had been posted well forward, and a shot from these mortally wounded General Ross; but, "imagine my chagrin, when I perceived the whole corps falling back upon my main position, having too credulously listened to groundless information that the enemy was landing on Back River to cut them off."

The British approached along the narrow strip of land between the Patapsco and Back rivers. The American general, Stricker, had judiciously selected for his line of defence a neck, where inlets from both streams narrowed the ground to half a mile. His flanks were thus protected, but the water on the left giving better indication of being fordable, the British directed there the weight of the assault. To meet this, Stricker drew up a regiment to the rear of his main line, and at right angles,—L fashion,—the volleys from which would sweep the inlet. When the enemy's attack developed, this regiment "delivered one random fire," and then broke and fled; "totally forgetful of the honor of the brigade, and of its own reputation," to use Stricker's words. Their flight carried along part of the left flank proper. The remainder of the line held for a time, and then retired without awaiting the hostile bayonet. The American report gives the impression of an orderly retreat; a British participant, who admits that the ground was well chosen, and that the line held until within twenty yards, wrote that after that he never witnessed a more complete rout. The invaders then approached the city; but upon viewing the defences, and learning that the fleet could not co-operate, owing to vessels sunk across the channel, the commanding officer decided that a successful assault would not repay the probable loss. Fleet and army then withdrew.

The attacks on Washington and Baltimore, the seizure of Alexandria, and the general conduct of operations in the Chesapeake, belong strictly to the punitive purpose which dictated British measures upon the seaboard. Similar action extended through Long Island Sound, and to the eastward, where alarm in all quarters was maintained by the general enterprise of the enemy, and by specific injury in various places. "The Government has declared war against the most powerful maritime nation," wrote the Governor of Massachusetts to the legislature, "and we are disappointed in our expectations of national defence. But though we may be convinced that the war was unnecessary and unjust, and has been prosecuted without any useful or practicable object with the inhabitants of Canada, while our seacoast has been left almost defenceless, yet I presume there will be no doubt of our right to defend our possessions against any hostile attack by which their destruction is menaced." "The eastern coast," reports a journal of the time, "is much vexed by the enemy. Having destroyed a great portion of the coasting craft, they seem determined to enter the little outports and villages, and burn everything that

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floats." On April 7th, six British barges ascended the Connecticut River eight miles, to Pettipaug, where they burned twenty-odd sea-going vessels. On June 13th, at Wareham, Massachusetts, a similar expedition entered and destroyed sixteen. These were somewhat large instances of an action everywhere going on, inflicting indirectly incalculably more injury than even the direct loss suffered; the whole being with a view to bring the war close home to the consciousness of the American people. They were to be made to realize the power of the enemy and their own helplessness.

In the North, rectification of frontier being desired, conciliation of the inhabitants rather than punishment was to be practised. Moose Island, on which stands Eastport, in Passamaquoddy Bay, was seized July 11th, "being considered within the boundary line of New Brunswick;" but protection to individuals and property was promised. In August, General Sherbrooke, Governor of Nova Scotia, received orders "to occupy so much of the District of Maine* as shall insure an uninterrupted communication between Halifax and Quebec." His orders being discretionary as to method, he decided that with the force available he should best comply by taking possession of Machias and the Penobscot River. On September 1st, navy and army appeared before Castine, which was quickly abandoned. A few days before, the United States frigate *Adams*, Captain Morris, returning from a cruise, had run ashore in a fog upon Isle au Haut, and in consequence of the injuries received had been compelled to enter the river as far as Hampden, thirty miles up. A detachment of seamen and soldiers were sent against her. Her guns had been placed in battery on shore for her defence, and militia had gathered for the support necessary to artillery so situated; but they proved unreliable, and upon their retreat the ship had to be fired. The crew escaped. The enemy penetrated as far as Bangor, seized a number of merchant vessels, and subsequently occupied Machias, where twenty-five pieces of artillery were captured in the fort. Sherbrooke then issued a voluminous proclamation to the effect that he had taken possession of all the country between the Penobscot and New Brunswick; after which he returned to Halifax, leaving at Castine two regiments, with transports to remove them in case of overwhelming attack. It was this burlesque of occupation, "one foot on shore, and one on sea," that drew forth Wellington's derisive comment.

Much more threatening was the concentrated movement along Lake Champlain. This constituted "the chances of the campaign," upon which the British ministry based its expectations. The tenure of this lake, feebly contested on either side, had remained with the British from June, 1813, to May, 1814, when the *Saratoga*, of 26 guns, being ready, transferred control to Commodore Macdonough, the American commander. The British, however, were then building a vessel, subsequently named the *Confiance*, of 37 guns, which should give them supremacy. She was not launched until August 25th. It was understood generally, and by none expressed more emphatically than by the Duke of Wellington, that upon naval command of the lake depended such issue of the operations as should justify the pretensions of his Government.

On July 12th, Sir George Prevost wrote to the Secretary for War that as soon as all the reënforcements arrived the secret instructions should be obeyed; but he must confine himself to defence until naval control was obtained, which could not be before September. As the troops from Bordeaux arrived, three brigades, estimated, with attendant artillery, at from 11,000 to 14,000 men, were assembled near the border. Singularly enough, this moment of threatening invasion was chosen by the United States Government to divert from the frontier the greater part of its defenders. General Izard, the commander-in-chief, was directed to go to the relief of Brown, then shut up in Fort Erie. He started August 29th with 4000 effectives, representing the result of a summer spent in organizing and drilling the disordered rabble found in April. Moving by Utica to Sackett's Harbor, and thence by lake, he did not reach Brown until after that general, by a brilliant sortie on September 17th, had compelled Drummond to raise the siege, and fall back to a defensive line behind the Chippewa.

Prevost's advance corps crossed the frontier August 31st, two days after Izard's de-

* Maine was then politically attached to Massachusetts.

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parture. Macomb, left in command at Plattsburg, had but 1500 regulars, of which only four companies were organized. The remainder were broken groups or individuals, recruits and convalescents. On September 4th, 700 militia joined. By that time the whole British army had reached Little Chazy, twenty-five miles away, on Lake Champlain, where their depots were established. Hitherto no opposition had been met; but next day there were delays, owing to trees felled and bridges broken by Macomb's orders. On the 6th there was skirmishing, but the American militia "could not be prevailed upon to stand," reported Macomb, "notwithstanding the exertions of their officers, although the fields were divided by strong stone walls, and they were told that the enemy could not possibly cut them off." The British Peninsulars pushed on contemptuously, and almost silently. "They never deployed in their whole march, always pressing on in column." The evening of the 6th they entered Plattsburg. Macomb retreated across the Saranac, which divided the town, removing from the bridges their planking, to be used for breastworks in disputing a passage.

The decisive moment had now arrived, and decisive action meant nothing short of the destruction of the United States squadron anchored in the bay. If Prevost continued southward, his communications by land would be endangered by the little force under Macomb, which successive arrivals of militia raised to 4700 by September 11th, the day of final battle; but naval control would make available the much more satisfactory water route. If Macdonough could be brought to action on equal terms as to position—that is, under sail on the open lake—he would be inferior to the British, for the same reason that Yeo through most of 1813 was inferior to Chauncey on Ontario. As the *General Pike* was there superior to the whole British squadron, under way, so in like circumstance was the *Confiance* superior to Macdonough's entire command. The necessary policy of the British, therefore, was to bring their fleet up the lake, between Macdonough and his retreat southward; and having done that, to drive him from his anchorage by land guns. But to do this most quickly it was necessary to storm Macomb's position, and then turn the captured guns upon the squadron.

In this sense the American works and fleet afforded mutual support, but not otherwise. The Americans could not turn the guns upon an attacking enemy without imminent risk of hitting their own vessels. For defence against the hostile squadron, Macdonough had to rely solely on his own force, and its wise disposition by him. On shore, a defensive position is determined by the circumstances of the ground selected, improved by fortification; all which gives strength additional to the number of men. A sailing squadron anchored for defence similarly gained force by adapting its formation to the circumstances of the anchorage, and to known wind conditions, with careful preparations to turn the guns in any direction—deliberate precautions not possible to the same extent to the assailant anchoring under fire. To this is to be added the release of the crew from working sails to manning the guns.

Cumberland Bay, on which Plattsburg stands, and in which the United States squadron was anchored, is two miles wide, and lies north and south, open to the southward. Its western boundary, two miles long, is Cumberland Head. The British vessels, starting from below, in a channel too narrow to beat, must come up with a north wind. To insure that this should be ahead, or bring them close on the wind, after rounding the Head—a condition unfavorable for attack,—Macdonough fixed the head of his line as far north as was safe from possible enemy's guns brought to the shore north of the Saranac. His order thence extended southward, abreast of the American works, and somewhat nearer the Cumberland than the Plattsburg shore. The wind conditions further made it expedient to put the strongest vessels to the northward—to windward,—whence they would best be able to manœuvre as circumstances might require. The order from north to south therefore was: the brig *Eagle*, 20 guns; the ship *Saratoga*, 26; the *Ticonderoga* schooner, 7; and the sloop *Preble*, 7.

The *Confiance*, having 37 guns in all, carried fourteen 24-pounders on one broadside, a very heavy battery for the day. The next in force, the brig *Linnet*, had sixteen long

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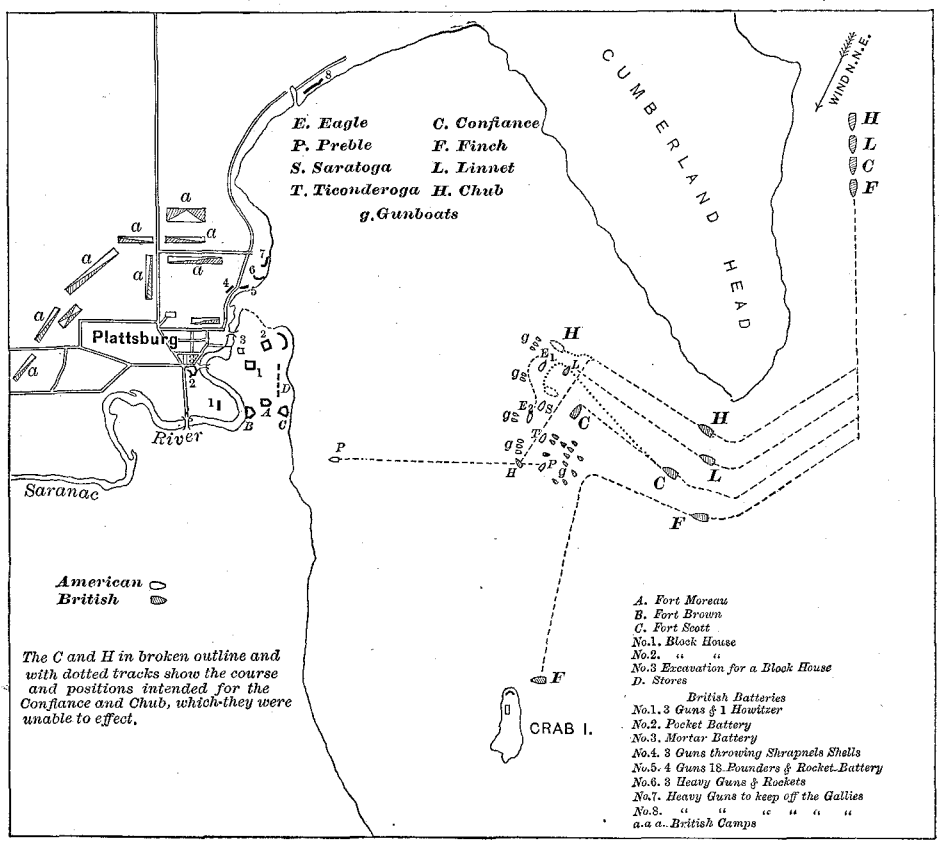
12-pounders, inferior to the *Eagle* at carronade range. The two other vessels, the cutters *Chub* and *Finch*, had been captured from the Americans a year before; they were armed principally with light carronades. Macdonough's dispositions being perfectly under observation, the British commander, Captain Downie, framed his plan accordingly. The *Confiance* should



engage the *Saratoga;* but before doing so, would pass along the *Eagle*, from north to south, give her a broadside, and then anchor across the bows of the *Saratoga*. The *Linnet*, supported by the *Chub*, would then become the opponent of the *Eagle*, reduced more nearly to equality by the punishment already received. Three British vessels would thus grapple the two strongest enemies. The *Finch* was to attack the American rear, supported by all the British gunboats—eleven in number. There were American gunboats, or galleys, as well, which Macdonough distributed in groups, inshore of his order; but, as was almost invariably the case, these light vessels exerted no influence on the result.

This being the plan, when the wind came northeast on the morning of September 11th, the British stood up the lake in column, as follows: *Finch*, *Confiance*, *Linnet*, *Chub*. Thus, when they rounded Cumberland Head, and changed course towards the American line, they would be properly disposed to reach the several places assigned. It was understood with Prevost that as the vessels came round the Head the army would assault the batteries; but to Downie's dismay no such co-operation was apparent. He was fairly committed to his movement, however, and could only persist. As the initial act was the attack upon the *Eagle* by the *Confiance*, she led in ahead of her consorts, which caused a concentration of the American guns upon her; the result being that she was unable to carry out her part. The wind also failed, and she

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eventually anchored five hundred yards from the American line. Her first broadside is said to have struck down forty men, or one-fifth of the *Saratoga's* crew. Fifteen minutes later Captain Downie was killed, leaving in command Lieutenant Robertson.

The *Linnet* reached her berth and engaged the *Eagle* closely; but the *Chub*, which was to support her, received much damage to her sails and rigging, and the lieutenant in charge was nervously prostrated by a not very severe wound. Instead of anchoring, she was permitted to drift helplessly, and so passed through the American order, where she surrendered. Though thus disappointed of the assistance intended for her, the *Linnet* continued to fight manfully and successfully, her opponent finally quitting the line. The *Finch*, on the contrary, by an error of judgment on the part of her commander, did not keep near enough to the wind. She therefore failed to reach her position, near the *Ticonderoga;* and the breeze afterwards falling, she could not retrieve her error. Ultimately, she went ashore on Crab Island, a mile to the southward. This remoteness enabled her to keep her flag flying till her consorts had surrendered; but the real credit of being last to strike belongs to the *Linnet*, Captain Pring. By the failure of the *Finch*, the *Ticonderoga* underwent no attack except by the British gunboats. Whatever might possibly have come of this was frustrated by the misbehavior of most of them. Four fought with great gallantry and persistence, eliciting much admiration from their opponents; but the remainder kept at distance, the commander of the whole actually running away, and absconding afterwards to avoid trial. The *Ticonderoga* maintained her position to the end, but the weak *Preble* was forced from her anchors, and ran ashore under the Plattsburg batteries.

The fight thus resolved itself into a contest between the *Saratoga* and *Eagle*, on one side, the *Confiance* and *Linnet* on the other. The wind being north-northeast, the ships at their anchors headed so that the forward third of the *Confiance's* battery bore upon the *Eagle*, and only the remaining two-thirds upon the *Saratoga*. This much equalized conditions all round. It was 9 o'clock when she anchored. At 10.30 the *Eagle*, having many of her guns on the engaged side disabled, cut her cable, ran down the line, and placed herself south of the *Saratoga*, anchoring by the stern. This had the effect of turning towards the enemy her other side, the guns of which were still uninjured. "In this new position," wrote Lieutenant Robertson, "she kept up a destructive fire on the *Confiance*, without being exposed to a shot from that ship or the *Linnet*." On the other hand, Macdonough found the *Saratoga* suffer from the *Linnet*, now relieved of her immediate opponent.

By this time the fire of both the *Saratoga* and *Confiance* had materially slackened, owing to the havoc among guns and men. Nearly all the guns on the starboard side of the United States ship were dismounted, or otherwise unserviceable. The only resource was to bring the uninjured side towards the enemy, as the *Eagle* had just done; but to use the same method, getting under way, would be to abandon the fight, for there was not astern another position of usefulness for the *Saratoga*. There was nothing for it but to "wind"* the ship—turn her round where she was. Then appeared the advantage attendant upon the defensive, if deliberately utilized. The *Confiance* standing in had had shot away, one after another, the anchors and ropes upon which she depended for such a manœuvre. The *Saratoga's* resources were unimpaired. A stern anchor was let go, the bow cable cut, and the ship winded, either by force of the wind, or by the use of "springs"† before prepared, presenting to the *Confiance* her uninjured battery—for fighting purposes a new vessel. The British ship, having now but four guns that could be used on the side engaged, must do the like, or be hopelessly overmatched. The stern anchor prepared having been shot away, the effort was made to swing her by a new spring on the bow cable; but while this slow process was carrying on, a raking shot entered, killing and wounding several of the crew. Then, reported Lieutenant Robertson, the surviving officer in command, "the ship's company declared they would stand no longer to their quarters, nor could the officers with their utmost exertions rally them." The *Confiance* struck her colors about 11 A.M., the *Linnet* fifteen

* Pronounced "wynd."

† A spring is a rope taken from the stern of a ship to the anchor, by hauling on which the ship is turned in the direction desired.

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minutes later. By Macdonough's report, the action had lasted two hours and twenty minutes without intermission.

Few combats have been more resolutely contested. The *Saratoga* had 55 round shot in her hull; the *Confiance*, 105. Of the American crew of 210 men, 28 were killed and 29 wounded. The British loss is not known exactly. Robertson reported that there were 38 bodies sent ashore for interment, besides those thrown overboard in action. This points to a loss of about 50 killed, and James states the wounded at about 60; the total was certainly more than 100 in a ship's company of 270.

There was reason for obstinacy, additional to the natural resolution of the parties engaged. The Battle of Lake Champlain, more nearly than any other incident of the War of 1812, merits the word "decisive." The moment the issue was known, Prevost retreated into Canada; entirely properly, as indicated by the Duke of Wellington's words, before and after. His previous conduct was open to censure, for he had used towards Captain Downie urgency of pressure which induced that officer to engage prematurely; "goaded" into action, so Yeo wrote. Before the usual naval court martial, the officers sworn testified that Downie had been led to expect cooperation, which in their judgment would have reversed the issue; but that no proper assault was made. Charges were preferred, but Prevost died before trial. There remains therefore no sworn testimony on his side, nor was there any adequate cross-examination of the naval witnesses. In the judgment of the writer, it was incumbent upon Prevost to assault the works when Downie was known to be approaching, in the hope of driving the American squadron from its anchors to the open lake, where the real superiority of the British could assert itself.

Castlereagh's "chances of the campaign" had gone so decidedly against the British that no ground was left to claim territorial adjustments. To effect these the war must be continued; and for this Great Britain was not prepared, nor could she afford the necessary detachment of force. In the completeness of Napoleon's downfall, we now forget that remaining political conditions in Europe still required all the Great Powers to keep their arms at hand. On October 18, 1814, when news of the battle could scarcely have reached England, Bathurst instructed the British Peace Commission that Great Britain would yield Castine and Machias, in exchange for Fort Erie and Amherstberg; retaining Forts Niagara and Mackinac, for which the Americans were assumed to have no equivalent capture to trade. The cession of Maine north of the Aroostook would also be expected; apparently a *quid pro quo* for "all the country east of the Penobscot, which the British now occupy." The peace, signed December 24th, ceded no American soil whatever.

The war was practically finished when Prevost retreated. It remains only to gather together a few stray incidents, purely episodical in essential character, but necessary to round off the narrative; like the summing up the future for the characters of a novel before the book is closed. Izard, finding himself unable to make an impression upon the British lines on the Chippewa, blew up Fort Erie, November 5th, and withdrew to the American shore; abandoning thus the last of Brown's conquests, and leaving the American situation on the Niagara frontier the same as when the campaign opened. By this time Sir James Yeo's new 102-gun ship, the *St. Lawrence*, was afloat, lording Lake Ontario without a rival to fear.

As winter drew on, the scene of British activity was transferred to the South. The expedition against New Orleans, though conceived and initiated while the state of war still continued, scarcely matured to active collision until after peace had been concluded. In support of this larger undertaking, operations were begun upon the coast of Georgia in January, 1815. These were intended as a diversion, to draw away from easy access to Louisiana the American troops then employed in Alabama against the Creek Indians. Whatever deeper motives may have underlain these two enterprises,—Wellington in one of his letters expresses a hope that New Orleans may yield a conquest, exchangeable for the desired cession of territory in the North,—they remained merely disconnected episodes; related to the war, indeed, but scarcely part of it, and with no bearing upon its course or issue. As before said, the end was in Macdonough's

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defeat of the British Champlain squadron, compelling Prevost's retreat. Formally, the termination dates with the signature of peace; on the very day, December 24th, that the British army assembled on the banks of the Mississippi for its final brief and disastrous campaign—that against New Orleans.

THE END.

ERASMUS AND "THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH"

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

HOW distinctly do I remember with what pleasure I first read "The Cloister and the Hearth"—with what pictures it filled my youthful fancy! How breathlessly I followed Gerard on his journey to Rome, through wild Burgundy, and Germany wilder still!

Charles Reade has infused just enough history into his work to make it seem intensely real, to remove it from the commonplaces of the usual mediæval romance. Margaret Van Eyck, Hans Memling, Pietro Vannucci—all these are names one knows as soon as they are mentioned, and, as our author says "have served their purpose if they have persuaded the reader that Gerard travelled from Holland to Rome through human beings and not through a population of dolls." And it is with a thrill that one closes the book on the paragraph—"The yellow-haired laddie, Gerard Gerardson, belongs not to Fiction, but to History. She has recorded his birth in other terms than mine. Over the tailor's shop in the Brede Kerk-Straat she has inscribed, '*Hæc est parva domus natus quâ magnus Erasmus.*'"

The house in which Erasmus was born.

Did you ever happen to notice Holbein's portrait of the great Dutch scholar in the Antwerp gallery? It bears no strong resemblance to the more famous picture in the Louvre—an elderly head seen in profile—nor yet to another portrait that I know by the same hand, done at an even later date—a picture

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Erasmus.

From the painting by Hans Holbein in the Antwerp museum.

but little known because it has always been in private hands and now the cherished possession of a friend of mine, kept by him in his French chateau. The painting in Antwerp presents Erasmus as a younger man in fur-trimmed coat, surrounded by his books and scrolls—a wonderfully thoughtful face with an appeal in the eye, a fine sensibility in the thin, nervous nostril, a determination in the salient chin. Is it not the very portrait of Gerard of the story?

Last fall I happened to be in Rotterdam. Looking one day at the statue of Erasmus in the Groote Markt, with his birthplace just round the corner, I stood thinking of Gerard and Margaret, and their troubled love, from which this great man sprang.

On the famous day of their meeting at the Duke of Burgundy's feast, each walked from home to Rotterdam—he from Tergou, she with her feeble father from Sevenbergen. Tergou, Sevenbergen—were these towns of Charles Reade's imagination, or were they, like many of his characters, historic, and did they still exist?

Next morning's sunrise saw me at the foot of the Spaanschekade setting out by boat for Tergou, or Gouda, as it is now called. It is a voyage of about two hours: first stemming the eager current of the Maas, leaden gray, Thames-like in the early dawn, teeming with the multitudinous shipping of this sealess sea port; later, threading a narrow canal through peaceful

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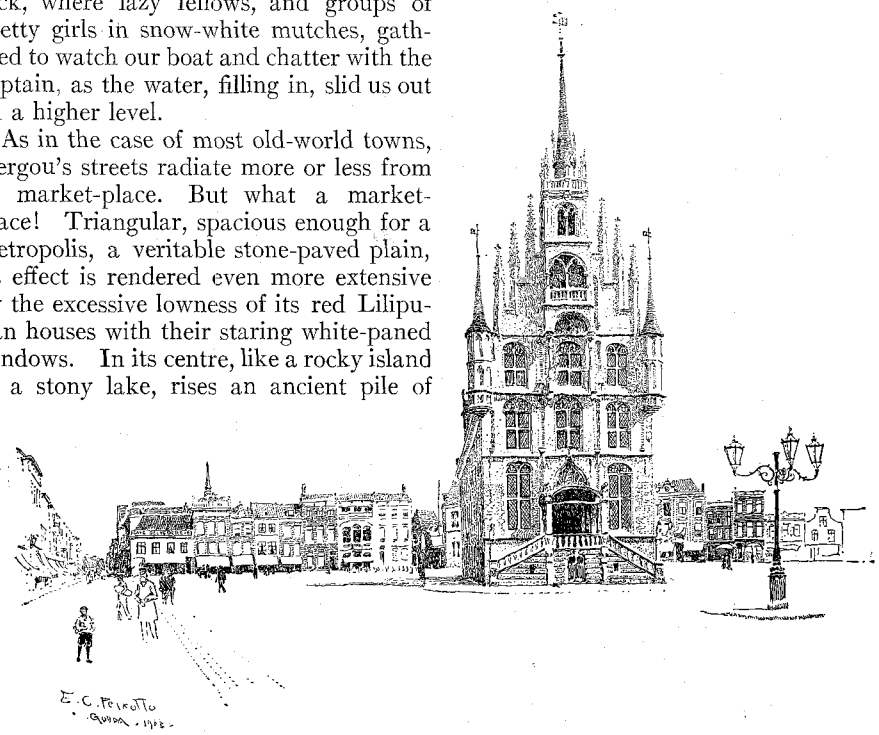
Dutch landscapes, where Holsteins grazed in fields fenced only by water-ditches, where interminable rows of pollard willows and taller files of elms and lindens stretched over monotonous flats in endless perspectives. Every now and then we reached a lock, where lazy fellows, and groups of pretty girls in snow-white mutches, gathered to watch our boat and chatter with the captain, as the water, filling in, slid us out on a higher level.

As in the case of most old-world towns, Tergou's streets radiate more or less from its market-place. But what a market-place! Triangular, spacious enough for a metropolis, a veritable stone-paved plain, its effect is rendered even more extensive by the excessive lowness of its red Liliputian houses with their staring white-paned windows. In its centre, like a rocky island in a stony lake, rises an ancient pile of



The market-place and Stadhuis, Tergou or Gouda.

masonry, the Stadhuis, a queer building, three sides of which are unadorned, while the fourth front presents a quaint Gothic composition with mullioned windows and bristling tourelles, to which an exterior staircase of later date has been added.

This was Ghysbrecht's stronghold—the building in which Gerard, affianced to Margaret Brandt and all but married to her, was imprisoned by Ghysbrecht van Swieten, Tergou's burgomaster. From one of those barred windows he spied old Martin Wittenhaagen fishing by the brook. But where the brook, pray? No watercourse is visible for some hundred yards or more.

As I walked round the building looking in vain for a vestige of an underground rivulet, I spied by a side entrance, betrothal notices exposed to view (appropriate surely to the tenor of my tale, for were not our hero and heroine here affianced?): One Dirk Kroon, sergeant der Infanterie, to Johanna Elizabeth Wilhelmina Stoopendaal (surely a beautiful name for a girl to give up). And as I read, a rumble of wheels and a clatter of horse's hoofs caused me to look up and perceive a little procession of carriages lined with white satin, sweeping round the corner, and, amidst a gaping knot of children, set down a small wedding party, all tricked out in their finest best—white gloves, broadcloth coats, and black satin gowns—in front of a pastry-cook, his shop, whereon was writ Van Gogh, Banketen & Confeterie. The party was jovial and red-cheeked—beaming parents, smiling relatives, smirking friends—the little groom so awkward in his brand-new suit, as he, with deep obeisances and much ceremony, handed out his blushing bride radiant in her wedding finery.

Happy, simple people, whose love runs smooth! For them no troublesome burgomaster, no envious brothers, no forbidding of the bans! How different their fate from Margaret's, parted from her lover at the altar!

Gouda presents the usual attractions of a

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The fish-market, Tergou or Gouda.

small Dutch town—several spacious brick churches with rare old glass; a unique little fish-market, housed on a barge in a side canal; rows of prim brick houses, and stately lines of trees trailing their sweeping branches in silent water-ways; but the village must have grown unseemingly since the Eliassoens dwelt therein, for to-day it has quite the air of a thriving provincial town.

From Tergou's Stadhuis, you remember, Gerard escaped to make his way to Italy, up the Rhine, through Burgundy's deep woods, to Augsburg, to Venice, to Rome. Thither it is not within our province to follow him; but let us, instead, try to find poor Margaret, disconsolate and lonesome, in her thatched cottage of Sevenbergen.

The only Sevenbergen to be found on the map of Holland is far to the south in Noord Brabant, close to the Belgian border. Even an ardent lover like Gerard could scarcely be expected to walk forty miles an evening to see his ladylove. Beside, not only she, but her aged father, Peter Brandt, walked in to Rotterdam on the day of the Ducal feast. So this Sevenbergen is quite out of the question.

But only four miles from Tergou (and what is eight miles to a lover?) and seven from Rotterdam—just where it should be—lies a village called Sevenhuizen, and that is where Margaret must have dwelt.

So to Sevenhuizen I turned my steps over the flatlands, on a road flanked by plane-trees, its middle paved with rain-washed bricks, while murky puddles at either side told of recent deluges. Even now the skies were leaden and lowering, and cattle and horses grazing on the dikes seemed to fear a drenching, though protected from the

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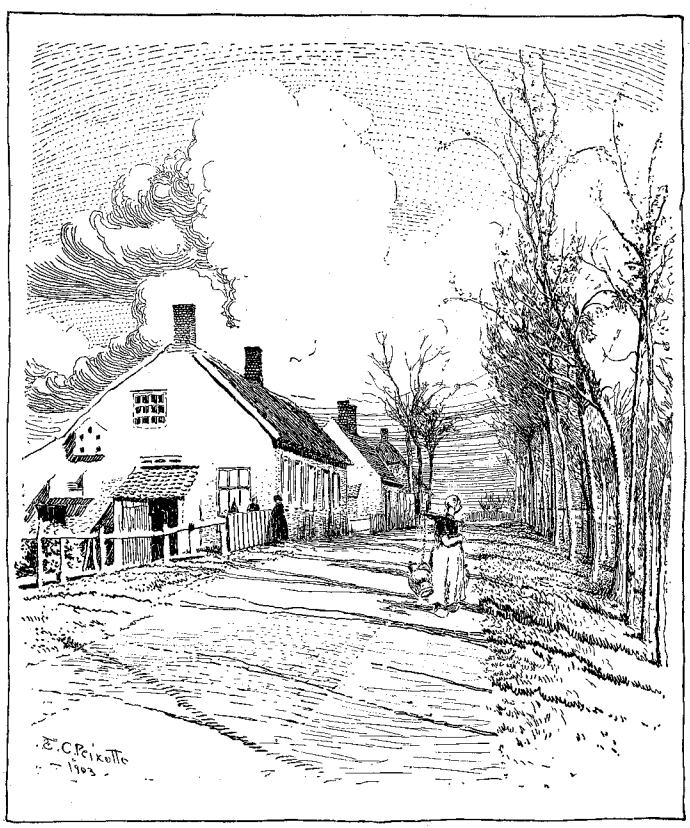
damp by sack cloth blankets. A brisk wind was blowing from the sea and spinning the windmill clappers till the very horizon seemed a-dance.

A shapely spire above a grove of trees, a canal spanned by a primitive drawbridge, some pleasant cottages roofed with mouldy thatch, but neat and trim and lined along a single winding street—such is Sevenhuizen, a perfect picture of an old-time Holland town. The houses seemed quite untenanted but for a group of gossips gathered under the pleached trees at the church-front, chattering doubtless about some poor Margaret and her faithless lover—for fifteenth or twentieth-century human nature is always much the same. Then, too, there was a knot of mijnheers and dogs in front of the smithy, and another just issuing from the coffiehuis. And might not this café have been the very one wherein Memling sat to drink his stirrup-cup before he started off to Italy to carry Margaret Van Eyck's letter to Gerard?—that fatal letter, cause of all the evil, that bore him the dreadful tidings of his Margaret's death, and made of him a monk, never again to think of marriage! The lowly inn perhaps is not so rude as then, but the oak-beamed ceiling and the sanded floor, the group of chairs and tables before each window—even the white-capped maid, scrubbing up the circular counter tucked away under the ladder-like stairs that led to upper bedrooms,—seemed not of to-day, but of a far-off yesterday.



Between Gouda and Sevenhuizen.

According to the story, poor Margaret, driven forth from Sevenbergen by the gossips' clacking tongues, went off to Rotterdam before the birth of her child, and hid herself in one of its busy thoroughfares. There surely Erasmus's mother did go, and settled herself in the Brede Kerk-Straat, in a little house still standing but a step from the Visch-markt. The Brede Kerk-Straat is but an insignificant alley running on a slope between the Hoog-straat and the Great Church. A denizen of modern cities may well inquire why this street was called the *Broad* Kerk-Straat, for broad it certainly is not; but let him look at the *Narrow* Kerk-Straat a few steps away, and his question will be answered.

The street-front of the famous little house, built of klinker-bricks, has lately been somewhat renovated and incorporated in the side of a large building facing the Kerkplein. It still presents the characteristic façade of an humbler type of mediæval house—home and shop in one; for

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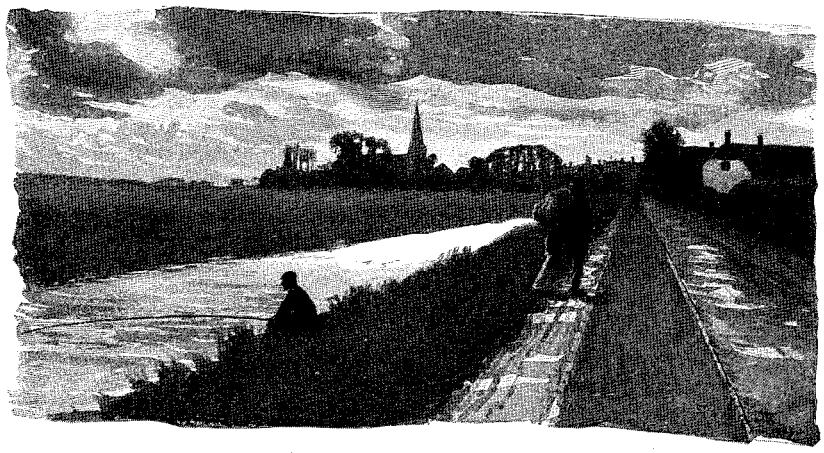

Sevenhuizen.

its hooded street-door is supplemented by an adjoining window whose sill acts as a counter for displaying wares upon the street. Above this entrance a large triple window opens, latticed above, square-paned below, and closed at night by solid white shutters painted with bottle-green half lozenges. This simple composition is surmounted by a high-pitched brick gable, reenforced with iron clamps and embellished with a doll-like statue of Erasmus in a tiny niche. A small, green door adjoining, separates this old house from a quaint neighbor almost as aged as itself.

Here Margaret lingered in the doorway, awaiting tidings of her absent lover—tidings that never came. By this lowly door good Denys sat, and faithful Martin Wittenhaagen, protecting her as best they could from gossips' wagging tongues and bolstering up her courage with words of cheer. Here the boy, Gerrit Gerritsz, was born—and months waned into years.

Then came the day when Brother Clement was to preach in the Groote Kerk near by. His fame had preceded him, and Margaret felt she might gain courage from his words.

It was but a step for her to reach the Church of St. Lawrence, whose vast bulk of brick looms dark, lofty, and forbidding at the end of the narrow street. Our author tells

Pleasant cottages roofed with mouldy thatch.

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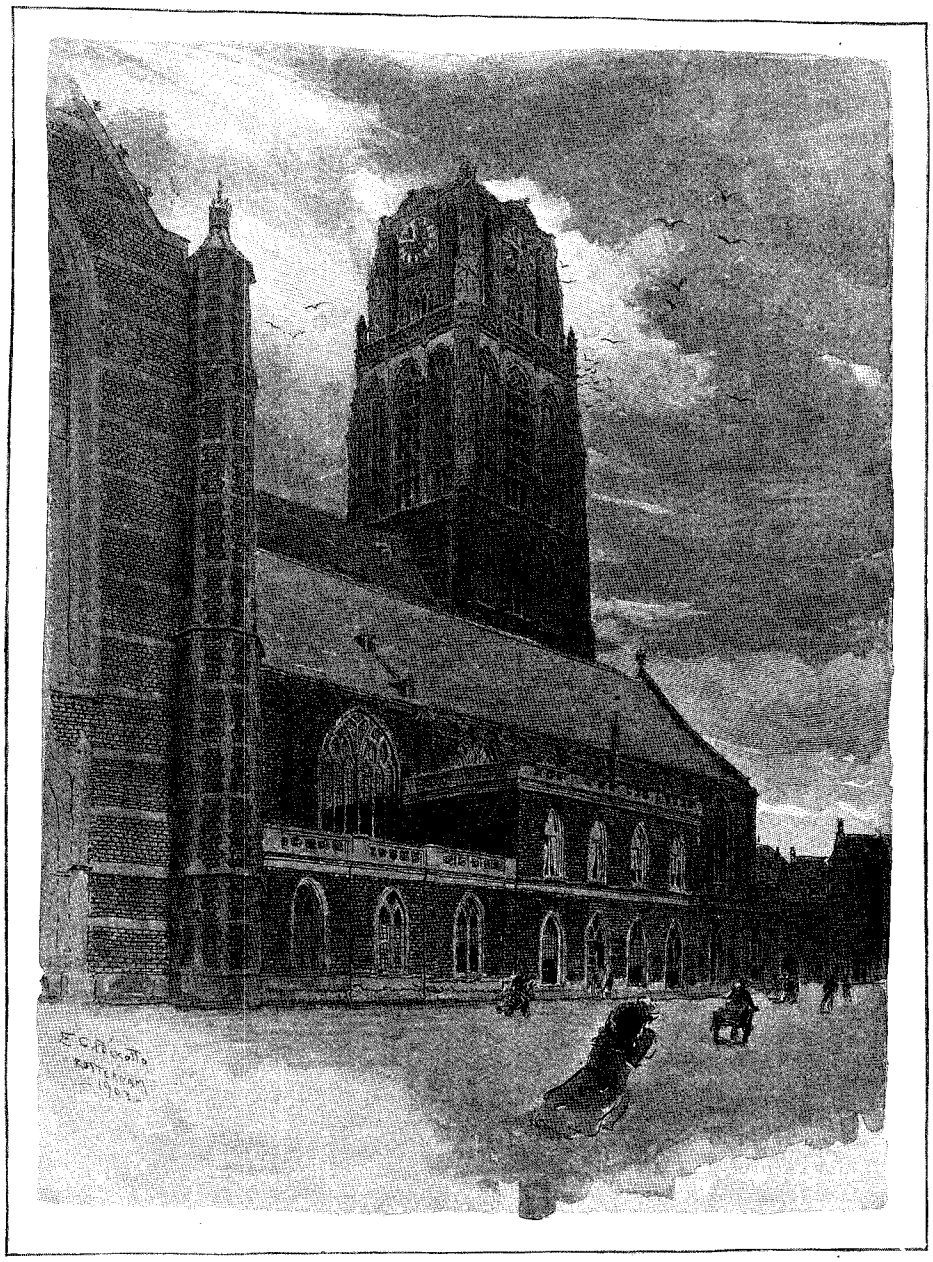

The Groote Kerk, Rotterdam.

us that the sun shone fairly on the day that Clement preached within its then unfinished walls; that radiant shafts of light fell through the unroofed nave upon a sea of white-capped women gathered there beneath. And on that day Margaret—joy and despair in one—found Brother Clement to be her long-lost lover, Gerard, father of her boy!

In all the essentials of his story, Charles Reade has closely followed the voice of History, and he acknowledges his indebtedness—above all to Erasmus, "heaven-born dramatist of his century. Some of the best scenes in this new book are from his mediæval pen and illumine the pages where they come."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. BRYCE, in that chapter of his "American Commonwealth" which discusses the "Position of Women," notes that "the average European man has usually a slight sense of condescension when he talks to a woman on serious subjects. Even if she is his superior in intellect, in character, in social rank, he thinks that as a man he is superior to her, and consciously or unconsciously talks down to her." But "such a notion does not cross an American's mind. He talks to a woman just as he would to a man, of course with more deference of manner, and with a proper regard to the topics likely to interest her, but giving her his intellectual best, addressing her as a person whose opinion is understood by both to be worth as much as his own." In America, Mr. Bryce also notes, "women have made their way into most of the professions more largely than in Europe," and "it is easier for them to find a career, for popular sentiment is entirely in favor of giving them every chance."

A British Case of Contrast.

This finds concrete illustration in a contemporaneous English incident, the refusal of the privilege of a barrister to Miss Cave, as contrasted with the American way of settling the same question. The facts as to America have been given by Dean Clarence D. Ashley of the New York University Law School. He states that women are admitted to practise at the bar in 34 States; that a total of at least 350 women have availed themselves of the privilege; that of the 68 women who have been graduated from his own law school with the degree of LL.B. 38 have taken the bar examination, of whom 15 have become practising lawyers; that of these 15 not one has made a failure, while some have made a notable success; that in round numbers 600 women have taken the general course in law since the special women's class was organized in 1888. These figures certainly testify, not only to a general willingness to admit to practise at the bar the rarely occasional woman who feels moved to claim the privilege, but also to American encouragement of a growing desire on the part of women to familiarize themselves with their rights and obligations as members of the community. This American attitude points the contrast with the British attitude as disclosed in the case of Miss Cave. Upon the refusal to admit her to Gray's Inn, there was created a special, august tribunal, with the Lord Chancellor presiding and the Lord Chief Justice for one of his associates, to consider her application. The Lord Chancellor, in declaring the decision of the Tribunal upon a statement submitted by the Benchers, ruled that under the regulations of the Inns of Court only males are eligible to practise at the bar, and that the Tribunal could not assume responsibility for modifying, or making exception to, these regulations without risk of establishing a dangerous precedent.

As the Lord High Chancellor assigned no reason for this ruling, and made no attempt to justify the regulations, the decision is by its silence obviously in effect a dictum by an eminent British Tribunal that the female barrister "won't do;" that the question at issue is one, not of the qualifications, but of the sex of the applicant. No less surprising than the decision itself, from the American point of view, was the general unprotesting acquiesence in it as conclusive, as shown by the "news value" assigned to the incident. The London *Times* dismissed the matter of Miss Cave's exclusion in a couple of news paragraphs. With but one conspicuous exception, the leading weeklies followed the *Times* in ignoring the decision. The *Spectator*, indeed, discussed it at length, but not at all after the manner of American comment. Having noted in passing that an attractive woman barrister might have an unfair advantage over opposing male counsel, the *Spectator* contended that the appearance of a woman barrister at the bar would create "a false atmosphere of unnecessary politeness," to the impairment of the administration of the law. The apparent conclusion, that brusqueness is at times essential to the proper relation of opposing counsel, may perhaps be justified by the facts no less in America than in England. In any case the fact that, for the seven hun-

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dred years since barristers were first recognized as a privileged class in England, the question of a woman's eligibility had not been raised until Miss Cave's application, throws upon her a burden of proof only to be appreciated when we remember that what Emerson wrote more than fifty years ago still stands: "Every Englishman is an embryonic chancellor. His instinct is to search for a precedent. To him antiquity of usages is sanction enough." Yet Emerson, impatient as he seemed of "British conservatism," added almost in the same breath: "The English power resides in their dislike of change."

THE modern industrial tendency to reduce cost through the unified control of a large output, and to secure profit by suiting the output to the known needs of very wide markets, is shown in a peculiar manner in the daily supply of news to millions upon millions of readers. In this field, as in others, it has its advantages and its drawbacks.

Machine-made News

Newspaper readers, like the customers of department stores, get their commodity—the news of a kind for which there is a general demand—of much better quality than formerly and at marvellously low prices. When the exigencies of rivalry or the whims of wealthy publishers seem to require it, they get "great bargains" in this sort of news, being furnished with it at a figure bearing no reasonable relation to the cost of gathering and delivering it.

The news-gathering coöperative agencies, of which the Associated Press in this country is by far the most important and efficient, sees to it that no event reasonably suspected of interesting, say, one in ten of newspaper readers, is permitted to escape reporting. The report once made, it goes as of course to the remotest parts of the land. The work is on the whole extremely well done. The men engaged upon it are usually qualified by knowledge, judgment, experience, and native talent to deal with it adequately, and their already high standard is constantly advancing. An indication of their general character is to be found in the confidence they enjoy in the inner official circles at all important capitals, enabling them to keep their readers fairly informed as to matters of the greatest delicacy. This is so far true that it may be said safely that the real attitude of each of the chief governments, in the last troubled year, upon questions arising in the course of the Russo-Japanese conflict, has been known through the Associated Press agencies more nearly completely and surely to all the world than it was possible for any but a very few statesmen to know like facts during the Franco-German War a generation ago.

It is possible, then, for anyone within reach of a reading-room to know very well indeed about the more important news of the whole world, with a knowledge so instant and full that it would have made the diplomatists of Napoleon's time sick with envy. But the system that makes this possible has, as readers of even the best newspapers must sometimes realize, grave drawbacks. The chief of these is in the reporting of matters of real, but secondary, importance. Public utterances, not formal perhaps, by men of authority or standing in various parts of the country, are a case in point. They are generally reported only in part even in the press of the places where they are made. Then the process of selection, of condensation, is at best difficult. It may fall into the hands of men not well fitted for it, who must work rapidly and are under temptation to "send" what will be most attractive to the largest number. The result is the perversion, not necessarily intended, of utterances which, if reported at all, should be reported fairly. There is not what economists would call an "efficient demand" for really good work in this direction. There is no self-enforcing responsibility. Unless the errors are flagrant enough to set in action someone directly affected and willing to take a good deal of time and trouble to hunt them down, they go unchallenged. The spread of local news-gathering agencies, working with the press associations, makes the evil more general. For the greater part of occurrences in each large city all the chief papers rely on the same sources of information; and often it happens that the same mistake will be found in all and be corrected in none, unless it be serious enough to cause disagreeable disturbance. Doubtless the matter will work itself out in time. Intelligent public opinion will demand improvements, as it has before in other matters, and gradually will obtain it. Meanwhile, the defect is serious enough to attract the attention of all who care to see our papers a reasonably correct reflex of the life of the community from day to day.

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THE FIELD OF ART

*ART CRITICISM FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE PAINTER**

I

LET us in these notes look somewhat into the question of art criticism, and consider it in its relation to the artist, the one criticised, the one who does the thing which the critic has to study. For it is not only the lay public that should benefit by the critical discussion of art effort, but the artists themselves.

And having said this, I am reminded of a statement by John La Farge in an article written some years ago. He is alluding to *Essais sur l'Histoire de l'Art*, by Emile Michel, and he says: "I am confounded at thinking that thousands and thousands of pages were read by me *à propos* of Mr. Michel's book without finding anything that a person seriously devoted to his profession of art could find of the slightest use. I cannot think of a more absolute condemnation. That a theologian should find nothing in works on theology and a chemist nothing in works of chemistry would be enough, to their minds, to regret having wasted their time. One serious confirmation of previous likings I met in the rereading of Fromentin's 'Masters of the Past,'† which remains by far the most perfect of essays in the criticism of the art of painting."

With all respect to Mr. La Farge, who has himself contributed, in essays, much valuable criticism of the painter's art, this "confirmation of previous likings" might have been noted in one or two additional instances had he consulted and remembered to mention R. A. M. Stevenson's "Art of Velasquez," the journal of that earnest thinker on his art, Eugène Delacroix, later material put out by Sir Walter Armstrong, excellent criticism by the French writer Sizeranne, and some illuminating remarks by Jean François Millet in the too rare moments when he was moved to speak of his art.

But indeed art lends itself to much excellent writing, nominally in the way of criticism, and this is probably the kind of writing which Mr. La Farge deprecates as containing nothing that would be of use to the man using brush and color to express his thought.

II

TAINE, in his "Art in the Netherlands," goes into the character of the land, and the struggle demanded of the people to reclaim it from the sea, the energy, the vigilance required to secure it from its onslaughts so that they, for themselves and their families, may possess a safe and quiet hearthstone. He draws a picture of the homes thus safeguarded, and of how this sense of immunity fostered finally a life of material comfort and enjoyment—of how the good things were relished, prosperity attained, and with it the accompanying accessories of lavish living, pomp, extravagance, and licentious pleasures. Whole pages are given up to chronicles of jousts, tourneys, and pageants which were feasts of color, and this, from his point of view, created a *milieu* from which productions of fine art would naturally emanate. The climate also was another factor, according to Taine, which contributed to the fresh and pure color for which the Dutch school is noted, while the love of the fireside, the home, and the pleasures incident to a country whose climate tends to encourage pastimes within doors are all found to be marked influences which give character to Dutch painting. This is all very well and of interest to those who would know something of the philosophy of the art of any particular country. Historically, ethnologically even, this is all very interesting, but this is not what the painter, seeking for technical information, is likely to regard with any interest beyond that which has to do with his natural and proper curiosity in matters of history or any branch of usual culture.

What to him is this information which may please his imagination, but which throws no light on the passage of the brush across a canvas? What to him are scientific deductions, regarding the humidity of the air in its relation to the brilliancy of pictured landscape? What the painter needs to hear about

* The same subject is treated from the point of view of the non-professional student in the Field of Art for July, 1904.

† Les Maîtres d'Autrefois: Belgique; Hollande.

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and what the public should somewhat understand are the mental and technical processes, knowing or unintelligent, admirable or vicious, by which those effects are attained, by pigment or clay, that project into the world of sight an object that is termed a work of art. This is the great thing to be desired in art criticism, and it is about this that a painter, who is also a critical writer of singular perspicuity, after reading "thousands and thousands of pages" was obliged to confess that he had read in vain!

III

FROM the point of view, then, of the practical painter, art—as he sees it and endeavors to create it—is so complex a matter, it is approached in a spirit so peculiarly personal after the problem of competent workmanship has been disposed of, that for him to hear it discussed empirically by one "as having authority" is usually to experience a sensation of the futility of the attempt on the part of the nominal critic thus dealing with the subject.

If an artist were asked the qualities required of the critic in order to actually be of service to the painter himself, this might not unlikely be the answer: that he, the critic, possess a strong love of nature—that he be keenly observant of her various aspects under varying conditions, and sensitive to the natural logic of any theme selected by the painter using natural objects as the medium by which to express a given theme. The critic must also be so familiar with the whole range of art that by his taste, cultured by precedents that have received the cumulative approval of the past, he will be able to recognize the intelligent application of these tried methods, and the equally intelligent rejection of unworthy or factitious processes by the producer whose work he is critically considering. This acquaintance of the critic with methods needs extend, not only to the remote past, it must also carry down to the immediate present, and the use made of them by the painter the critic must recognize as the means chosen to express the particular subject or thought he is endeavoring to depict. To this also must the critic respond —he must acknowledge, signalize it by his comment of approval or the reverse.

If the painter should find such a censor, should he discover one outside his own craft whose judgment had convicted him of lapse of taste, searched him and found him wanting in discriminating selection or vigor of touch, I doubt not that the discovery would give him great satisfaction, and stimulate in him a finer apprehension and a more penetrating insight concerning the resources of his craft.

To know that a thing is good, and to know *why* it is good is a rare pleasure, and for an artist to find that it is to such a public he is offering his work would be a source of the greatest incentive. The critic may here come in with beneficence and honor.

The fact, however, that the soundest utterances in the way of art criticism have perhaps been made by artists themselves or those who began life with the practical study of art helps to foster the point of view that they are best qualified to sit in judgment on the work of craftsmen like themselves. This may or may not be truly the case, but the present writer feels disposed to quote certain dicta which may prove how illuminating such professional apprehension of works of art may become.

We have indeed had much strong criticism from practising artists; not of the bookish kind, which reminds one of the scholarship of the library—scholarship which sweeps from Baumgarten to Taine in the field of æsthetics—but that kind possessing a sane and sure knowledge of the qualities demanded to legitimately move the mind through the medium of form and color. These qualities are obedient to certain laws, canons, if you will, that have been recognized by æstheticians, not created by them.

IV

LET us listen for a moment to what the French painter Millet says, as he goes deeper than many critics who have been merely made:

"It is not so much the objects represented as the desire of the artist to represent them, and this desire creates the degree of power with which he has executed the work. One can say that everything is beautiful in its own time and place, and on the other hand, that nothing is beautiful which comes at the wrong time.

"Let us have no weakening of character; let Apollo be Apollo, and Socrates be Socrates. Do not combine the two—they would both lose by it. Which is the handsomer, a straight tree or a crooked tree? The one that is in its place. I therefore conclude that the beautiful is the suitable.

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V

In dissertations on art do we usually find such forcible statements concerning the production of a work of fine art? Writers on the philosophy of art give us material which may help to produce critics. They are the cultivated minds affected by art—impressed by it—but are they guides? do they know? They feel, but do they know—are they truly connoisseurs—knowers?

In discussing a painting does a purely literary critic know when a stroke is full of confidence and security and when it is feeble? when a passage of modelling is perfectly controlled as it passes from light into dark, or emerges from dark to light—when there is perfect integrity of color and when it is vicious? The full, sure touch that is struck on with the sonority and power that reminds one of the perfect note that the virtuoso draws from his violin—a note, in painting, that so unites the prepared ground of the form he wishes to realize that it springs into corporeity as a constructive surface, becomes the plane he is seeking, exists as a form which until that moment was only color, and now partakes of the nature of both—this it is to *paint*! These are moments of elation to the painter. All visible objects call for the same treatment at his hands.

Texture, surfaces, tenuity, volume, resonance or hush, hardness, softness, the unyielding or the supple, all this is at the command of the painter who controls his brush. Naturally portraits offer a wide variety of opposing textures and materials, and painters in all ages seem to have been peculiarly interested in this branch of art. Perhaps this is because of the very opportunity it gives for the differentiation of substances, and particularly in the painting of women.

What an exaltation must the painter feel as his brush passes across the canvas, sweeping in with fluent stroke rich folds of silk or satin, with their crisp lights and darks; some breaking sharp against the background, and some again melting and dying away into the corresponding sombre value of the tone that relieves them! All these planes placed with that security of hand which brings into relief the form beneath the corsage, and presenting the undulatory play of light upon the surfaces as nature does; the figure then vividly stands forth as it receives the illumination chosen to best disclose the individual thus appareled. Incidental accessories are treated with the same judgment by a master, and then it is that pearls glimmer, diamonds sparkle, satin shines, silk shows its lustre, and gems gleam, all through the magic of the painter who knows his craft. These things declare the mastery of the painter essentially. These are marks of technical competency; this is virtuosity, address, dexterity, skill! But much lies beyond this—tonality, breadth, sustained color. Can these be learned, and can the critic detect and explain them—signalize their presence, or deprecate their absence in a work of art?

These questions all belong to the technical side, which is indeed the art itself—the art of painting; for the whole question of plastic or graphic art is fraught with the interest of contour and superficies, and it is the business of the critic to recognize these qualities in a work of art, and to announce their successful achievement by the painter whose work he is discussing. A painter would like to take up a review of the work of a fellow-craftsman and become so interested in the technical accomplishment it reveals that the account will inspire him to renewed effort in the method he himself is pursuing. What is more stimulating than the intelligent exposition of Rubens's practice in painting than that which Fromentin has given? R. A. M. Stevenson, who began life as an art student, goes so far as to say in his "Art of Velasquez": "In fact, the man who has no interest in technical questions has no interest in art; he loves it as those love you who profess only love for your soul. . . . The man of abstract mind apprehends great ideas presented in the abstract medium of literature, but in the concrete of painting he is easily deceived by associations with words into spending his admiration on mean forms, on foolish labor, on purposeless color. He looks at the merest pretence of modelling, at the coarsest sham of coloring, at the contradiction of the whole by the part, the burial of beauty in niggling, and his dull eyes accept the imposture on the recommendation of his humbugged hearing."

VI

Thus it is that the critic must be keen to differentiate the actual material of the arts, pigments, and marble from words, the plastic from the verbal—painting and sculpture from literature. This perhaps is not usually done with that force of clear and convincing

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statement which is sufficient to arrest the attention of the artist as something which may be of interest to himself and a distinct contribution and extension to his thoughts upon the subject of his art and his practice of it.

In the mere technique of portrait painting the artist would welcome the criticism which recognized the stroke which established accurately the surface and form of a plane, that was apparently placed there by one so sure of its truth of value that he dared to state so much and no more—that he dared to leave this brush-stroke unvitiated by an attempt to make it more suave in a petty anxiety to give a so-called "finish."

The painter-critic Fromentin detects these lapses with unerring sight and mentions them in the work of the Dutchmen, detects the original initiative spirit in the brushwork of the few who retained it, and names the canvases or even parts of canvases where this original spirit has been disturbed by Italian influences. So many of the Dutch painters came under this influence through travel or the practice of those who went to Italy to study that it became a pretty problem to note this and to note also where it was beneficent and where baneful.

This critic was just as keen when the methods were of the best Dutch traditions, and the knowledge and *feeling* in his description of Terburg's "Lansquenet" in the Louvre, his comparison of the drawing with that of a very perfect contemporary, is of the closest and finest kind of art criticism. Fromentin wished that an enlightened critic would, for the good of the public, make a tour of the Louvre, if not of that, then of the Salon Carré, or if not even that, then of a few pictures, among which he chooses "La Visite" of Metzu, "Le Militaire et la Jeune Femme" of Terburg, and the "Intérieur Hollandaise" of Pieter de Hooch.

If any painter will read with open mind this book of Fromentin's, will follow the close comments as he moves through the galleries of Brussels, The Hague, Amsterdam, Antwerp, or the Louvre, whence he takes examples on the methods, the practice, the touch, the color, the composition, the hesitating or feeble stroke, the half success or whole success of the different exponents of Dutch painting, the reader of those comments will become conscious of an authoritative and convincing voice. Much that a painter has felt concerning his own art, its problems, its technical subtleties, and the inexplicable qualities that invest it which is its element of personal equation—these and many other truths will be revealed which have floated unexpressed in his mind, and which he has rarely seen so clearly presented in the whole course of his professional reading.

It would be difficult to say, in the narrow limits given to notes of this character, why such a clear exposition of existing art as that mentioned above is so rare. Perhaps it is partly because the artist himself is not usually happy in verbal expression. His whole life is passed in a search for means of expression in another medium; this medium exacts close study and it appeals directly to the organ of sight. If the painter with his materials has not explained his meaning he will be sore put to it to give any other report of himself. His feeling, his intuition, his instinct, have all come to his aid in this production of his. His observations, deductions, his thoughts about life and character have all been impressed into the service of his eye and hand, but remember, not of his tongue or that ordered arrangement of words which is to verbally express his thought; consequently what he has done, created, must stand for what he has to say. If he could give a clear account of the processes this would be valuable, the public would learn much, artists would also learn, but this means of critcism, except at rare times, does not seem to be forthcoming; still we believe that if the equipment which has been hinted at and suggested in these observations by various quotations from artists who have written should become more general, the pertinence of art criticism would be improved to the advantage of the public for which it exists.

After all, it is Fromentin himself who says; "The art of painting is more indiscreet than any other. It is the unfailing witness of the moral state of the painter at the moment he held the brush. That which he intended to do he did; that which he weakly cared for is marked by indecisions; that which he did not wish is justly absent from his work, whatever he or others may say. A distraction, a lapse of thought, a lukewarm interest, a superficial view, a little less attention, a little less love for the thing he is studying, the bore of painting and the fury of painting, all the shades of his temperament, even to the temporary lapse of feeling before the object, all this shows itself in the work of the painter as clearly as if he told us so."

FRANK FOWLER.

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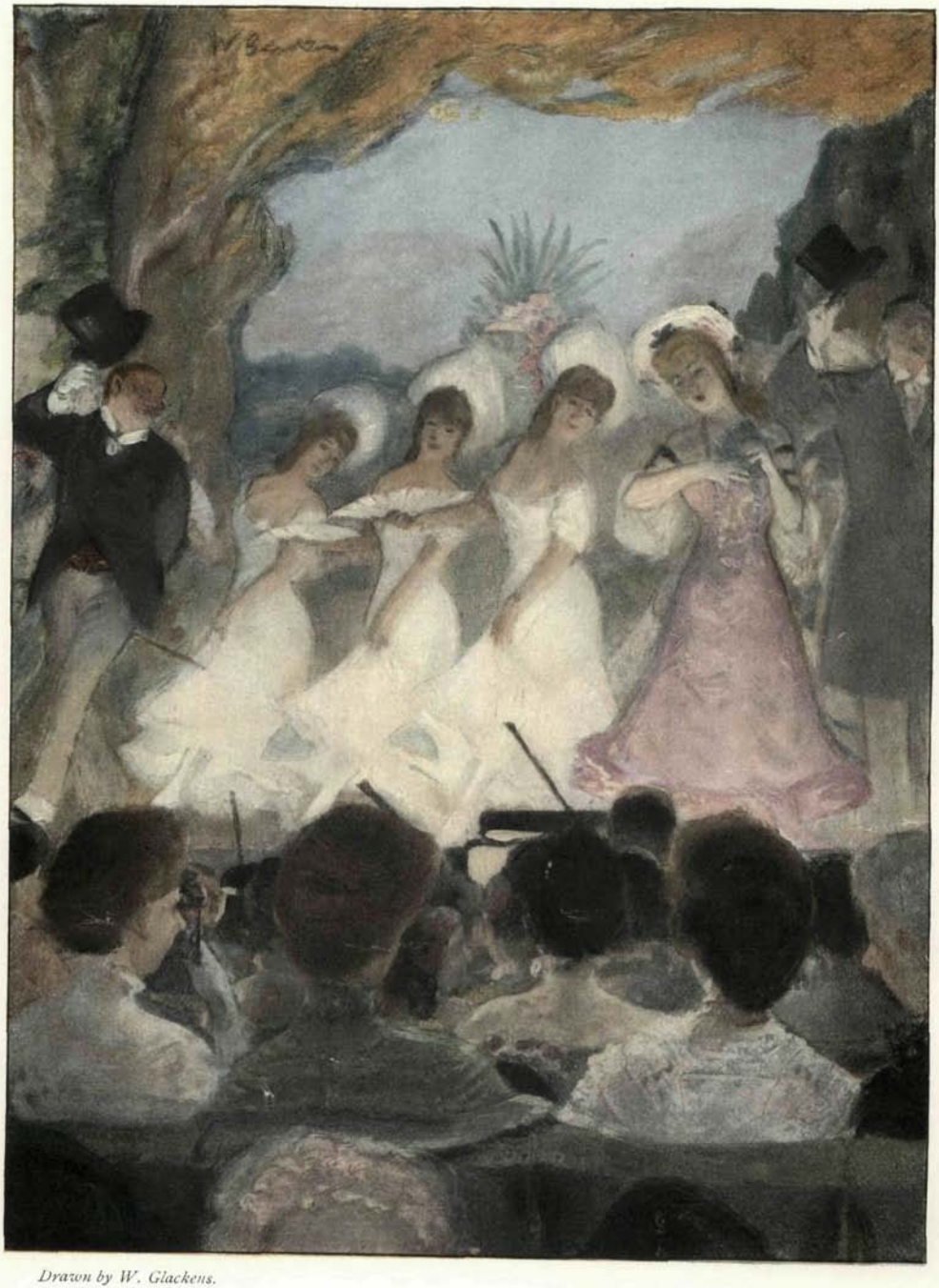

Drawn by W. Glackens.

A MUSICAL COMEDY.

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